

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1, 1827.

MEMOIRS AND JOURNAL OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.*

MR. PEEL sometime ago, in the course of a debate on the Catholic Association, said that honours had been paid by the Catholics to Mr. Hamilton Rowan, not because he was a benevolent man, but because he had been an attainted traitor. Some of the Irish patriots howled at this assertion. It would have been much better, as the fact is undoubtedly true, if they had asked the well-meaning gentleman, whether that was a wholesome system of government, under which treason, even when unsuccessful, was honourable and respected.

The present book is the life of another Irish traitor, who would have expiated a very ardent love of his country, and a very furious hatred of oppression, on the scaffold, if he had not saved himself from the executioner by suicide. The book is amusing, and ought to be instructive even to those persons who are said to be taught by experience only. It ought to be instructive to Mr. Peel. It shows in a most vivid manner the danger to which this country must be exposed from Ireland, whenever we are engaged in a contest with a powerful enemy, so long as the Irish people are not united to us by some better ties than force. It shows the singular chances by which a war was prevented from being kindled in Ireland; which, if it had not ended in the political separation of that island from this, or the political destruction of both, would for difficulty and destructiveness, have been the worst in which we were ever engaged.

Theobald Wolfe Tone was born in Dublin, on the 20th June, 1763, of Protestant parents: he continued a Protestant, or at least never was, or professed himself to be, a Catholic to the end of his life.† He had apparently no great store of religion of any kind. On this point we have a word to say to Mr. Peel. It must not be supposed, that if injustice be done to the great body of the people in a nation,

* Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, written by himself, comprising a complete Journal of his Negotiations to procure the Aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland; with selections from his Diary whilst Agent to the Roman Catholics. Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone. In Two Volumes. Colburn. 1827.

† Sir R. Musgrave says he was a professed Deist. He seems from his Journal to have been in the ordinary religious condition of politicians—not to have spoken or thought much about the matter.

as, for instance, to the Catholics of Ireland, those who are excepted from the operation of the injustice, will therefore be devoid of the anger which it excites. It will often happen, that even with those who may profit by this injustice, the ties of nationality will be stronger than those of interest; and that the mess of pottage which is offered to them, will not induce them to sell the best birth-right, the citizenship of a justly-governed country. It will be found, that the greater number of the leaders of the treasons of Ireland during Tone's political life, were Protestants and Dissenters; because the majority of men of property, education, and intelligence, were Protestants and Dissenters; but the man must be blind indeed, who does not perceive that the oppressions practised on the Catholics, as they certainly gave the treasons the best chance of success, were also among the chief instigations of these leaders. The wrongs done to the great body of the Irish people worked evidently on the mind of Tone and his friends, even at a time, when among these people themselves, the long continuance of their degradation had in great measure suppressed the spirit of resistance. You may do something under such circumstances, by inflaming jealousies and exciting fear; but especially, where the injustice is effected chiefly by external force, the feeling of nationality in all times of excitement must and will prevail.

Tone married young; went to the bar, where he does not seem to have met with or deserved much success; and began what may be called his political life in 1789, by a pamphlet (*A Review of the last Session of Parliament*) which met with great encouragement. He followed it by some others; and thus, at the outset of the French Revolution, was a political writer: he soon became an active politician. The state of the parties then existing in Ireland, the number of the Established Religion, the Dissenters, and the Catholics, he describes in the following terms:—

“The first party, whom for distinction's sake, I call the *Protestants*, though not above the tenth of the population, were in possession of the whole of the government, and of five-sixths of the landed property of the nation; they were, and had been for above a century, in quiet possession of the church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations; in a word, of the whole patronage of Ireland. With properties whose title was founded in massacre and plunder, and being as it were, but a colony of foreign usurpers in the land, they saw no security for their persons and estates but in a close connection with England, who profited by their fears, and as the price of her protection, executed the implicit surrender of the commerce and liberties of Ireland. Different events, particularly the revolution in America, had enabled and emboldened the other two parties, of whom I am about to speak, to hurry the Protestants into measures highly disagreeable to England, and beneficial to their country: but in which, from accidental circumstances, the latter durst not refuse to concur. The spirit of the corps, however, remained unchanged, as has been manifested on every occasion since which chance has offered. This party, therefore, so powerful by their property and influence, were implicitly devoted to England, which they esteemed necessary for the security of their existence; they adopted in consequence, the sentiments and language of the British cabinet; they dreaded and abhorred the principles of the French Revolution, and were in one word, an aristocracy, in the fullest and most odious extent of the term.

“The Dissenters, who formed the second party, were at least twice as

numerous as the first. Like them, they were a colony of foreigners in their origin; but being engaged in trade and manufactures, with few overgrown landed proprietors among them, they did not like them feel that a slavish dependance on England was necessary to their very existence. Strong in their numbers and their courage, they felt that they were able to defend themselves, and soon ceased to consider themselves as any other than Irishmen. It was the Dissenters who composed the flower of the famous volunteer army in 1782, which extorted from the English minister, the restoration of what is affected to be called, the Constitution of Ireland; it was they who first promoted and continued the demand of a Parliamentary Reform, in which, however, they were baffled by the superior address and chicanery of the aristocracy; and it was they finally who were the first to stand forward in the most unqualified manner in support of the principles of the French Revolution.

"The Catholics, who composed the third party, were about two-thirds of the nation, and formed perhaps a still greater proportion. They embraced the entire peasantry of three provinces; they constituted a considerable portion of the mercantile interest; but from the tyranny of the penal laws enacted at different periods against them, they possessed but a very small proportion of the landed property, perhaps not a fiftieth part of the whole. It is not my intention here to give a detail of that execrable and infamous code, framed with the art and malice of demons, to plunder, and degrade, and brutalize the Catholics. - - - - - This horrible system, pursued for above a century with unrelenting severity, had wrought its full effect, and has in fact reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland to a situation, morally and physically speaking, below the beasts of the field. The spirits of their few remaining gentry were broken, and their minds degraded; and it was only in the class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession, who had smuggled an education in despite of the penal code, that anything like political sensation existed."—pp. 53—55.

The system which had led to this state of things was bad, but consistent. Detestable in its end, but reasonable in the means. It had, as Tone says, wrought its full effect. Persecution is a medicine which does not succeed in small doses. It is safer to bind a man hand and foot, and to starve him on water gruel, than to fill his belly and tweak his nose. The folly of the present system pursued towards the Irish Catholics is, that while nothing impedes their acquiring land or knowledge, while the army and navy are open to them, while they have a better chance of acquiring wealth in the law than their Protestant brethren, while they are not excluded from the magistracy, while they are neither plundered, degraded, nor brutalized, but quite as thriving, quite as impudent, and quite as astute, as their Protestant neighbours; they are nevertheless, subjected to just as many disqualifications as are necessary to keep up political discontent among the rich, and the remembrance of old grievances among the poor.

The feeling of Wolfe Tone, in the state of parties he has described, is sufficiently apparent in the description itself. He hated the English and the Protestants, not from suffering, (for he was, we have observed, of Protestant parents,) but from sympathy. "To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connexion with England, the never-failing source of our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland; to abolish the memory of all past dissensions; and to substitute the common name of Irishman in

place of the denomination, Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter; these were my means. - - - - - The Protestants I despaired of from the outset, for obvious reasons."—pp. 64.

Tone seems to have hated England as the great steam-engine moving the machinery by which his country was racked and torn; the immediate instruments of torture were Irishmen themselves.

In pursuance of his object, Tone seems to have worked with great perseverance and skill. After having written a pamphlet in favour of an union of sects, he was invited to Belfast, where he assisted in forming the first club of United Irishmen, in October 1791. From Belfast he returned to Dublin, and there formed, chiefly out of Protestants, the first club of United Irishmen in that city, of which the Hon. Simon Butler was the first chairman, and the famous James Napper Tandy the first secretary. The first clubs were seditious; they soon became treasonable.

Napper Tandy, a name immortally odd, was at the time a leader of the popular interest among the Protestants of Dublin. "It is but justice," says Tone, "to an honest man who has been persecuted for his firm adherence to his principles, to observe that Tandy, in coming forward on this occasion, well knew that he was putting to the most extreme hazard, his popularity among the corporations of the city of Dublin, with whom he had enjoyed the most unbounded influence for nearly twenty years, and in fact his popularity was sacrificed." We must take occasion to say, that though this work of Tone's necessarily allows us to see the weaknesses of the people engaged with him, (for he was not deficient in penetration, and perfectly frank in his accounts of the men with whom he acted,) that it makes us think on the whole, very favourably of the first leaders of the Irish plans of rebellion. It is well known that in the actual insurrections, the command, on account of the arrest of those who commenced the organization, fell into other hands. There is certainly a prejudice in England at present against the political firmness and integrity of Irishmen. We hope all the honest politicians of Ireland have not been hanged or banished; but certainly there are few extensive plots of which the particulars have been discovered to us, in which there have appeared less of the vices which are apt to appear on such occasions, than among the United Irishmen.

Soon after this time, Tone was chosen agent of the Catholic committee of Ireland, in the room of Richard Burke, the son of Edmund Burke. Richard Burke, of whose merits the father entertained the fondest and most extravagant opinion, was, if we may believe the account of Tone, one of the most conceited, impracticable, disagreeable, and useless personages that could be met with. It must be acknowledged that Tone was Richard Burke's successor; that it was Tone's interest to oust him; but the remarks on the conduct of Burke are chiefly in Tone's private Journal, and are borne out by all other notices of him, if we divest the latter of the deference which is paid in them to the declared opinion of the elder Burke. He was in fact an emasculated Burke, with the insolence, fastidiousness, perhaps the taste, but not the sense or strength of his father. To be sure, in Ireland, such a genius was peculiarly ill placed. Fed with the flowers of literature, cockered up with the praise of one

of the ablest men of his age, softened in the most polite society, he was placed among the Irish Catholics of that day, who from the course of degradation to which they had been subjected, must have been a wilder species of Paddy than we have now any idea of. We doubt too, whether old Burke, upon whose views the son acted, was perfectly honest as far as the Catholics were concerned. We do not mean to question that both from his knowledge of the true interests of the empire, and from his attachment to his countrymen, he was an ardent friend to emancipation; but the love of aristocracy, and the terror at revolutionary principles, had so entirely the possession of his mind, that though he would have gladly attained the end, he would not take the means. The proper policy of the Catholics at that time, was to intimidate the government, by which, after they had got rid of Burke, they succeeded in obtaining very considerable concessions. The following note on the father and son, occurs in Tone's private Journal, which is written in imitation of Swift's Journal to Stella:—

"5. Agree that Gog (Keogh, a principal leader of the committee) shall go into a full exposition with Burke of the grounds of the displeasure of the Catholics. Burke, a sad impudent fellow, forcing himself upon these people. Gog thinks he is coming over as a spy for Dundas. Rather think he has been puffing his own weight among the Catholics with ministers in England, and finding he is suddenly dismissed by letter, he is come over, trusting to his powers of effrontery, that the Catholics will not have the spirit to maintain their letter face to face. Fancy he will find himself in the wrong. They all seem exasperated against him, and he richly deserves it. His impudence is beyond all I have ever known. Sad dog! Edmund Burke has Gog's boys now, on a visit at Beaconsfield, and writes him a letter in their praise. The scheme of this is obvious enough. He wants to enlist Gog on behalf of his son; but it won't do: Gog sees the thing clear enough. Sad! Sad! Edmund wants to get another 2000 guineas for his son, if he can. Dirty work! Edmund no fool in money matters. Flattering Gog to carry his point. Is that 'Sublime or Beautiful.' The Catholics will not be had, I judge, by the pitiful artifice of the father, or the determined impudence of the son."

While Tone was agent or secretary to the Catholic Committee, their exertions were prosecuted with great effect. A delegation was organized; the body assumed confidence, and the concessions were made to the Catholics, which placed it in the condition in which they now stand; they were admitted to the elective franchise and many inferior privileges, but excluded from Parliament, and from many offices of honour and trust.

Tone perceived and displayed with great acuteness, the blunders of this plan. He saw that it gave the Catholics the power, and left them the temptation to be mischievous to the state; that it placed in a state of irritation and discontent, the very class whom the government should have conciliated.

"The Bill," he observes, "admitting the lower orders of the Catholic people to all the advantages of the constitution which they are competent to enjoy, excludes the whole body of their gentry from those functions which they are naturally entitled to fill. A strange inconsistency! During the whole progress of the Catholic question, a favourite and plausible topic with their enemies, was the ignorance and bigotry of the multitude, which rendered them incompetent to exercise the functions of freemen. That ignorance

and bigotry are now admitted into the bosom of the constitution, whilst all the learning and liberality, the rank and fortune, the pride and pre-eminence of the Catholics, are degraded from their station, and stigmatized by act of Parliament. By granting the franchise, and with holding seats in Parliament, the Catholic gentry are at once compelled and enabled to act with effect as a distinct body and a separate interest. They receive a benefit with one hand, and a blow with the other, and their rising gratitude is checked by their just resentment; a resentment which in the same moment they receive the means, and the provocation to justify. If it was not intended to emancipate them also, they should have been debarred of all share of political power."—vol. ii. pp. 140—141.

This policy is now the more dangerous, because, since Tone wrote, the Catholic gentry have become more numerous in proportion to the lower classes. They have made progress in the acquisition of property from which it was the tendency of the penal laws to dispossess them. They are now sufficiently numerous to form leaders for the multitude whom the law affords them a temptation to inflame.

We hasten to the most interesting period of Tone's life. Early in 1794 the Rev. W. Jackson came to Ireland from France, commissioned by the French government to ascertain whether the people of Ireland would join the French. Jackson, who was a very indiscreet man, disclosed his mission on his passage through England, to Cockayne, an English attorney, who sold his information to the Government, and was instructed to follow Jackson as a spy. Tone's editor, his son, observes, "What renders this transaction the more odious, is, that before his arrival in Ireland, the life of Jackson was completely in the power of the British government. - - - - He was allowed to proceed, not in order to *detect* an existing conspiracy in Ireland, but to *form* one, and thus increase the number of victims. A more atrocious instance of perfidious and gratuitous cruelty is scarcely to be found in the history of any country but Ireland." Nonsense. Jackson went to Ireland; Tone conversed with him, and undertook to go to France to give an account of the situation of Ireland; but he was disgusted by Jackson's indiscretion, and especially by his confidence in Cockayne, and withdrew his offer in the presence of the latter. Jackson was arrested, and after a long delay tried; and poisoned himself to avoid being executed. Tone made a sort of compromise with the government, and was allowed to withdraw himself from Ireland without giving any pledge as to his future conduct.

On the 13th June, 1795, Tone embarked on board an American ship for the United States, and after having narrowly escaped being pressed into the navy by three British frigates, who boarded them, and took all the seamen save one, and nearly fifty of the passengers, he arrived at Wilmington, whence he proceeded to Philadelphia. The incident on his passage made an impression on him, as the officer who boarded his vessel behaved to him and the others with the greatest insolence. He seems also to have had an obscure notion, which the Americans have since taken up, that this practice of boarding a neutral vessel at sea, and kidnapping the hands, was not in accordance with the law of nations, justice, and so forth. It is no doubt however, a very fine practice, so long as it can be maintained. Besides, at the time in question, it was done in defence of social order.

At Philadelphia, Tone met Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds,

both of whom had been also obliged to fly from Ireland. He had the means of settling comfortably in America, and for a time thought of doing so; but he was urged on by his own desires, the entreaties of his friends in Ireland, and singular as it may appear, by those of his wife and sister, to go to France to obtain assistance to liberate his country. "I handed," he says, "the letters (from the United Irishmen in Ireland) to my wife and sister, and desired their opinion, which I foresaw would be, that I should immediately, if possible, set out for France. My wife especially, whose courage and zeal for my honour and interests were not in the least abated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration of her or our children, stand for a moment in the way of my engagements to our friends, and my duty to my country; adding, that she would answer for our family during my absence, and that the same Providence which had so often, as it were miraculously, preserved us, would, she was confident, not desert us now. My sister joined in those entreaties."—vol. i. p. 196. Ireland should be proud of having produced such women, but England may be ashamed of having supported, in a country which it is her interest and duty to attach to her, a system of government which has incited mothers and sisters to urge husbands and brothers to risk their lives in attempting its destruction.

Tone sailed for Havre, and arrived there on the 1st Feb. 1796, and proceeded to Paris. In America, Tone had received intelligence from his friends in Ireland, and assurances of the rapid progress which republicanism had made in Ireland; he had communicated with the French minister, and had obtained from him a letter to the Committee of Public Safety.

The incidental notices in Tone's Journal of the state of France during the government of the Directory, are amusing. Two of the notions of the wiseacres in England, at the time were, that the French government would perish through the disorder of the finances, and the people through want of food. Tone seems to have been delighted to find that people could live in France. Speaking of the country between Pontoise and Paris, he says, "an uninterrupted succession of corn, vines, and orchards, as far as the eye can reach; rich and *riant* beyond description. I see now clearly that John Bull will be able to starve France. - - - - Several windmills turning as if they were grinding corn, but to be sure they have none to grind: an artful fetch to deceive the worthy Mr. Bull, and make him believe there is still some bread in France." p. 209.

Certainly the monstrous absurdities which we believed of France during the war, were only equalled by the absurdities the French believed concerning us; our attacks were only matched by their reprisals. At one time we attempted to starve a country containing thirty millions of acres more than the United Kingdom, as if it had been the rock of Gibraltar. Then we cut off the jesuit's bark, that the poor devils might die at once of looseness and emptiness. We foretold their ruin by their assignats, they our ruin through our bank notes. The great spoiled child of victory assailed us by taking dandelion roots instead of coffee; he aimed a fatal blow at us by sweetening it with bad sugar, but we parried the stroke by drinking bad wine. In the end, however, he did not die of his beet root, nor

did we sink under our sloe juice. We have resumed cash payments, and the finances of France, notwithstanding the great burthens imposed on her since the peace, are in a most flourishing condition.

Paris, under the Directory, appears to have been, as it always has been, a very agreeable place. Though the assignats were at 6500 livres the Louis, (that is, reduced to a 260th part of their nominal value,) the Palais Royal, then *Maison Egalité*, wore its usual appearance of opulence and luxury; excellent dinners for half-a-crown, the coffee-houses as full as they could hold, the theatres superb; republican ballets were given at the opera, and *liberté, liberté chérie*, sung with an emphasis that affected Tone most powerfully. Meantime, the Republic had no money, but contrived to keep a million of men in arms; every place was filled with soldiery, while the palaces of the Bourbons were occupied by ministers who covered the ferocity of republicanism with scarlet cassocks, rose-coloured silk stockings, and scarlet ribands in their shoes. Citizen Carnot, then one of the directors, organized victory in a petit-costume of white satin, with a crimson robe richly embroidered. In short, while we were making war upon them on account of the destruction of social order amongst them, the French seem to have had their comforts and even their little fooleries, as well as if social order had never been destroyed.

Tone, without loss of time, applied himself to the main object of his mission; to inform the French government of the great desire of the Catholics and Dissenters in Ireland "to throw off the yoke of England," and to procure an armed force as a *point d'appui*, till they could organize themselves. In his communication, first with De La Croix, the minister for foreign affairs, then with Carnot and others, he seems to have displayed excellent sense and candour, and to have contended against the misconceptions that arose, and the absurd plans that were broached, with great effect. Indeed, with all the advantage which those who judge after an event, have over those who prophesy concerning it, we are inclined to esteem Tone as much for his sagacity, as his moral courage and enthusiasm. Anxious as he was that some assistance should be sent to Ireland, and ready as he was to go, as he expressed, even with a corporal's guard, he never flattered the French government that success could be deemed at all secure with less than fifteen thousand men. Sometimes the Directory thought of sending merely money and arms, sometimes a small detachment of two thousand men, (Tone observed, they might as well send twenty,) sometimes they talked of exciting a *chouan* or guerilla warfare. All these schemes he, without ceremony, discountenanced. If twenty thousand French were in Ireland, he observed, they would have in a month, one, two, or if necessary, three hundred thousand men; but the *point d'appui* was indispensable. Clarke, afterwards Duke of Feltre, and minister of war under Napoleon and the Bourbons, of Irish extraction, was, while Tone was at Paris, employed in the war department, and was for some time the channel of communication between the government and Tone. He had a notion of gaining the aid of some of the aristocracy of Ireland. Madgett, an old Irishman in the foreign office, had a scheme for enlisting some of the Irish prisoners in the French prisons, which Tone well compares to the

plan of his countryman, who got on horseback in the packet in order to get the sooner from Dublin to Holyhead. Napper Tandy, who came to France long after Tone, gave into the exaggerating spirit of his countrymen, and thought the separation from England could be effected without French troops. It is very much to the credit of the intelligence of the Directory that it entered completely into Tone's views, and determined to carry his suggestions into effect, even at the expense of sacrifices great for a government in extreme want of money and credit. General Hoche was appointed to the command of the army destined for the expedition, which was prepared nearly on the scale Tone recommended.

Lazarus Hoche was one of the men who enjoyed the highest character among the generals of republican France, and who raised the fame, and illustrated the genius of the nation. Hoche was a stable boy, who had enlisted in the French guards before the Revolution. In 1792 he was a corporal, in 1793 he commanded the army of the Moselle, in 1794 and 1795, he subdued and pacified La Vendee. If we were to consider the moral qualities as entirely the result of education, we should, on comparing Hoche with Bonaparte, whom he considered his rival, prefer the education of the stable to that of the military school. Hoche was frank, generous, and a zealous republican. Tone gives the following account of his first conference with him:—

“As I was sitting in my cabinet, studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg, and was shown into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened, and a very handsome, well-made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, ‘*Vous vous êtes le citoyen Smith?*’ I thought he was a chef de bureau, and replied, ‘*Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.*’ He said, ‘*Vous, appelez, aussi, je crois, Wolfe Tone?*’ ‘*Oui, citoyen, c'est mon véritable nom.*’ ‘*Eh bien,*’ replied he ‘*je suis le Général Hoche.*’ At these words I mentioned, that I had for a long time been desirous of the honour I now enjoyed, to find myself in his company. He then said, he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said, I was. ‘*Well,*’ said he, ‘*there are one or two points on which I want to consult you;*’ and he proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effected, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said, it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland, previous to the landing, because of the surveillance of the government; but if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle; and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country: and I assured him, that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, *they* should not want it. He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisory government, either of the Catholic committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the defenders? I thought I saw an opening here, to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied, that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act; but if it were considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. ‘*Undoubtedly,*’ replied he, ‘*men will not sacrifice themselves, when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go,*

you may be sure I will go in sufficient force.' He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly; but that early in the business the minister had spoken to me of two thousand; and that I had replied, that such a number could effect nothing. 'No,' replied he, 'they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them.' I was glad to hear him give this opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the minister; and I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support, and co-operation sufficient to form a provisory government. He then asked me, what I thought of the priests; or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied, I certainly did not calculate on their assistance; but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late; and I instanced the case of the defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials, and in these memorandums. I explained all this, at some length, to him, and concluded by saying, that, in prudence, we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily; and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion; but added that, in the contrary event, I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me, how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars, I could not pretend to say but that they were wretched bad troops: for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country en masse; nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it became necessary, was so much gained. He said he would, undoubtedly, make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores, and artillery; and for his own reputation see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him speak thus; it set my mind at ease on divers points. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied, and that was, what form of government we should adopt in the event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnestness, when General Clarke entered, to request we would come to dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the president, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside, and repeated his question. I replied, 'most undoubtedly a republic.' He asked again, 'are you sure?' I said, 'as sure as I can be of any thing: I know nobody in Ireland who thinks of any other system; nor do I believe there is any body who dreams of monarchy.' He then asked me, 'is there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king?' I replied, 'not the smallest;' and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old business again; but I believe I satisfied Hoche: it looks well to see him so anxious on that topic, on which he pressed me more than on all the others. Carnot joined us here, with a pocket-map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, every one also having left the room. I said scarcely any thing, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, 'there is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef.' I told him, I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that, at present, it made a considerable article in her exports."—vol. ii. pp. 14—18.

From this time to December, the patience of Tone was sadly tried, by necessary and unnecessary delays. He was appointed by the Directory chef de brigade, and afterwards adjutant-general, and was

treated by Hoche with great kindness and confidence. Hoche was afraid of a monarchy or aristocratical government arising in Ireland. It must be agreeable to the Orange gentry of that country to know, how it was proposed to deal with them. "We then spoke," says Tone, "of the aristocracy of Ireland; and I assured him, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed; adding, that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen." He said, "certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided, as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed; but the less the better; and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would no doubt be ready to do, than to put them to death;" in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like Parson Adams, "I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me."

In September, Tone quitted Paris for Rennes, where he lodged with the general's staff, in the palace of the ci-devant bishop of Rennes, "a superb mansion, but not much the better for the Revolution." He there became intimate with a Colonel Shee, who was attached to the expeditionary army, and who had been secretary to the Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*). It is worthy of remark, though the subject is too large to enter on in detail, that Shee, whom Tone represents to have been a man of integrity, was most zealous in defence of the duke, and succeeded in satisfying Tone "not only of that prince's innocence as to the accusation on which he was guillotined, but as to his general character as a man of honour, courage, and probity." Shee had nothing to gain by defending the duke's character—firstly, because he was ruined—secondly, because he was unpopular—thirdly, because he was dead. At the end of October they set out for Brest; and on the road Tone learned the arrest of Russell, his most intimate friend, and some others of his political associates, in Belfast. Villaret Joyeuse, the admiral, did every thing to impede the expedition, in the hope, according to Tone, of being sent to the Indian station, where there was greater chance of prize-money. At any rate, he was superseded, and the command given to Moraud de Galls. On the 2d of December, Hoche embarked on board the *Indomptable*, of eighty guns. The naval force consisted of seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, and other vessels of war and transports, making in all forty-three sail, carrying thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-five soldiers of the expedition; forty-one thousand one hundred and sixty stand of arms; twenty pieces of field, and nine of siege artillery; with a great quantity of stores. On the fifteenth the fleet sailed. They soon parted company; and on the twenty-first, when they made Cape Clear, the first place of rendezvous, seven sail were missing,* among them the *Fraternité* frigate, which carried both Hoche and the Admiral. The general of the highest rank in that part of the fleet which continued together was Grouchy, afterwards the marshal, the non-appearance of

* Of these, one had been lost coming out of Brest.

whose corps, at the battle of Waterloo, was so seasonable for the Duke of Wellington. The following is an extract from Tone's journal of the twenty-second :—

“ This morning, at eight, we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered ; no news of the *Fraternité* ; I believe it is the first instance of an admiral in a clean frigate, with moderate weather, and moonlight nights, parting company with his fleet. - - - All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may turn out well ; he has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirit and talent to play it. If he succeeds it will immortalize him.” Poor Grouchy is immortalized, but not by his successes.

Fortunately for England, the instructions given to the members of the expedition were to cruise *five days* off Cape Clear, and then to make for the Shannon. Whether this order was intended to apply to the case of thirty-six out of forty-two ships having kept together, was a question about which Hoche, observed Tone, “ if he were in Grouchy's place, would not have hesitated a moment.” A very short hesitation was fatal to the success of the expedition. On the twenty-first the troops might have been landed from thirty-six ships. On the twenty-second, the fleet was somewhat scattered—landing would have been difficult had it been decided on. In the night of the twenty-second it blew a gale, and twenty of the thirty-six ships were blown to sea ; sixteen, including nine or ten of the line, anchored in Bantry Bay. In these sixteen ships were about six thousand five hundred soldiers, and with them at last Grouchy, with the advice of the staff, resolved to proceed. But a pertinacious east wind prevented them from reaching Bantry so as to land the troops. On the twenty-sixth, other ships were blown to sea, and the fleet was reduced to seven sail of the line and a frigate. With these, and four thousand one hundred and sixty-eight men, the remaining general (Grouchy was no longer among them) determined to proceed to the mouth of the Shannon. On the night of the twenty-seventh it blew a hurricane, three ships of the line and a frigate only remained together. On the twenty-eighth, and on the twenty-ninth, the commodore then remaining in command, made signal for them to make sail for France. They reached Brest in safety on the 13th January. In going or returning they saw not one English ship of war. Hoche however, in the *Fraternité*, who returned to France, after his comrades, sailed twenty-four hours unobserved in the midst of the English fleet.

“ Notwithstanding all our blunders,” said Tone, “ it is the dreadful stormy weather, and easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously, and without intermission, since we have made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada.” But for this, in fact we think there is no one who considers the state of Ireland at that time, who must not conclude, that it would have been lost to England. Tone himself, was not at the time acquainted with the extent of the military organization, and state of preparation of the United Irishmen. It was at this time (December, 1796) that the people in Ireland were most generally provided with arms. In the beginning of 1797, great quantities were seized ; and in the course of that year, according to Sir R. Musgrave, forty-eight thousand one hundred and nine guns, and seventy thousand

six hundred and thirty pikes, were seized in the provinces of Leinster and Ulster. The English generals and troops then in Ireland, were in no wise comparable to the French for efficiency and discipline, nor would it have been possible to have collected, in a short time, a force that would have attacked thirteen thousand men under Hoche or Grouchy with any prospect of success. The Irish militia, who composed a great part of the force of the government, were not to be depended on: the yeomanry was not then organized. The French troops too, would not have needed to have left detachments in any of the places through which they passed. The whole of their force could have taken the field, as they might have relied on their Irish levies, and on the good wishes of the people of the country. In fact, they would have had against the English not the disadvantages of invaders, but the advantages of men who defended their country against an invasion. This was remarkably proved in the subsequent expedition of Humbert, who, with less than a thousand men, was enabled to defeat double the number of king's troops who were brought against him—two hundred and fifty of the Irish militia enlisting with him after the battle. If Hoche, or even Grouchy had landed, in two months he would have been making demonstrations over against Liverpool with 100,000 men.

Hoche on his return, showed the same kindness to Tone as before; and unabated zeal to prosecute the objects of the expedition. He observed that the refitting of the fleet would require time; the Republic could not afford to allow fifteen thousand men to be idle, and they thought he might serve them on the Rhine; but he would return, and embark with the first detachment. An expedition was prepared in Holland by the Batavian Republic, equal in magnitude to that which had sailed for Brest, and with a much better fleet. The intention was, that it should have sailed for Ireland, round the north of Scotland, It was through mere accident that it did not sail at the very time when the mutiny at the Nore would have prevented the British fleet from pursuing it. The east winds which drove the French out of Bantry Bay, would not blow to carry the Dutch out of the Texel. The expedition was locked up till the English were able to blockade the Dutch coast, and the winds, probably a second time, saved Ireland. Another auxiliary contributed to preserve it.

Hoche, who during the equipment of the Dutch expedition had showed as much disinterestedness as zeal, went to Holland to urge the Batavian Republic to the enterprize; but he gave up the command in favour of Daendels, in order that the activity of the Dutch might be stimulated by their pride. He still continued, while in the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, to give his advice, and employ his good offices, in behalf of the expedition, with the Dutch and French governments. In September (1797) Tone visited his head quarters, and was alarmed at the state of his health, of which the general and those about him took no heed. He observed in his Journal, that he should not be surprised that in three months Hoche would be in a consumption. In six days Hoche was dead.

Bonaparte was the general to whom Tone now looked; but Bonaparte had no sympathy with the Irish—had not the honesty, or the practical good sense of Hoche. It was with difficulty Tone could

persuade him that there were more than two millions of people in Ireland. He was bent on his expedition to Egypt.

Tone's son remarks, and others we believe have remarked before him, that Bonaparte threw away in two similar instances the means of benefitting himself and France,—by not securing the independence of Poland, and not promoting the independence of Ireland. He gives a reported saying of Bonaparte to the Directory, implying all they could hope from Ireland was, that it would be a diversion to the strength of England, and that the rebels then, without French aid, afforded that diversion. That this diversion was death to them, did not enter into his contemplation. His neglect both of Poland and Ireland betrayed the other great defect of his mind—his preference of enterprizes which had only their distance to recommend them. Overlooking Ireland, he would attack the English in the east—overlooking Poland, he would march to Moscow. The first reverses showed that he had made no friends, though he had compromised with many enemies.

We have not space to pursue Tone's history in detail. He sailed for Ireland in one of those petty expeditions which he had dissuaded; was taken in the Hoche, after fighting bravely in a desperate action; was tried by (God knows why) a *military* commission*, and was sentenced to be hanged. The Court of King's Bench ordered execution to be stayed. He cut his throat in prison, and after languishing a few days, died. His conduct before the court-martial was admirable for cheerful manliness. The letters which he wrote after his conviction to his wife breathe the same spirit. He seems to have been irreproachable in all the relations of domestic life and social intercourse; a man of sense, gaiety, courage, and talents; a man to make us suspect there is something rotten in the government which he was armed to overthrow.

The book is well edited by the son of Tone, who was an officer in the service of Napoleon, and is, we believe, now in America. Both father and son have some trash on the means taken by the government in Ireland to support itself against the associates of Mr. Tone, which are called cruel, and so forth. No doubt the expedients resorted to in Ireland were such as are not generally deemed justifiable in civilized countries; for instance, torture applied, not by judicial authorities, but by inferior functionaries, and almost *ad libitum*, by any man who had the physical force at his command. But the maxims which are generally applied to the conduct of civilized governments, suppose a disposition in the mass of the people to support the government, resulting from a watchfulness in the government over the welfare of the mass of the people. But in Ireland the hatred of the people to the government was so deep-rooted and general, that the ordinary maxims were inapplicable. In other countries it would be unjust to flog a man against whom there was no evidence, in order that he might confess treason, because in the worst times, it would be a thousand chances to one that he had no treason to confess. But in Ireland, the agents of government could scarcely flog amiss. Sir R. Musgrave justifies it on this ground, and shows the fatal consequences of an application to Ireland of the

* Tone says, somewhere in his Journal, Erskine, who was deemed no great lawyer in England, knew more law than the twelve Irish Judges, and the Chancellor to boot.—Tone did not object to the commission, as he had a wish to be shot, not hanged.

ordinary rules of justice :---“ Many severe animadversions,” he says, “ have been made on a practice which took place in Ireland a short time previous to and during the Rebellion, of whipping persons notoriously disaffected, for the purpose of extorting evidence from them. Whoever considers it abstractedly, must of course condemn it, as obviously repugnant to the letter of the law, the benign principles of our constitution, and those of justice and humanity :” but these principles, he goes on to show, had nothing to do with Ireland.---“ To disarm the disaffected was impossible, because their arms were concealed ; and to discover all the traitors was equally so, because they were bound by oaths of secrecy, and the strongest sanctions of their religion, not to impeach their fellow traitors. But suppose the fullest information could have been obtained of the guilt of every individual, it would have been impracticable to arrest and commit the multitude.”---Aye, there’s the rub. “ Some men of discernment and fortitude perceived that some new expedient must be adopted to prevent the subversion of government and the destruction of society, and whipping was resorted to.”—*Memoirs of the different Rebellions in Ireland*, Appendix, xxii.

He gives the same reasons for free-quartering. In short, the atrocities practised in support of the government, were not more than sufficient to create a terror to counter-balance the effects of the hatred which the people felt towards it. The government was obliged to support itself—though Mr. Tone may say “ *Je n’en vois pas la nécessité.*”

Whether it is wise to govern a country closely connected with us so as to have made it necessary to resort to these expedients—so as to have made it a mere matter of chance—a matter dependent on an east or a west wind, whether at the expense of any cruelty it could have been preserved—so as to have made traitors respectable, and loyal men odious ? This is another question, which we shall not now discuss.

MUSICAL REMINISCENCES RESPECTING THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.*

THIS entertaining little volume is attributed to the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe ; and were we rashly to argue from the book to the author, we should infer that the noble lord had looked upon the world merely as a huge convenience for the support of opera houses ; and regarded the human species only as *first men* and *first women*, tenors, basses, sopranos, contra altos, &c. It is curious to remark the seriousness with which he notes the state of the opera in the various great cities which he visited in his travels, and the simplicity with which he occasionally mixes up music with morals, when the temptation of an anecdote brings him on the latter ground. For example, speaking of Mara, the noble author says, that “ she eloped from her husband, an idle, drunken man, and *bad player on the violoncello.*” Many whimsical appearances such as this, suggest to us in reading the book the idea of a man who has viewed the world as an orchestra, and seen in its in-

* Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur, chiefly respecting the Italian Opera in England for Fifty Years, from 1773 to 1823. The Second Edition, continued to the present Time. London : 1827.

habitants only so many vocal and instrumental performers, to be rated chiefly according to their skill in their respective provinces. We can hardly prevail upon ourselves to believe that the author has observed the phenomenon of a Napoleon on the theatre of war and politics; and were he asked who was the *first man* of the beginning of the nineteenth century, he would doubtless answer Tramezzani. This impression, the absurdity of which lies in ourselves, and not in the writer, is in truth created by the very spirited manner in which the noble critic has executed his work: he has thrown his whole soul into it; has never for a moment suffered himself to be diverted from the business in hand; and consequently makes the reader ridiculously imagine that it is impossible one so earnest and apparently absorbed in music, can have bestowed a thought on any other topic.

The book commences with this sentence:

"The first opera which I have any the slightest recollection of having seen, was that of Artaserse, in the year 1773, at which time Millico was the first man."

From this datum it might safely be inferred, that the author is one of *the old school*; but we are not left to the hazard of inference, for he speaks in that unequivocal Nestorian language which in all ages and climes sufficiently denotes the attached adherent to an antiquated or exploded state of things, whether political, moral, or musical. Opera is not what opera was; and singers are not what singers were. The author may presume to decide, for he was fond of music *while music was really good*, and lived in one of its most flourishing periods. Such is the burthen of the song. It is obvious that these complaints are common to all the arts, to all periods of the arts, and to all the stages of the arts. When the taste is pliant, it forms itself to the existing model of excellence, and after a time it is incapable of accommodating itself to a departure from the old standard. The senses become comparatively dull, and the judgment, too feeble to traverse new walks, contends that there is no nature beyond the mill-horse round in which it has delighted for half a century. *We*, who are of course the only reasonable men under the sun, do not imagine that ours is *par excellence*, the age of music; or to speak more distinctly, we do not esteem it the age of composition. Rossini has many beauties*, and also many mortal faults, while Mozart is, in our opinion, the Magnus Apollo himself; and the age of him and Haydn, the age of composition. Our author's school is, however, further back than this date. He finds Mozart superior indeed to Rossini, but objects to him as too German, and obscurely refers to more perfect masters. If we are inferior in composition, it will, we think, be readily admitted, that there is more taste for music now than at any former period; we mean a more general taste. Formerly the amateurs were a very small body; now every body has a taste for music—a very bad taste undeniably, but still a taste; and people must have a bad taste, we suppose, before they can acquire a good one. The first step, as it appears to us, is to obtain the relish; then to refine it by experience of the best subjects, and a

* The praise of Rossini is now *saviare* to the general. The vulgar herd, after idolizing, have, according to the common re-action, run in to the opposite extreme, and turned their beastly hoofs against him.

comparison of the degrees of delight imparted by them. The water-drinker who first drenches himself with cape madeira, accounts it the nectar of the gods: he gets on in time to brown sherry, and despises Charles Wright; travels to the Rhine; becomes intimate, hand on glass, with the best bottles, and turns up his nose at sherry, port, madeira, and kitchen wines. At present, in music there is a great devotion to cape, and much gooseberry is swallowed for champagne; but in time the good folks will learn discrimination, or if they do not, their children will. When we say this, we are far from imagining that the public in the mass will ever be a *good* judge of music, or of any thing else; but a large portion of it will probably make a considerable progress, and attain to a moderate degree, of discretion formerly limited to a select few.

It has long been imagined that Italy was the great province of musical taste. This we have discovered to be an error in our time, and our author appears to have discovered it also in his.

“Upon the whole I was surprised at hearing so little very good in that country, and still more so at the extreme badness of much which I have passed over unnoticed. At the small towns, such as Nice, Trieste, and others, there were operas, if indeed they deserved that name, for the singers were little better than those of the streets, and would not have been tolerated for a moment in England. But the passion for music cannot be so great in that land of song as we are apt to suppose: for on inquiring in any town if the opera was good, I was uniformly answered, Oh! si; bellissimi *balli*! and indeed in general the dances are more thought of, and attended to in greater *silence*, than the opera itself, in which, if there is one, or at most two good performers, and as many good songs, it is quite sufficient, and the rest may be as bad as possible without giving any offence. Yet the ballets are long and wearisome in the extreme, absolute tragedies in pantomime (I saw Romeo and Juliet danced); and nothing is to me so delightful as a really good opera.”

Before M. D'Egville was appointed ballet-master at the King's Theatre, and anterior to the consequent utter decline and fall of the ballet, we remember that our young men, who had been talking, without respite or mercy, during the opera, would suddenly stop, saying—“Hush, hush, the ballet has begun.” M. D'Egville has found a method of curing them of this bad practice. They must interest themselves now in the opera, or in nothing at all. The author's critical sketches are hit off with considerable skill, and his anecdotes are many of them particularly happy.

Of Grassini he gives this account:—

“Grassini, who was engaged for the next season as first woman alternately with Mrs. Billington. This very handsome woman was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form, and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*, and bordered a little on the monotonous: for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vergine del Sole*, an opera of Mayer's, well suited to her peculiar talents: but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare to en-

JUNE, 1827.

M

counter it alone, but called in Mrs. Billington to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by Winter was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sung several easy simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favourite. Her deep tones were undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington; but though, from its great success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *fêlée*, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies. Of her *private* claims to that distinction it is best to be silent, but her manners and exterior behaviour were proper and genteel.

"As I before observed, it was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired, and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini, while the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington."

Braham:—

"Though it seems needless to say much of so well known a performer, yet it is impossible to pass over a singer of Braham's reputation without some remark. All must acknowledge that his voice is of the finest quality, of great power, and occasionally sweetness. It is equally certain that he has great knowledge of music, and *can* sing extremely well. It is therefore the more to be regretted that he should ever do otherwise, that he should ever quit the natural register of his voice by raising it to an unpleasant falsetto, or force it by too violent exertion: that he should depart from a good style, and correct taste, which he knows and can follow as well as any man, to adopt at times, the over-florid and frittered Italian manner; at others to fall into the coarseness and vulgarity of the English. The fact is, that he can be two distinct singers according to the audience before whom he performs, and that to gain applause he condescends to sing as ill at the playhouse as he has done well at the opera. His compositions have the same variety, and he can equally write a popular noisy song for the one, or its very opposite for the other. A duetto of his introduced into the opera of *Gli Orazi*, sung by himself and Grassini, had great beauty, and was in excellent taste." *

In another department of this publication, (the Diary,) it was once affirmed that Braham *could* sing well when he pleased to sing well, and that as he always suited his style to the taste of his audience, and generally sang in those sinks of vulgarity, the national theatres, he generally sang ill. This proposition gave immense offence to the millions who think that Braham's singing is always perfection, and also to two or three persons, still more unreasonable and bigotted, who doubt his ability to sing at all. We are glad to see our opinion corroborated by authority so respectable. We think the better, both of Lord Mount Edgumbe and of ourselves, for finding that his judgment agrees with ours; and we avow it, which is more than men of less modesty and candour would do.

* Braham has done material injury to English singing by producing a host of imitators. What is in itself not good, but may be endured from a fine performer, becomes insufferable in bad imitation. Catalani has done less mischief, only because her powers are *unique* and her astonishing execution unattainable. Many men endeavour to rival Braham; no woman can aspire to being a Catalani.

Catalani:—

"Of this celebrated performer it is well known that her voice is of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat seems endued (as has been remarked by medical men) with a power of expansion and muscular motion by no means usual, and when she throws out all her voice to the utmost, it has a volume and strength that are quite surprising, while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semi-tones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, are equally astonishing. It were to be wished she was less lavish in the display of these wonderful powers, and sought to please more than to surprise: but her taste is vicious, her excessive love of ornament spoiling every simple air, and her greatest delight (indeed her chief merit) being in songs of a bold and spirited character, where much is left to her discretion (or indiscretion) without being confined by the accompaniment, but in which she can indulge in ad libitum passages with a luxuriance and redundancy no other singer ever possessed, or if possessing never practised, and which she carries to a fantastical excess. She is fond of singing variations on some known simple air, and latterly has pushed this taste to the very height of absurdity, by singing, even without words, variations composed for the fiddle. This is absolute nonsense, a lamentable misapplication of that finest of instruments, the human voice, and of the delightful faculty of song. Whenever I hear such an outrageous display of execution, either vocal or instrumental, I never fail to recollect, and cordially join in, the opinion of a late noble statesman, more famous for his wit than for love of music, who, hearing a remark on the extreme *difficulty* of some performance, observed, that he wished it was *impossible*.*

"From what has been said it may readily be conceived that Catalani has a bad choice of music, and that she prefers the compositions of inferior masters, written expressly for herself, to the more regular of better composers. She found one here precisely to her taste in Pucitta, who had been successful in two very light, but pleasing comic operas. Him she employed to compose for her several serious, to which he was unequal: all of them were very moderate, *La Vestale* the best. She performed, however, in many others; *Semiramide*, by Portogallo, which she chose for her débüt; but it was very inferior to Bianchi's, *Mitridate*, *Elfrida*, and, much to her dissatisfaction, *La Clemenza di Tito*, for *she detested Mozart's music*, which keeps the singer too much under the control of the orchestra, and too strictly confined to time, which she is apt to violate. Yet she first introduced to our stage his *Nozze di Figaro*, in which she acted the part of Susanna admirably. In the *Orazi* she performed the first soprano's part of Curiazio, that of the first woman being filled by Ferlendis, a pretty good actress, at that time first buffa. But she totally disregarded the general effect of an opera, and the cast of all the other characters, whatever might be the disadvantage of it to the other performers, if she was indulged in her whimsical choice of parts for herself. Thus in *Didone*, she caused the part of Enea to be done by Madame Dussek, who had neither voice, figure, nor action for the character; and in another opera, she made Madame Dussek act the first woman's part, choosing for herself that of the first man.

"Catalani was now the only performer of any eminence remaining in England, and led in both lines; but as one singer does not constitute an opera,† and neither her disposition would bear with others, nor the extravagance of her annually increasing demands allow the manager to engage them, she at length quitted the theatre at the end of the season of 1813."

* This *bon mot* has generally been given to Dr. Johnson, but I have reason to know it was said by the noble lord alluded to, of whom a similar one is recorded confirming his distaste for music. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the *Ancient Concerts*, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother the Bishop of W—— did, "Oh," replied his lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

† Her husband, M. Valabregue, was of a very different opinion; he is reported to have said, "*Ma femme, et quatre ou cinq poupées, voilà tout ce qu'il faut.*"

She returned to the opera stage for a few nights about three or four seasons ago, and sung so ill in the part of Susanna, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, to Ronzi de Begnis' Countess, that she was very deservedly hissed. Her fault was not from failure of voice, which would only have excited regret, but vicious embellishment.

Of Curioni, Zucchelli, and Ronzi de Begnis, the lost pearl of the opera, the critic writes thus:—

“The first tenor, Curioni, has a very sweet and pleasing voice, and is an agreeable though not a great singer; and Zucchelli, who possesses the most soft, mellow, and flexible bass voice I almost ever heard. Ronzi de Begnis, with a pretty face and pleasing countenance, has a voice of great sweetness and flexibility, which she manages with considerable skill and taste, is a good singer, and a good actress, both in serious and comic parts. But she decidedly excels most in the latter: indeed I have rarely seen a better buffa. She made her first appearance in *Il Turco in Italia*, and acted in it delightfully. Her husband, De Begnis, is an excellent comic actor.”

Velluti, Caradori, and Bonini:—

“The first appearance of Signor Velluti was announced to take place, on an unusual night, *for his own benefit*, granted him, it was said, on account of the great trouble he had taken (to use a theatrical phrase) in *getting up* the new opera; which indeed was true, for, as he had a perfect knowledge of the stage, he entirely directed all the performances in which he took a part. As he had brought me a letter of introduction from a friend at Florence, and my curiosity was a good deal raised from the representation given to me of his talents, I was induced once more to enter a theatre, and was present on that occasion. At the moment when he was expected to appear, the most profound silence reigned in one of the most crowded audiences I ever saw, broken on his advancing by loud applauses of encouragement. The first note he uttered gave a shock of surprise, almost of disgust, to inexperienced ears, but his performance was listened to with attention and great applause throughout, with but few *audible* expressions of disapprobation, speedily suppressed. The opera he had chosen for his debut was *Il Crociato in Egitto*, by a German composer named Mayerbeer, till then totally unknown in this country. The music was quite of the new school, but not copied from its founder Rossini: it was original, odd, flighty, and might even be termed *fantastic*, but at times beautiful; here and there most delightful melodies and harmonies occurred, but it was unequal. Solos were as rare as in all the modern operas, but the numerous concerted pieces much shorter and far less noisy than Rossini's, consisting chiefly of duetts and terzettos, with but few chorusses, and no overwhelming accompaniments. Indeed Mayerbeer has rather gone into the contrary extreme, the instrumental parts being frequently so slight as to be almost meagre, while he has sought to produce new and striking effects from the voices alone. The first woman's part was filled by Caradori, the only singer left who could undertake it, Pasta's engagement having terminated, and her performance gave great satisfaction. Though from want of power she is not to be ranked in the first line of prima donnas, it may truly be said she is *without a fault*. Her voice is sweet, but not strong; her knowledge of music very great; her taste and style excellent, full of delicacy and expression. In a room she is a perfect singer. Her genteel and particularly modest manner, combined with a very agreeable person and countenance, render her a pleasing and interesting, though not a surprising performer.

“To speak more minutely of Velluti. This singer is no longer young, and his voice is in decay. It seems to have had considerable compass, but has failed (which is extraordinary) in its middle tones, many of which are harsh and grating to the ear. Some of his upper notes are still exquisitely sweet, and he frequently dwells on, swells, and diminishes them with delightful effect. His lower notes too are full and mellow, and he displays

considerable art in descending from the one to the other by passages ingeniously contrived to avoid those which he knows to be defective. His manner is florid without extravagance, his embellishments (many of which were new to me) tasteful and neatly executed. His general style is the *grazioso*, with infinite delicacy and a great deal of expression, but never rising to the grand, simple, and dignified *cantabile* of the old school, still less to the least approach towards the *bravura*. He evidently has no other, therefore there is a great want of variety in his performance, as well as a total deficiency of force and spirit. Of the great singers mentioned before, he most resembles Pacchierotti, in one only, and that the lowest of his styles, but cannot be compared to him in excellence. He is also somewhat like him in figure, but far better looking; in his youth he was reckoned remarkably handsome. On the whole, there is much to approve and admire in his performance, and I can readily believe that in his prime he was not unworthy of the reputation he has attained in Italy. Even here, under so many disadvantages, he produced considerable effect, and overcame much of the prejudice raised against him. To the old he brought back some pleasing recollections; others, to whom his voice was new, became reconciled to it, and sensible of his merits, whilst many declared that to the last his tones gave them more pain than pleasure. However, either from curiosity or real admiration, he drew crowded audiences, and no opera but the *Crociato* was performed to the end of the season.

“The next (of 1826) began also with the same opera, but very differently performed. Caradori, though still belonging to the company, was unaccountably removed, for the purpose of introducing a new singer of the name of Bonini, and Garcia's place was filled by a performer below mediocrity. The new first woman having frequently sung with, and been taught by Velluti, was brought over at his recommendation and desire. She was not without merit, and it was not easy to say what were her faults; but it was impossible she should please: neither her voice nor her style had any peculiar excellence or defects; her person was small and very plain, and she was no actress. She was little attended to, and though never calling down disapprobation, was never applauded. Velluti's favour sensibly declined, and in his second opera, called *Tebaldo e Isolina*, by Morlacchi, which he considers as his *chef-d'œuvre*, he was much less admired than in the former. For his benefit this year, (which I also went to) he brought out *Aureliano in Palmira*, one of the first compositions of Rossini, and the only one of his operas in which he ever would sing. It is in my opinion one of the best of that master, as he had not yet, in his efforts at originality, fallen into that wild unnatural style which characterizes so many of his works. There are in it many beautiful melodies, and but little of the extravagant ornament and cramped passages he subsequently delighted to introduce. Those who are more conversant with his compositions, and can remember them (which I have professed I cannot) say that this opera has been a nursery from whence he has drawn much for his later productions, and that there is scarcely one good *motivo* in it which he has not transplanted into some other. The first woman's part was again filled by Bonini, a miserable representative of the heroic Zenobia. But I now discovered why Velluti preferred her to any other performer. Pasta had returned to England some time before for her usual short engagement, but they never appeared in the same opera. This was thought to be occasioned by jealousy or rivalry in one or both: Velluti, however, was in the right to decline it. She would not only have overpowered him with the strength and volume of her voice, but her style was so different, often so superior to his own, that they could never have harmonized well: whereas Bonini, trained by him, accustomed to sing with him, and having acquired all his peculiar graces, was exactly suited to him by equality of power, and similarity of style: in the duettos accordingly nothing could be more perfect than the union of their voices.”

The critique on Velluti is indulgent, but, in the main, just; that on

Caradori perhaps a little too laudatory ; her chaste style, however, is peculiarly suited to the tastes of the old school ; that of Bonini the exact truth. And the reason of the signor's preferring her to Pasta is very sufficiently explained. That person had a great horror of any merit which might possibly come into collision with his own, and would have said, in the spirit of M. Valabregue, "*Moi, et quatre ou cinq poupées, voilà tout ce qu'il faut.*"

On the mismanagement of the opera, the author has these judicious observations :—

" Whilst enormous expence is lavished in superfluities, a mean economy prevails in all the inferior departments, with regard to secondary singers, the chorus and orchestra : the scenery, decorations, and wardrobe, are in every respect unworthy of the largest theatre in the country. The ballets too have latterly been of a very inferior description, scarcely above mediocrity. Such are the consequences of a bad system of government, and of the want of a manager conversant with the Italian stage, a good judge of music and of singers, acquainted with foreign languages, and foreign usages, of liberal ideas, not sparing of expence, but judicious in the application of it ; knowing what is right, and firm in exercising his authority to enforce it : in short, one who can act for himself, and not be dependent on the ignorance or bad faith of subordinate agents. Such a one only can carry on the business of the theatre with success, and give to the English public a really good Italian opera."

While performances, the ballet particularly, have been deteriorating, the cost to subscribers has been increasing.

" It will scarcely be credited by those who are not old enough to remember it, that at the period when these *Reminiscences* commence, and for many years subsequent to it, the price of a subscription to a box for *fifty* representations was *twenty guineas* a seat, so that there was a positive saving of five guineas on the season to every subscriber ; and that too when the theatre was differently constructed, and the private boxes were very few in number, not exceeding in all *thirty-six*, eighteen, ranged in three rows, on each side of the house ; the front being then occupied by open public boxes (or *amphithéâtre*, as it is called in French theatres) communicating with the pit. Both of these were filled exclusively with the highest classes of society, all, without exception, in the full dress then universally worn. The audiences thus assembled were considered as indisputably presenting a finer spectacle than any other theatre in Europe, and absolutely astonished the foreign performers, to whom such a sight was entirely new. At the end of the performance the company of the pit and boxes repaired to the coffee-room, which was then the best assembly in London, private ones being rarely given on opera nights, and all the first society was regularly to be seen there. Over the front box was the five shilling gallery, then resorted to by respectable persons not in full dress ; and above that an upper gallery, to which the admission was three shillings. Subsequently the house was encircled by private boxes, yet still the prices remained the same, and the pit preserved its respectability and even grandeur till the old house was burnt down in 1789. After its rebuilding the subscription was raised to twenty-five guineas, and subsequently to thirty, but then the number of representations was increased to sixty, so that the admission never exceeded the usual pit price of half a guinea. Thus it continued the whole time that I was a subscriber to the opera. It was not till the second year of Catalani's engagement, when she more than doubled her demands, and obtained a salary wholly unprecedented, that the subscription for a whole box was at once raised from *one hundred and eighty* to *three hundred guineas*. Thus has she permanently injured the establishment : for the price, once raised, has never been lowered, or at most in a very

trifling degree: and it is become quite impossible for persons of moderate incomes to afford so unreasonable a sum for a mere entertainment. Hence has arisen the custom of halving and sub-dividing the subscriptions, so that very few persons have now the sole ownership of a box. Hence too that of letting them for the night, and of selling even single tickets when not used by the proprietor. The evil of this practice is evident. Formerly every lady possessing an opera box, considered it as much her *home* as her house, and was as sure to be found there, few missing any of the performances. If prevented from going, the *loan* of her box, and the gratuitous use of the tickets, was a favour always cheerfully offered and thankfully received as a matter of course, without any idea of payment. Then too it was a favour to ask gentlemen to belong to a box, when subscribing to one was actually advantageous. Now, no lady can propose to them to give her more than double the price of the admission at the door, so that having paid so exorbitantly, every one is glad to be reimbursed a part at least of the great expence which she must often support alone. Boxes and tickets therefore, are no longer given, they are let for what can be got; for which traffic the circulating libraries afford an easy accommodation. Many too which are not taken for the season are disposed of in the same manner, and are almost put up to auction, their price varying from three to eight or even ten guineas, according to the performance of the evening, and other accidental circumstances. I have known an instance of a box being asked for in the morning for a particular opera, but not taken on account of the high price demanded: in the afternoon of the same day the same box was offered for half the sum, and then again rejected from the suspicious appearance of the tender. The next morning the reason was discovered; *the opera had been changed*. This artifice requires no comment. In no other theatre in any country was such uncertainty of prices ever heard of: they every where are, and ought to be, fixed and invariable.

“While the boxes are thus let at prices so much too high, admissions to the pit are to be purchased beneath their proper value. Half-a-guinea has at all times been the established price for that part of the house: but by the convenient accommodation before alluded to, they are now to be bought for inferior sums nightly; and if taken for the whole season, for not much more than half what it would cost to pay the entrance money at the door. This is as injurious and unfair to the proprietors of the theatre as the box system is to the frequenters of it. Besides these contrivances for filling the theatre, the manager has recourse to issuing orders of free admission (varying in number according to circumstances) that the benches may be occupied on unattractive nights: boxes even are frequently given away, or let for trifling sums, to create the delusive appearance of a crowded house, when in fact the money actually received is barely sufficient to cover the evening's expence.”

There is in fact a varying price of admission to the pit. When a thin or bad house is expected, cards of admission are sold for eight and sixpence, and on these nights that in fact is the price of the pit, for few will pay ten and sixpence when it is well known that tickets can be procured for eight and sixpence. When there is attraction, this pasteboard issue is contracted proportionally, and when Pasta performs, a card is not to be had.

The author proceeds:

“From all these causes the whole style of the Opera House is totally changed, its audiences are of a different description, its comfort entirely lost. The pit has long ceased to be the resort of ladies of fashion; and latterly, by the innovations introduced, is no longer agreeable to the former male frequenters of it. Those who compose the best part of the audience, and who really pay the fair price, coming late to the theatre, find all the seats occupied by the holders of orders and of cheap admissions; while the boxes, being fre-

quently filled by occasional hirers of them, afford no retreat to those who would visit the friends to whom they properly belong.* This is an abuse which the manager should rectify for his own sake; for that of the subscribers the rent of the boxes ought to be lowered, if not to their original price, which may now be impossible, at least to one far beneath what is still demanded, though the first cause for raising it has long ceased. This might be done, if the establishment were judiciously managed, and its expences reduced within reasonable bounds; especially as the term of all the boxes which were private property, (originally assigned to the lenders of money for rebuilding the theatre,) is now expired, and they are become that of the manager, by which a very large addition is made to the amount of the subscription. The only plea that can be adduced for not doing so, must be, the pecuniary embarrassments in which former managers have plunged the concern, the vast debt yet unpaid, and the endless law-suits in which its affairs are still involved. To these difficulties it is almost hopeless to expect that an effectual remedy will be found, or that the encumbrances will ever be entirely shaken off. Certainly not as the concern is at present conducted. The whole system is radically bad; and nothing can restore the opera in this country to its former respectable and agreeable footing, or the performances to that excellence which a public paying so dearly has a right to expect, but a total reformation, an entire change of proprietors, of managers, of all parties connected with the theatre, I had almost said, hampered and embarrassed as it is, of the theatre itself."

The raffish composition of the pit is likely to prove a material prejudice to the theatre. The very last article on the opera which appeared in our publication, closed with these remarks:—"We would recommend the proprietor to be a little more nice in the distribution of his orders; for if he perseveres in the system of cramming the pit with shop-boys, coxcombs will soon come to a resolution not to be seen there; and then all the world will think it vulgar to be found in the pit, and as every body cannot get into the boxes, the consequence will be that a large class will cease to visit the theatre. The would-be fashionables will be altogether excluded from the house, and grievously will the treasury feel their absence. It is a point of the first importance to the proprietor of the opera to uphold by all means, the fashion of the pit."—*Lond. Mag. March, 1826.*

The opera is now the only theatre, the performances of which are not vulgarized to the very lowest level, and it will share the disgrace and the fate of the other public places whenever the mob feel their strength in it. The introduction of horses on the stage this season, we regard as a bad omen; it is said that there can be no harm in adding to the effect of the *spectacle* while it is secondary, but we know from experience that where the mob is powerful, the *spectacle* never is long secondary; that it always ends by usurping the first place, and excluding all the more lasting attractions.

* Most improper company is sometimes to be seen even in the principal tiers, and tickets bearing the names of ladies of the highest class have been presented by those of the lowest, such as used to be admitted only to the hindmost rows of the gallery.—[A fact for which we can vouch.—*Rev.*]

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

April 24th. There is often an amusing truth in the representations of vanity. It is frequently correct enough in the statement of facts, and only wrong in the flattering interpretations which it puts on them. Lord K——, a remarkably deformed and mean-looking man, observed once to another peer, "There is something, my lord, in us nobility, which certainly distinguishes us from the common herd. Now, for instance, when I chance to walk through a village where my person is entirely unknown, every creature that sees me pass, cries out "there goes *my lord*."* My lord was right in his statement, but wrong in his inference. He laid to the account of his dignity, the distinction that belonged to his deformity. This mistake of self-love is a frequent one. The John Bull, in recounting its achievements, having claimed the merit merely of having, the other day, saved the throne;† and, Tom Thumb like, crushed a rebellion of giants, (of his own making, Lord Grizzle would add,) states, that after this exploit,

"We were about to retire to our privacy, [*'Rebellion's dead—and now I'll go to breakfast,'* says the modest prototype, Tom Thumb the Great,] when the public voice, which could not be mistaken, called upon us to continue our labours—and *it is not small praise to be able to affirm, that, from the commencement of our labours, the Whig and Radical press began to wane, and was gradually purged of its base excesses, whilst its coarse ribaldry was for ever consigned to contempt and oblivion.*"

There is undeniably much exactness in this representation. It is true, that John Bull made scurrility so odious by its prodigal use of it, that others became justly ashamed of the weapon; and its ribaldry so outrageously exceeded that of the rest of the press, that the minor offences were at once forgotten. The John Bull incontestibly has the merit of having rendered personality unfashionable, just as the drunken slave of the Spartans deterred the beholders of his bestial extravagances from intoxication.

The same paper is guilty of this little indiscretion, which, at the present moment, reflects no discredit on its honesty, though much on its judgment:—

To those who have been in the habit of seeing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper the continued malevolent attacks upon Lord Eldon, we recommend the perusal of the following speech—if it may be so called—delivered by his lordship on Thursday, and reported in that paper of Friday:—

"The Lord Chancellor would say nothing at present upon the case, because he had

* The vulgar nick-name for a hump-backed man.

† The loyal professions of this paper are of an amusing ardour. They are of that unreasonableness which is considered, we suppose, as the best token of sincerity. Speaking of the royal prerogatives, the writer says:—"There is not a single prerogative—scanty enough God knows in number—which we would not lay down our lives to support." Sturgeon and whales' tails are among the scanty number; and how readily, cheerfully, and nobly, the Bull would lay down life in vindicating the royal rights to these fishy perquisites.

not yet completely formed his determination; but he would read over the affidavits again, and give his judgment to-morrow morning. His Lordship adverted to the plan pursued by Lord Thurlow, of hearing counsel in all cases, but particularly in bankruptcy. That noble lord had frequently told him the manner in which he used to hear counsel, and give his decisions, up to the time of his retirement before the commission, in 1783. 'With respect to my own case, (said his lordship, speaking in a very low tone, dropping his head, and apparently much affected,) I don't say much, but I feel a good deal. I well know that my mind is so constituted that it necessarily leads to delay, which I cannot avoid. I have learnt that there is an infinite difference between despatching business and doing it; and those who look to the proceedings of this court will say with me, that there is much more difficulty in making a proper end of a thing, than in getting rid of it. The apology, therefore, I now make to the public for my defects, (and no man feels them more strongly than myself, both day and night, when I am awake,) is, that my anxious desire has always been to take care rather that I SHOULD BE FINALLY RIGHT, THAN BE PRECIPITATE.' (A dead silence prevailed throughout the room while his lordship uttered these few words.) With respect to the case before him, he repeated, that he would give his judgment to-morrow morning."

Let those, we say, who have read the original malevolence of the writer in the Chronicle, look to the report now before them—they will there see the avowal of the principle upon which the great man who makes it has acted through life, made at taking leave of the bar. They will there see the noble sight of a true patriot, who, unmoved by the scurrility, unruffled by the vituperation of the enemies of his country, boldly and manfully maintained his post, [and received his salary of 30,000*l.* a year,] through days of difficulty and danger, and until the vessel of the state rode triumphantly and in safety; and who, in the plenitude of intellect, and in the possession of powers that yet shall make his enemies tremble, has resigned that office to which his libellers called him venally attached, and which no man ever filled more ably than himself, the moment he could no longer conscientiously hold it—how unconsciously yet how perfectly do Lord Eldon's actions give the lie to the calumnies of his libellers.

Particularly the calumny, that much of the delay is ascribable to the natural infirmity of his lordship's mind, which disqualifies him for the business of deciding. Lord Eldon was indeed an excellent judge, having only this one fault, that he had not the faculty of judging, and consequently doubted instead of decreeing. *Habes confitentem*, Mr. Bull—his lordship pleads guilty to the charge; and you quote his very confession as giving the lie to the calumnies of his libellers! This is marvellously silly. I grant, however, that there is something touching in the described bearing of Lord Eldon, and the ingenuous language of self-condemnation which fell from him. Still it is ill-timed. He softens in adversity, while in prosperity he has been hard as flint. This is not indicative of a noble mind. There is little virtue in whimpering peccavi at the foot of the gallows. As for the eulogium pronounced by John Bull on our late conscientious magistrate, it is more creditable to the writer than the subject—it shows that there is some fidelity in the one, if it fails to prove the merits of the other—and we shall only remark upon it, that we will subscribe to every syllable of the panegyric, if the author will name the man who has done so much good to his country as Lord Eldon has thwarted. We talk of our Great Unknowns, Great Unpaid, &c. His lordship's distinguishing title in history should be, **THE GREAT MISCHIEF.**

— There are certain phrases which are immense helps to human knowledge, and enable us to clear all difficulties and embarrassments without touching them, as with a logical leaping-pole. A philosopher relieves himself of all perplexity, by calling an appearance a *lusus naturæ*; a physician resorts to *nerves*; a statesman meets national distress, by terming it a *pecuniary crisis*; a thief styles robbery *equitable adjustment*. A new phrase has just been discovered in

party politics, which has wonderfully served all the purposes of explanation, without explaining any thing. When Mr. Peel retired from office, together with the other six, it was said, in answer to the imputation of faction, that he resigned *for reasons personal to himself*. No one knew what the reasons personal to himself were, or what they were like, or what they were good for; but every one felt that it was perfectly satisfactory to learn that he resigned *for reasons personal to himself*.^{*} It is now given out in the Chronicle, that Lord Lansdown delays taking office, *for reasons of a nature peculiar to himself*. This also is a most convincing explanation—not a word more is necessary. We see that reasons personal to a man's self, are an ample justification of his running away from office, and that *reasons of a nature peculiar to himself*, cause him, with equal propriety, to stand aloof from it. But see how curiously the chain of causation proceeds. "Mr. Tierney and Lord Carlisle," it is affirmed, "of course, delay also, until his lordship joins." His lordship delays for reasons of a nature peculiar to himself; and Mr. Tierney and Lord Carlisle, of course, delay also, for reasons of a nature not peculiar to themselves, but to Lord Lansdown. Nothing can be conceived more explanatory than this; and it is surprisingly edifying to read newspapers which clear up perplexing appearances in so satisfactory a manner. "What are you doing, Tom?" asks the master, in the old joke. "Nothing, sir." "And what are you doing, Will?" "Helping Tom, sir." "What are you standing out for, my Lord Lansdown?" "Reasons of a nature peculiar to myself, sir." And what are you standing out for, Tierney?" "For his lordship's reasons, sir."

— It is astonishing what strides aldermen are making in science, and literature, and morals. In my last, I noted the brilliant discovery of the poet Hudson, made by Sir Peter Laurie. I have now to record a no less remarkable discovery in natural history, made by Sir Claudius Hunter, namely; that sheep know, by a certain instinct, when they are about to be killed. As the account of the matter is extremely curious in every particular, as well as honourable to aldermanic parts, I give the report entire.

On Saturday, while Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter was sitting for the lord mayor at the Mansion-house, a complaint was made against a butcher for cruelty to a sheep. There was nothing more than ordinary in the case, until the worthy alderman commented upon the conduct of the butcher and the animal, and to a certain degree excused both for the course they pursued towards each other. The butcher had admitted, without hesitation, that he had punished the sheep in the manner described by the complainant, but then the sheep had, he said, run away without provocation three several times, and with such rapidity as to have knocked down a child, or even a man, if they happened to come in contact. It was impossible to overlook such conduct, and the butcher could not restrain his anger any more than other butchers could restrain theirs under similar circumstances. Sir Claudius Hunter was of opinion, that the candid manner in which the butcher had acknowledged the offence of which he had been guilty, did him great credit, and considerably mitigated the degree of the offence. "But you should have considered," said his worship, "that you, as a butcher, should have known, that nothing was more natural than for that animal to run away from your knife. Those animals have an instinct by which they know when they are going to be slaughtered, and they can't be blamed for trying to run away, nor should they be punished for it. However, as you have so candidly admitted your offence, I'll mitigate the penalty from 5*l.* to 1*l.*" The auditors heard all this with as serious faces as if they were all sheep themselves.

^{*} He has since Parliamenterially explained; and it turns out that his reasons, personal to himself, resolve themselves into a politico-personal dislike to Mr. Canning.

There is one question which we would fain have resolved by this sage knight; and that is, whether aldermen know any one thing either by instinct or any other means?

May 1st. The subtlety of truth is so great, that a cruel satire frequently finds its way into a compliment. In praising the two ancient Universities, on laying the foundation-stone of the London University, Mr. Brougham professed himself as revering Oxford for having produced "such men as Copplestone and Wheatley, and many others, to mention whom would rather bewilder than enlighten his hearers."

This carries with it either an imputation of ignorance to the auditors, or an insinuation of the inutility of the Great Unnamed's labours. If they are profitable to the world, why are they not valued?—if not, why are they pursued? The fame of a chemist or a mathematician penetrates every factory and workshop; that of a philologist lives only in an university; the mention of the names of the former speaks substantial service to society, the latter fall blanks on the ear, "bewildering rather than enlightening." It is proper, however, that we should have philologists: the absurdity lies in endeavouring to make all men philologists—that or nothing. There are many narrow paths of learning which ought not to be shut up; but it is preposterous to convert them into the highways of general education, with a perfect knowledge, that not more than two or three men in an age can thread their way to the end. One balancer of straws will serve a whole people; and how ridiculous it would be to see thousands of youths drilled to the exercise, and with the full assurance, that not one in ten thousand could attain to any tolerable degree of proficiency in the art, (while they would remain almost utterly ignorant of all others;) and that if they did attain to proficiency, they would find no demand or respect for it in the world, the honour of course declining with the rarity. Is this an argument against classical pursuits? No more than it is an argument against straw. Straw has its excellent uses; we only object to the waste of time and industry in balancing it on the nose. Had we ancient universities for the preservation, promotion, and encouragement of skill in straw; we should doubtless find professors instructing the tyro, not in plaiting or weaving it, but in poising it on the chin. This performance would be the ambition of the *whole* society, and on it its honours would be bestowed. The result—that one balancer would rise to delight the curious in half a century, and a million of bunglers would be turned out with prodigious labour. Swift's projector contrived a stupendous machine for cutting cabbages, only inferior to the mode by knife and hand. It is well to have a scheme of education for keeping men barren, only inferior to leaving them entirely uninstructed.

— The newspapers have in their great goodness given the editor of John Bull a desperate fit. I am glad to hear that there is no truth whatever in the story, which I was at first inclined to credit; having observed that for many weeks past our high churchman's Sunday homilies have savoured, as Gil Blas says, *diablement* of apoplexy. The Examiner asserts, that the disorder is a chronic dullness; as I have a sort of kindness for the party, I shall be happy to believe it nothing worse. The Bull, it must be remarked, is just now undergoing a transformation from a ministerial to an opposition

animal, and all creatures during the period of such changes are in a heavy, torpid state.

8th. It is one of the most admirable features of the faultless constitution of England, that its peers are not only qualified by inheritance to make laws, but also to exercise judicial functions in cases of appeal—that is to say, when the decree of a great judge, most learned in the law, is called in question, it is thought wise that the decision should rest with a number of lords, who are, in all human probability, neither learned in the law nor in any thing else. This is one of our many beautiful balances. How can skill be better counterpoised than by ignorance. One man who has spent a life in the study of the law, is very properly supposed fallible in the administration of it; where are you then to look for those who are competent to correct his judgment? Surely among a body of noble persons who, taken in the mass, know nothing at all about the matter. If boots were of the importance of laws to society, an appeal would certainly lie from Hoby's fits to the House of Lords; and it would be constitutionally assumed, that peers of the realm, without ever having handled lapstone or awl, are competent to set aside the work of the craftsman, and able to shape and fashion Wellingtons with more than the perfection of regular journeymen. Such is the theory of hereditary skill. It is, however, in some degree cured in the practice. There are a few craftsmen in the House of Lords, who take the leading part in the appellative jurisdiction; and the business is in effect entirely entrusted to them, so much so indeed, that it is almost forgotten that the constitution has given to others a function without a qualification; and in providing for the performance of the judicial duties of the House, those men only are named or thought of who are competent to discharge them. As in a mixed company of men most of whom were blind, those only would be talked of as judges of painting who possessed the gift of sight. This habit of altogether overlooking the non-effectives in disposing of the forces, has extremely disturbed Lord Holland, and last night he rose in the House to object to the use of "Expressions which seemed to convey the idea, that the learned law lords sat in that House to try and decide appeals. The right to try and decide appeals was not limited to any one noble lord, or to any particular peers in preference to the rest, but resided in every member of that House equally. They were all 'peers,' and that one word showed they were all equal." The *right* certainly of trying appeals has been vested in all by the constitution; but surely the modesty of nature must whisper to some, that the qualification does not accompany it. The right of performing surgical operations might have been bestowed on the Lords by our all-wise forefathers; but would they on the strength of the right, have argued that the arm-and-leg-amputating faculty resided in every member of that House equally. "The word 'peers' shows that they are all equal," but would it show they were all anatomists?

"It was the duty," proceeded the noble lord, "of every man in that House, as a lord of Parliament, to sit and assist in the hearing of appeals." Mungo in the farce supplies an answer to the noble lord: "What use me hear, when me no understand." It might be the duty of every man in that House as a lord of Parliament to sit

and assist in the hatching of eggs; but would any peer in leather breeches think, that his parts were adapted to such a business?—No, he would leave the matter to the birds of the feather, avowing that there was a discrepancy between his constitutional character and the character of his constitution; and that though he was assumed to be by birth fit for the offices of a fowl, yet he found by experience, that the volucrine capacity had not descended to him with its duties. Instead of this, Lord Holland clucks aloud, that because they have got some of the black feathered tribe among them, expressions are not to be used calculated to make people believe that those birds, and not the whole House, hatch eggs:—

“It was not because they had the satisfaction of having some learned law lords among them, that expressions were to be used calculated to mislead the people, and to make them imagine that those learned lords, and not the whole House, sat to decide appeals.”

It is odd enough to see a really enlightened and superior man thus insisting on the assertion of fictions, and gravely vindicating the substance of shadows.

— John Bull is perpetually under the influence of some epidemic terror, and during his paroxysms of alarm there is no tale which is too gross for his credulity, or too ridiculous for the excitement of his grave fears. Sometimes—fee-fa-fum—the French Revolution is coming; sometimes, that is to say two or three times a year, when the sun shines, all the dogs are going mad—

The babies are bit,
And the moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

Sometimes the Pope's coming over (via Ireland), to make an extinguisher of the church steeple. Sometimes he cannot be easy in his flesh, because the dead are disturbed in their graves. The last of these hypochondriacal symptoms has its origin in a respectable feeling; but it has been carried to a most irrational extreme; and the excitement is kept up by the most preposterous means. The reception of a tale of terror we must, however, recollect, is vulgarly in no degree regulated by its probability—it is, to speak mathematically, as the weakness of the party multiplied into the extravagance of the fiction. Here is an example of the kind of thing which is seasoned for the popular appetite, and acceptable. It is unspeakably provoking to see the clumsy bug-a-boo which is sufficient to scare that pattern of solidity and sober sense, John Bull, out of his boasted reason. We copy from a newspaper; the account is of that circumstantiality so presumptive of truth:—

SHOCKING CASE.—The immediate neighbours of Mrs. H. a most respectable lady, resident in Speldhurst-street, Burton-crescent, were distressed on Thursday night by the screams proceeding from the house, and upon inquiries, they received the following information:—The husband of the lady had been attended by an apothecary, residing in one of the neighbouring squares, and on Monday night the 1st inst. the patient died. On the Thursday, the apothecary knocked at the door, and upon its being opened by a servant girl, he asked her if the corpse did not smell to the degree of alarming herself and her mistress? Upon being answered, that they as yet perceived no smell to arise from the body, the apothecary assured her of her mistake, and desired her to run to his house and procure a little of some white powder, which he kept to prevent the infection from the effluvia of dead bodies. Immediately the unsuspecting girl had gone, he proceeded unnoticed to the chamber

of the corpse, and extracted one of the eyes, substituting the eye of a sheep, [query bull.] and closing the lid over it. On the return of the servant, he assured her that the body was too far gone to be kept open, and he ordered her to go immediately to the undertaker, at Somers'-town, and to direct him instantly to screw up the coffin. The girl, however, went and informed her mistress of the order, who expressed her surprise and strong disapprobation at what had occurred. A short time after, *the afflicted widow repaired to the chamber to weep over the corpse, and upon her kissing it, to her horror, the socket of the eye opened, and displayed the incision which had been made, whilst the false eye fell out.* She was seized with convulsions and hysterical fits, in which she continued all night, notwithstanding the assistance of another medical person who was sent for. *The apothecary was afterwards ordered to replace the eye, when he substituted one of a different colour to that of the deceased, which greatly added to the distress of the afflicted lady.*

There is nothing extraordinary in the circumstance of an apothecary, who has in a professional way killed the husband, casting a sheep's eye on his lady; but why he should impose one on the dead, we cannot for the life of us divine. As for the widow, she is not the first whose grief has been (in the vulgar tongue) "all my eye." With respect to the villainous substitution of an eye of a different colour "which greatly added to the distress of the afflicted lady," the annals of horror contain nothing to equal it. It is bad enough to pick a man's pocket of his eye, but to send him to his last home with odds and ends in his head, is most shameful treatment. Mathews sings a song about a child

Who was born—or they lie,
With a wig, wooden leg, and glass eye,

and the apothecaries, if they are suffered to have their way, will surely send us on our last journey with this sort of equipment. Do not be angry, John, we are not treating revolting practices with levity, but the fabricators of these improbable tales are making a fool of you, honest man. We reverence all your good feelings even when they are carried beyond the bounds of reason, and the interests of the world, and we would have apothecaries respect the dead, as indeed they ought naturally to do, for most men respect their own work—we will answer for ourselves.

— *What is libel?* If any man can answer this question, it is surely the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who is bringing the doctrine to that point of perfection which will make people feel its nature. A *sheriff's officer* (it behoves us to be respectful in our terms) of the name of Levy, prosecuted a man a short time ago for calling him a bum in some doggerel rhymes. The jury doubtless thinking the prosecution ridiculously frivolous, returned a verdict for the defendant, though the judge (Best) had gravely charged them that the matter complained of was a decided libel. A motion for a new trial has now been made by Mr. Serjeant Adams, and the rule has been granted. The advocate stated:—

"That the publication in question was a gross libel, no person who read it could doubt for an instant; the plaintiff *was dubbed with a nick-name, which would descend with him to the grave, and his feelings had been deeply wounded.*"

Imagine, tender reader, the delicate feelings of a bailiff deeply wounded by the too familiar addition of bum! We remember some farce in which one of this fraternity, Jemmy Twitcher by name, professes to be "a man of sentiment," and surely Levy must have

been his prototype. Of a truth, the finishing stroke will be given to the doctrine of libel by the decision that it is a gross, malignant, and wicked libel, to style a bailiff a bum.

—In my last Diary I observed on the barbarous way in which good stories are mangled in the telling. Here is another example:

“The late Dr. Baillie, when in the hurry of great business, when his day's work, as he was used to say, amounted to seventeen hours, was sometimes rather irritable, and betrayed a want of temper in hearing the tiresome details of an unimportant story. After listening with torture to a prosing account from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to the opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up stairs: it was to ask him whether, on her return from the opera, she might eat some oysters. “Yes, ma'am,” said Baillie, “shells and all.”—*The Gold-headed Cane*.

This is not the correct version. The doctor having closed the drawing-room door, and commenced his descent of the stairs, was stopped by the voice of the fair patient's sister exclaiming:—

“Doctor Baillie, Doctor Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat an oyster?” [in a beseeching tone] “Only *one* oyster, Doctor Baillie?”

Doctor: “Yes, ma'am, your sister may eat *one* oyster.”

Having recommenced his descent, he was stopped before he got to the first landing-place, with another exclamation from the lady, who had again ran to the top of the stairs:—

Lady: “Doctor Baillie, Doctor Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat *two* oysters. Only *two* oysters, Doctor Baillie.”

Doctor: “Aye, ma'am, your sister may eat two oysters.”

The Doctor then gladly made for his carriage, thinking his escape now certain; but as his foot was on the step, he was stopped by a servant, who requested him to return for a moment, as his mistress had a word more to say to him. The doctor complied.

Doctor: “Well, ma'am, has any thing very extraordinary occurred since I saw our patient half a minute ago?”

Lady: “Oh Doctor Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat three oysters. Only *three* oysters, Doctor Baillie.”

Doctor: “Three, ma'am! aye a barrel, shells and all.” [flinging out of the room.]

12th. Lord Eldon had the satisfaction last night of strangling the Game Laws Amendment Bill. As it was an egg of improvement, he of course crushed it under the pretext of quarrelling with the shape of its shell. He was vehemently alarmed lest the clauses empowering the apprehension of offenders should lead to sanguinary conflicts, and fearful that the right of seizure might be exercised or disputed so as to produce fatal strife. This is the same noble legislator and learned lawyer, who, a month ago, maintained that it was better to leave the question, whether it was lawful or not to shoot men by spring-guns, undecided! He does not see any great harm in leaving undetermined the legality of setting an engine which will shoot any one without distinction who treads on a certain forbidden spot, but he is anxious beyond measure to prevent the bare possibility of a

fray. Disputes and struggles are things to be avoided by all means; but spring guns, as they bite before they bark, shoot their man at once and have done with it, are liable, it seems, to less objection. It would be dreadful to allow of a vagueness in the law which might involve two men in a personal conflict in which bloody noses or broken heads might be given or received; but it is wise and prudent to leave a point unsettled which continues to people so disposed, the liberty to shoot trespassers without more noise than the report of the piece, and more struggle than that of the maimed sufferer in his agonies. In a word, the law should be scrupulous and careful how it permits the seizure of offenders for fear of violence; but as for the shooting of them *sur le champ*, that is a matter of inferior moment, the legality of which may well be left open to discussion after the destruction of a fellow creature.

14th. The Times declares that it is much mistaken if Mr. Canning be not henceforth an *undertaker* of useful reforms. We wish it had chosen another word; there is something ominous in the sound of undertaker, and it suggests the idea of Mr. Canning burying reforms, supported by a long train of *UTES* who play the part of friends to the departed, without caring a jot for them in their hearts.

— The John Bull of last Sunday contained the following representation:—

It may be supposed that we are going too far in attributing to Lord Londonderry that system [of foreign policy] which has met with unqualified approbation in Parliament from all parties—but if there be an error in this statement it arises not with us. Mr. Canning himself, who ought to know, has distinctly and positively stated the fact in his place in the House of Commons.

On Monday, February 23, 1823, we find, in reply to a compliment from Mr. Hobhouse, on the right honourable gentleman's liberality, this speech from Mr. Canning:—

“ Mr. Secretary Canning said, the honourable gentleman who had just sat down, had done the ministry the honour to compliment them upon their conduct, and amongst the good qualities which he had attributed to them, he had praised their prudence—he felt strongly that prudence forbade any discussion on the subject at the present moment, and he rose chiefly for the purpose of repressing, if without impropriety he might say so, any farther discussion on a point which had originated accidentally. He should, however, act *unfairly* to that government, in which he was so recent a partner, if he did not reject any praise which was bestowed upon it, at the expense of those by whom it had formerly been composed.

“ He was compelled, in mere justice, to say, that upon his entering the office which he had the honour to fill [that of Lord Londonderry's] he found the principles upon which the government had acted reduced to writing, and this state paper (of Lord Londonderry's) formed what he might be allowed to call the political creed of the country. Upon the execution of the principles there laid down, and upon this ALONE!!! was founded any claim which which he might have to credit from the House!!!”

It is to be remarked, that the words “ of Lord Londonderry's,” in the last parenthesis, are thrown in by the writer, and do not belong to Mr. Canning's speech. We have some reason to believe, that the state paper alluded to, was not the work of Lord Londonderry. Mr. Pitt drew up a scheme of the foreign policy of the country, which has been preserved in the Foreign Office, and commonly consulted by his disciples in power, who have held it in great reverence, and of oracular authority. We have heard it affirmed, that Lord Londonderry copied it out more than once, to impress the maxims the more strongly on his mind. This, we are inclined to think, is the document to which Mr.

Canning referred; or as Lord Londonderry notoriously founded himself on the Pitt scheme so laid down, any paper which he drew up must, in all probability, have been shaped according to its principles. Mr. Canning then, if he did adopt Lord Londonderry's state paper, in adopting it, only adopted an abstract of the Pitt plan of policy, but we are rather of opinion, that the document in question was the original Pitt chart itself. This assumption disposes of an objection which it is otherwise not easy to answer consistently with facts, namely; how it happened that the foreign policy of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Canning, has differed in some very material features. We reply, that there is more likelihood of a difference between the courses of two men taking one common chart for their guidance, after an interval of time, than between two men one of whom immediately follows the other, and under similar circumstances pledges himself to pursue his still strongly marked line of proceeding. Charts instruct us where objects to be made or avoided lie; but they cannot instruct us how to make or to avoid them. Wind and weather must determine much. Mr. Canning, when he came into office, found the political aspect exactly what it had been in the time of his predecessor; the Holy Alliance principles having set in with the steady violence of a monsoon, but instead of proceeding in the same line of direction with the former pilot, as he would have done had he determined to adopt exactly his course, he quietly put the ship about, and endeavoured to make his object on the other tack. The chart in the cabin may have been the same, and yet the tactics and success of them may have widely differed.

— The political interest of the public appears to be in an inverse proportion with the geographical distance of the place, and the immediate importance of the subject: its moral concern, on the other hand, is in something more than the direct proportion of the distance, and the inverse of the importance of the matter to our own community. Political interest, for example, scarcely reaches India, while moral concern is there in its greatest force, and flags as it approaches home. A statement of the defective government of a hundred millions in the East, will not command so much attention as the case of an apple-woman's stall oppressively upset in Oxford-street; but let a question of ethics be agitated, and we consider the irregularity with an earnestness increasing with the space by which it is separated from us. Our morality, like the good wife in scripture, fetches its food from afar: it is of an essentially gad-about genius, and delights in taking cognizance of what is done in other men's houses, while our policy remains chained to our own doors. In St. Giles's, on a moderate calculation, three hundred and sixty-five fish-wives destroy themselves in the course of the year, by pouring liquid fire down their throats. This is very properly considered an affair between the ladies and their stomachs, and no mortal interferes, or thinks of going into fits at the idea of these spiritual suicides. On the banks of the Ganges, a round dozen of widows destroy themselves in the course of the year, by taking fire outside instead of in; and half England is weeping, wailing, and gnashing its teeth, at the scandal. The good people of Reading, for want of any nearer topic of concern, have just petitioned Parliament, we observe, to refuse toleration of the above-mentioned practice. This

is surely mightily absurd. What right have we to violently interfere with the customs of any people? What should we say to the Hindoos, were they the stronger—and were they to insist upon our widows putting themselves to death, instead of into becoming mourning? Those of them who cleave to the wisdom of their forefathers, hold that widows ought to burn in honour of their husbands; while we, a more moderate people, are satisfied with their disfiguring themselves in weeds.

— Quot homines tot sententiae suos cuique mos.

Each, of course, holds the practice of the other in abhorrence; the better reason appears to be with us; but that will not justify us in forcibly causing submission to it. Mr. Canning will not entertain the idea of compelling Protestants to forego the pleasure of vexing Catholics; “because,” observes he, with more point than reason, “I never can allow it to be said, that the advocate of freedom of conscience, forced conscience to consent to freedom.”* He thus holds, that it is better to leave Protestants free to gall and annoy Catholics, than to put a violent constraint upon their propensities, and by so doing incur the serious hazard of an epigram. How much stronger is the case of the Hindoo widows, who vex only their own flesh, and embroil no creatures but themselves? What right have we to rule the roast, and professing ourselves the champion of liberty, to refuse them liberty of the stake? Better far to show them the superior manner of digesting grief, prescribed by our customs, and reconcile them to life by instancing the becoming effect of a well-imagined mourning head-dress. A tasteful assortment of millinery for dejected widows, would have more influence than volumes of prohibitions, and prove stronger arguments of the benefit of survivorship—or else the ladies of Hindostan are marvellously unlike the rest of their lovely sex. It is our way, however, to be incessantly meddling with the manners of every people among whom we come, and though ourselves the most bigotted race under the sun to the customs of our forefathers, yet if others do not fall into our modes, if they do not break their eggs at our end, we talk of nothing but breaking their heads for their accursed non-conformity. All nations are attached to their ancient forms and habits, and declare their *nolumus leges mutari* (which we account, without any distinction of cases, so universally respectable as regards our own laws) in their respective ways. When the Portuguese tried to convert the good folks of Concobella, for example, from certain practices considered not altogether consistent with morals or good manners, “the nobles, and the rest of the people,” we quote from

* A conceit, we believe, unmatched in the puerilities of rhetoric, when the gravity of the subject, and the character of the speaker are taken into account. The fallacy lurks in the word *conscience*. The peculiar consciences of certain men have induced them, at divers times and sundry places, to take great liberties with the lives and limbs of their neighbours; but out of respect to their consciences, Mr. Canning, we presume, would not have refrained from releasing the martyr from the stake. We would have men's consciences free from vexation, and not free to vex. There are people in the world who take a pleasure in tormenting. What should we think of the professed friend of universal happiness, who said to one of these persons, in the very act of inflicting pain on a fellow creature; “I never can allow it to be said, that the advocate of happiness forced the happy tormentor to consent to the happiness of the tormented?”

Murray, "declared, in the most decided manner, that the immemorial practice of the country being to keep concubines, and eat human flesh, they would on no account renounce such valuable institutions at the mere command of a stranger." What was this but, "Nolumus leges Concobellae mutari?" What was it but that which we hear every day in the House of Lords? and not from benighted savages, but from enlightened senators, who refuse to renounce immemorial practices, valuable institutions, sanctioned and handed down by the wisdom of their ancestors, and of a respectability, at least, not inferior to the custom of the concubinage, and an utility far less obvious than the eating of human flesh, at the mere command of a stranger to their order—a Mill—a Bentham—a Huskisson—a Brougham?

— We laugh at Irish eloquence; but if we may judge from the specimens presented at a dinner given to Mr. Thomas Campbell, at Glasgow, it is in a fair way of being surpassed by the Scotch. There is a Professor Sandford, who, in mode and figure, rivals any genius of the bog that can be named; and there is a very Reverend Principal Macfarlan, who speaks, as the vulgar express it, like a book, and that too, a book in the richest manner of the Minerva Press: there is also the gifted Mr. Campbell himself, who excels Mr. O'Shiel in his happiest moments of inspiration. The indigenous Scotch eloquence does not, however, exactly resemble the Irish; it is rather of a composite order, something between the Hibernian and the American—a graft of the tawdry finery of the one upon the much-ado-about-nothing substance of the other. There is a prodigious heating of the imagination, blowing of bellows, sounding of phrases, and hammering of figures and metaphors, expended on the shaping of some trumpery piece of metal, not for its intrinsic value deserving a place in an old nail-box. Here is an example:—Mr. Campbell goes to dine with the good folks of Glasgow; sensible people would have said that they were very happy to see him; but an orator (Principal Macfarlan) sublimates the matter thus:—Souls have melted, hearts have leaped at his poetry; he has contributed to the purest and most enrapturing enjoyments of the world; but his hosts owe still more to him—namely, his acceptance of an invitation to dinner. Each of them, observed the speaker, had had his day-dreams; but this dinner—a dinner is, it seems, a day-dream to an imaginative Scotchman, a vision of the mind—realizes all the bright illusions of fancy, roaming in fields of visionary bliss. At such a dinner, the atmosphere of poetry, not the steam of haggis, is breathed around them. They rise for a time above the dull routine of every day, roast and boiled—tush, "*occupations*," we should have written—and revel not "in the choicest luxuries of the season," as the newspapers have it, but in a luxury of enjoyment purely intellectual and imaginative. Not a bit of the sheep's head in it. But it will not be believed that any mortal could be so sublime on a dinner, unless we produce the evidence:—

"What soul of excursive fancy and pensive musing, but has melted at the sadly bewildering tale of O'Connor's lone and lovely child? Or lives there a son of Britain, whose heart has not leaped as at the trumpet's sound, to hail the meteor flag of England, and glory in the renown of her mariners? How deeply then are we indebted to one who has contributed so largely to augment a most valuable class of

our purest and most enrapturing enjoyments! Yet we owe still more to our distinguished countryman. We owe to his presence, and his kind acceptance of *our invitation*, the pleasure of this day's meeting. Each of us has had his day-dreams—his happy moments of bright illusion, in which his fancy soared above the dull realities of life, and roamed in fields of visionary bliss. As we advance in years, the crushing and wasting pressure of earthly engagements, the incessant toils of this hard-working world, render such moments of indulgence, if they revisit us at all, like angels' visits, few and far between. [This gives an afflicting idea of the rarity of dinners in the North.] But when we meet on this day, these gay visions must return in all their greenness and freshness, [the "*greenness*" of the fat of turtle, and the "*freshness*" of fish,—visions of the gormandizing mind,] the atmosphere of poetry is breathed around us. We rise for a time above the anxious cares, the dull routine of our every-day occupations, and revel in a luxury of enjoyment purely intellectual and imaginative. This enjoyment also we owe to the society of our justly celebrated friend."

Mr. Campbell upon this declared, that if his guardian angel had come to him with a blank book, wherein to write his history, he could not have bespoken any thing better than this particular dinner, meaning, of course, the fish and soup, &c., but more politely referring to the reception of the donors thereof. In the course of the evening, the poet delivered himself of this outrageously unreasonable sentiment, in which he desires to see the Scotch peasantry ploughing away in college gowns.

"Whatever may be said in praise of classic literature, when we think of the mighty genius of that heaven-taught ploughman Burns, we must all hide our diminished heads, and shrink back appalled. Yet when I drink, said Mr. Campbell, to the memory of the distinguished bard of our native Scotland, and pray that his mantle may descend on the peasantry of his country, I have now formed so many strong college ties, that I cannot help indulging a sly wish that this mantle should have some resemblance to a college gown."

All this, however, is surpassed by his address in character of lord rector, to the youth of the Glasgow University, on the distribution of the prizes. Before we give the speech of the Magnus Apollo, we must quote a deliciously naïve passage from the report of the ceremonial.

"All those allusions which the learned professors *felt it necessary to make* to the high poetical fame, and amiable qualities of the lord rector, were received with the most boisterous cheering."

Here is the profound harangue of the master-spirit:—

"Students,—After the high excitement of this interesting day, I know that you must be fatigued, and that it would be cruel in me to detain you long with the valedictory address from this bench, with which it is customary to conclude your sessions.

"I wish to address you in terms of cheerfulness as well as succinctness, for although the spectacle we have now witnessed has touched on some *chords of my breast that vibrate deeply and tenderly*, yet,

altogether, its influence impels me to give vent only to glad and gratulatory feelings. [No flogging.]

"Students—and all present, I trust I may obtain credit for that sincerity which would *not stoop to angle even for your popular favour, with the wormish bait of flattery*; and in the event of having been disappointed with the state of your studies, I was prepared, in a frank and temperate manner, to have told you so: but, independently of what I have seen this day in your favour, I have gone into your classes, I have heard your satisfactory examinations, and spirited exercises—your professors favoured me with the sight of many of your MS. essays [which will doubtless appear in the New Monthly]. I have spent days in perusing them, and I can declare to you, upon my honour, that *I regard you as a body of students decidedly superior to that generation to which, thirty years ago, I thought it no discredit to belong*. [Wonderful laddies!]

"The spirit of emulation is so high among you, that, if I were able, I would not wish to raise it higher. *The touching fact has even reached me*, that some promising young men of your number, *have injured their health by excessive application to study*. To this circumstance, *affecting as it is*, let me not seem hard-hearted in saying, that *we ought not to attach too much importance*."

Certainly not. As the old woman remarked on the sermon, "it is to be hoped it's not true."

"If it be true, that at the Southern Universities *cases annually occur of individuals being plunged into a state of insanity by the horrors of failure in obtaining academic distinctions*, I beg, with all my unfeigned respect for those illustrious bodies, to be pardoned for suspecting that they carry the high-pressure system of competition a little too far."

Did ever mortal listen to the like? We have indeed heard of two who went mad by reason of excessive drinking, not at the fountain of learning, but the neck of the bottle.

Anon he thinks it necessary to admonish the poor laddies in this strain:—

"At the close of your labours, all of you owe it to yourselves that you should give a jubilee to your buoyant spirits and social affections, and that, liberated from care, you should return to home-felt delights, to sportive exercises, and exhilarating rustic excursions. When tasks are over, why should a man, whose blood is *warm within him*, '*sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster*?' Go forth then, under the smile of summer, and enjoy the native vigour of your limbs among the hills of our native land, breathing the freshness of her air, and listening to the pleasant din of her floods, or to the melody of her birds, and her pastoral music."

Imagine, in the name of all that is ludicrous, the snuffy old grandfather of a Glasgow youth, *cut in alabaster*. The exhortation is altogether as excellent as it was necessary—but for it the laddies would inevitably have forgotten holidays, and studied themselves to stone. It reminds us of an old naval story, in which an officer thinks it necessary to command his crew, when their boat is upset, to swim for the

shore, judging, that but for his timely order to the contrary, they would continue standing out to sea, to the best of their corporal abilities, as if nothing had happened.

We observe that the first suggestion of the London University is ascribed to Mr. Campbell; this is a mistake. The idea, we have been informed on excellent authority, originated in another quarter. Mr. Campbell has the merit of having adopted it, and endeavoured to promote with a zeal which far outstripped wisdom, and would have proved the ruin of any scheme of less innate vigour. Imagining it to be his own child, in the fondness of his heart, and the imperfection of his judgment, he crammed and stuffed it with mawkish trash, to the unspeakable distress of those interested in its thriving, and who had their doubts whether any strength of constitution could endure such pernicious nursing. Cradled as it was in the New Monthly, we all feared that it would be rocked to its last rest, and the droning of the poet's "hush-a-by," sounded in our ears like a dirge. It has, however, survived Campbell's care. Like many a healthy babe, it has been reared by *spoon*.

19th. Every now and then some delicious little anecdote, or *naïve* admission escapes, which wonderfully exalts our ideas of the devotion of legislators to the public service. Mr. Brogden stated the other night, in the House, that he had applied to Mr. Palmer, the member for Surrey, requesting his attendance in the Arigna Mine Committee, (of which he was a member,) on a particular day. The answer of the honourable member was, that "he could not attend, for he was going to see a prize-pig at Smithfield!" Duty required him to assist at the inspection of a boa constrictor in Westminster, but the illicit enjoyment of a porker prevailed; Bacon triumphed over Brogden. This is not the first time that the temptation of swine-flesh has proved too strong for the persuasion of the Jew. After having supped full of such a Hebrew mess as the Arigna mine transaction, the holy Palmer perhaps thought, that some pork would be a refreshing Christian sight, and he went on a pilgrimage according to the unclean animal. Last night Lord Salisbury very *naïvely* objected to the committal of the Corn Law Bill on the 25th, because that would be the day of the Oaks! Such are the considerations which weigh with legislators, and turn awry the current of a nation's business. The House of Commons once adjourned for Vestris's benefit, when Miles Peter Andrews (if we remember right) got up in some wrath, and declared that it was too bad that honourable gentlemen should neglect the affairs of the country, and give half a guinea "to see a man stand on one leg, who could stand much better upon two, when very likely they would not give half a crown to a poor sailor who had only one leg to stand on."

20th. The John Bull is vehemently anxious that the Morning Chronicle should *be sent to jail*, for speaking of "*half a dozen silly old noodles of lords*, who repeat the lesson taught them like parrots, that they can have no confidence in an administration formed like the present;" and further, in order to show the falsehood of the charge, as well as the propriety of punishment, it very methodically quotes the respective ages of eight noblemen whom it has complementarily picked out of the whole House, as the individuals necessarily coming under the aforesaid description of noodles, namely; Marquis

Londonderry, Earl Manvers, Earl of Abingdon, Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis Salisbury, Lord Ellenborough, Earl Winchelsea. This is handsome and friendly in the Bull—snatching the fool's cap from the extended hand of the Chronicle, he rushes with it to his particular friends, not exactly the seven sages, but the eight wonders of the world, and clapping it on the head of one, in the manner of Grimaldi in a pantomime, he cries out "to call this pretty young creature a silly old noodle indeed! What a shame! *He's* sweet sixteen; *he*, one—one year more;" and so on with the rest. The charge of age is certainly completely repelled by the Bull; but respecting that of *silliness*, he has not a word to say; and as for the *noodleism*, he has himself applied it. The ideas of the eight being so antiquated, marked so unequivocally with the feebleness of senility, we must presume that they came into the world as Sir John Falstaff declares he did, with a grey head and a round belly, and that they have anticipated, in the periods of youth and manhood, the most melancholy features of age, combined with the fretful passions of childhood.

Having, in our Diary of this month, quoted Murray's Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa and Asia, we are induced to attract the more particular attention of our readers to them as books abounding with curious matter, and not so well known as they deserve to be, considering their merits and the date of their publication. Compilations and abridgements, are performances, which, however useful, are seldom held in much honour; there are qualities in these works however—a judgment in the selection of statements, (*facts*, we cannot always say,) and a point in the narration of them—which, as they raise them above the ordinary style, should rescue them from the common lot of their class. The summaries, and extracts from the early voyagers and missionaries are particularly curious. We shall cite by way of example, part of the account of an embassy from the Pope, to the Khan of Tartary.

His holiness alarmed at the incursions of the Tartars into Poland and Russia, after the death of Zingis, felt himself called upon to despatch some churchmen in quality of ambassadors, to admonish the khan against disturbing the peace of Europe. The conflict of pretensions between the Pope and the khan is amusing and edifying. It is delightful to see one ambitious absurdity coming into contact with another, each sensibly struck with the monstrosity of the other, and blind to its own enormity. The ambassadors were sent to a Tartar army advancing on Syria; their head was Ascelin a Franciscan:—

Their only qualification was an awful and unbounded veneration for the Pope, who appeared to them raised to an infinite height above other mortals, and to whose will, when they should announce it, it appeared to them that the mightiest monarchs were bound, and might be expected, to pay implicit obedience. With these dispositions, they set out in search of an army of Tartars. They found one, accordingly, on the northern frontier of Persia, and marched up to the camp in a very intrepid manner. As soon as the friars were seen approaching, several of the Mogul chiefs advanced to meet them, and demanded who they were or whence they came. Ascelin replied, that he was ambassador from the Pope, the head of the Christian world, throughout the whole of which he was regarded as a father. At this response, visible dissatisfaction appeared in the countenances of the Tartars; however, they merely said, in an ironical tone: "Since your Pope is so great a personage, he will doubtless know

that the Khan is the son of God, by whom the dominion of the earth has been committed to him; and that he has ordered Bathy in the north, and Baiothnoy here, to receive similar honours with himself." The friar had so little judgment as to make the following reply: he said, "that the Pope had never heard of the Khan, or of Baiothnoy, or of Bathy, and had not the remotest idea that there existed any such persons. All he knew was, that there was a strange and barbarous people, called Tartars, who came ravaging and destroying all whom they met, particularly Christians; and his purpose was to exhort them, that they should repent of their past wickedness, and cease to destroy the people of God." However ungracious this reply might appear, it was received without any comment, and immediately conveyed to the Khan. The Tartars then changed their clothes, and came out to ask what presents the ambassadors brought from the Pope to their master. The friars, with the same courtesy and prudence as before, answered, "that their master was accustomed to receive presents from all men, but never to give any to his best friends, far less to strangers and infidels." This was contrary to every idea prevalent in the East, where the smallest chieftain expects that no one shall approach without some present. The Tartars, however, made still no remark, but merely carried in the report to Baiothnoy. Having changed their clothes a second time, they again came out, asking, how they dared to present themselves before their master without making a present, as was done by every one else? The friar stated, that the rule was irrevocable; but that if they could not obtain admission, they would deliver their letters, which the chiefs themselves might present to Baiothnoy. The Tartars, however, said that they might have an audience, provided they would conform to the Khan's regulations, by which all who approached him or any of his deputies were directed to make three genuflections before him. The ambassadors being visibly startled by the proposal, a Cremonese friar, who had resided here for some time, stepped forward and assured them, that this ought by no means to be considered as an act of worship, but merely as a mark of respect, which was paid by every one to the prince as a mighty sovereign. The friars, however, having retired for a consultation, decided, that it would be a ground of shame to themselves, and of scandal to all Christendom, if they should perform such an act of idolatry to a heathen; and that they would endure every extremity rather than submit to it. This resolution they announced to the Tartars, adding, however, if their prince and themselves would become Christians, that, for the honour of the church, they would perform the required genuflections. At this proposition, the rage of the Tartars, which had hitherto been covered under a veil of decorum, burst all bounds. They told them that they would be sorry, indeed, to make themselves Christian dogs like them; and froze them with horror by adding, that the Pope was a dog. Ascelin, attempting to reply to these invectives, was silenced by loud cries and menaces; and the chiefs immediately repaired to the council which had been called by Baiothnoy, in order to deliberate on the treatment which might appear best merited by the deportment of the embassy.

At this assembly a considerable diversity of opinion prevailed. Some were of opinion, that the friars should be flayed alive, and that their skins, stuffed with hay, should be sent to the Pope; others suggested, that they might be kept till the next battle with the Christians, and placed in the front of it, so as to fall by the hands of their own countrymen. A third advised, that they should be whipped through the camp and forthwith put to death. To Baiothnoy, in his present mood, the most prompt punishment appeared the most eligible; he therefore issued orders that sentence of death should be executed, without a moment's delay, upon the whole party. In this fearful predicament, an interposition was made by that female humanity which has so often been the subject of just panegyric.

The principal wife of Baiothnoy intercedes for the lives of these discreet sons of the church, and succeeds in saving them.

The chiefs, however, again waited upon them to negotiate as to the measure of respect which they were willing to pay their prince. The friar stated, that partially taking off their bonnets, and bowing the head, was the utmost extent which their conscience could permit them to go. The chiefs, however, were deeply scandalized to see them kneeling before their crucifix, and exclaimed, you worship wood and stone, and will you not do the same to the representative of the ruler of mankind?

The Tartars took peculiar delight in taunting them on the subject of the Pope, which appeared always to be the most sensible point. They asked how many armies this prince maintained, and what was the number of each? how many battles he had gained? how many kingdoms he had conquered? and finally, whether he had any

kingdom at all? No satisfactory answers being returned to any one of their questions, they indignantly enquired, how they could presume to compare such a personage to the great khan, who had subdued kingdoms innumerable, and whom the remotest extremities of the East and of the West obeyed? Ascelin laboured hard to give them an idea of the spiritual nature of the Papal dominion; but found it impossible to inspire these "barbarous and brutal men" with any due respect for such a potentate.

At last they were dismissed, with the khan's manifesto of his creed, and also a letter from Baiothnoy to the Pope, which we think exquisite, both in point of brief simplicity of style, and sublimity of pretension. The Pope must needs have marvelled at finding a claim to authority more visionary and grasping than his own.

One of these letters was from the Khan to Baiothnoy, and was called a "letter of God." It began in the following terms, which may be considered as a sort of profession of Tartar faith. "By order of the living God, Zingis Khan, the son of God, mild and venerable, saith thus: God is high over all and immortal, but on earth Zingis Khan is the only lord." It goes on to instruct, that this truth should be proclaimed to the farthest extremities of the earth, and along with it, the dreadful punishments that would fall upon those who should disobey this universal and rightful dominion. The other letter was from Baiothnoy to the Pope, and contained the following very unceremonious expressions. "Know, Pope, that your messengers have come to us, and have given your letters, and have held the strangest discourses that ever were heard. We know not if you gave them authority to speak as they have done; but we send you the firm commandment and ordinance of God, which is, that if you wish to remain seated in your land and heritage, you, Pope, must come to us in your proper person, and do homage to him who holds just sway over the whole earth. And, if you do not obey this firm command of God, and of him who holds just sway over the whole earth, God only knows what may happen."

Godinho's journey from India to Portugal in 1663, contains some matter which has diverted us much. The account of his voyage from Surat to Gombroon is essentially dramatic, and exhibits a beautiful variety of absurdities in a mixed company of Gentoos, Mahometans, and Christians. We can conceive no better association for the purposes of mutual annoyance, than that described.

The Gentoos' religiously quartering their vermin on their Christian neighbour; their troubles concerning the cow; the manner of getting rid of calms by means of hanging out a wooden horse with a tail like a flute; and also of treating gales produced by horsing it over much; and the Mahometan theological theory of storms; all are exquisite examples of superstitious absurdity, and remind one of the best scenes in Voltaire's *Zadig*.

Godinho set sail from Surat with a Moorish captain or *necoda*, accompanying a mixed crew of Gentoos, Mahometans, and Christians. As the vessel, on first quitting the harbour, carried too much sail, it sunk on one side, and a quantity of water rushed in, which caused a dreadful alarm; and the air rung with confused cries of Rama, Vishnu, Mahomet, Allah, Deos. Some of the sails, however, being taken down, the ship was righted, and all the tumult ceased. During the voyage, Godinho had an opportunity, much to his cost, of becoming acquainted with many of the superstitious habits of his fellow-passengers. The only sleeping place was on the open deck, where he had close by him a number of Gentoos. These personages felt a natural desire to free themselves from the swarms of insects which infested them; but their religion forbade them to kill any living creatures, or even to plunge them into the sea. They made it a point of conscience, therefore, to throw the whole upon our traveller's bed, which happened to be most conveniently situated for that purpose; or if, at his earnest intreaty, they made them light upon the ground immediately contiguous, they were at least never long of finding their way up to him. The unhappy Godinho, who enjoyed not a moment's rest day nor night, could think only of one remedy: he held them up and exhibited them put to death

in the most cruel manner, fondly hoping that this catastrophe of their revered insects would impel them to find some safer deposit. The Gentoos, however, coolly observed, that the blood was upon his head, and that they, having removed them in safety from their own premises, could not be responsible for his barbarous conduct. Godinho would have been too happy had they shewn equal sang froid upon another occasion. A fine fat cow having been handed up the side of the ship, the captain was preparing to kill it, and Godinho agreeably anticipated this relief from the insipidity of their vegetable diet. The Gentoos, however, hastened and implored on their knees the life of this animal, which they venerated almost as a divinity. Finding the captain very reluctant, and only to be prevailed upon by a large bribe, they consulted together, and raised by subscription the sum demanded. The cow was then led off, to the deep dismay of our author, but the inexpressible triumph of the natives, who crowded round, kissed, and congratulated her on this deliverance, as if she had been not only a human being, but their nearest and dearest friend. This joy was soon converted into sadness, when next day the cow died. A long period of mourning and fasting followed, at the end of which they burst into violent invectives against the necoda and our traveller, whom, from the anxious wish shewn by them to kill and eat this object of their fond adoration, they could not help suspecting of some share in its sudden decease.

These might be considered as minor evils so long as the weather continued auspicious; but after about sixteen days of favourable sailing, a dead calm came on. The necoda, according to the superstitious habits general in the East, never dreamt of ascribing this occurrence to any natural or accidental cause, but conceived that it could arise only from some guilt attaching to the persons whom he had received on shipboard. Orders were therefore issued that all, of whatever age, sex, or religion, should plunge into the sea, and undergo a thorough ablution in its waters. He accordingly threw himself in foremost, and was followed by all the Moors and Gentoos. Our traveller felt exceedingly disinclined to this ducking, especially as sharks were numerous, and had nearly devoured one of the crew during the process. The necoda, however, overruled every objection, and evidently shewed that he considered them as subjects standing peculiarly in need of the lustration. They had thus no alternative but to get themselves completely soured in the salt water. The purification being thus regularly and completely effected, the sea remained in exactly the same state as before. Something else must therefore be tried; and the master brought out a little wooden horse with a long tail like a flute, which he hung over the stern of the vessel. This proved much too effectual a remedy; for while the horse was hanging, a north wind arose and began to blow with the most alarming violence. This surprising change our author could account for only by supposing that the devil, tired of his compact to furnish wind and calm on demand, had resolved, by giving a great deal too much, to discourage further applications. The wind blew with such fury that in a day and a half they found themselves off the southern coast of Arabia, between Curia Muria and the shore. The necoda made haste to bring in his horse; but the devil, satisfied with having overfulfilled one branch of his compact, broke entirely the second. The tempest became always the more violent, and they were in hourly danger of striking against the shore, which would have been perilous to all, and fatal to our author, who expected nothing but death from the bigotted natives. In this distress, the Gentoos came forward and undertook to extricate the vessel. They drew out from a basket an image of Rama, with one large and two small bells, and carrying them to the stern, continued for many hours sounding the bells, singing, dancing, and kneeling before the idol; at the same time covering themselves with a certain red and odoriferous dust, and repeatedly throwing a coco against the wind. These rites continued till midnight, when the benefit derived from them was found to consist solely in the amusement and the exercise afforded to their lungs, the elements continuing exactly in the same state as before. Mortified at this failure, and taunted by the rest of the crew, their minds reverted to the fate of the cow, of which they could never acquit our author and the necoda, and they became more and more convinced that some high deity had been incarnated in its form, under whose vengeance they were now suffering. Meantime the wind continued always increasing, and they were driven farther and farther along the coast of Arabia. Some were of opinion that they should attempt to enter the Red Sea, but the pilot protested, that an attempt to pass the Straits of Babel-mandeb would be not only vain, but fatal. Happily, at the end of six days, without any visible cause, the tempest ceased; and the wind became not only moderate, but favourable. They retraced their steps along the Arabian coast, and entered the Persian Gulf. Here

the master was preparing to land at Muscat, in compliance with the general wishes of the crew; but our author, by reminding him of a former engagement, and by presenting a sum of money, prevailed upon him to proceed to Camaraon (Gombroon). Soon after, another tempest arose, much more dreadful than the former, from which they had so recently escaped. One blast swept away all the sails, and left the vessel with its bare masts. There was not a person on board who did not give himself up for lost; for the shore being entirely composed of perpendicular rocks, left no hope but of being dashed to pieces. The scene was truly terrible. The screams of the women and children, the cries of the mariners, the roaring of the winds and waves, the crash of thunder, and the blaze of lightning, were all mingled together. The Moors loudly declared, that their prophet had justly punished the necoda for having declined going to Muscat at the request of an infidel, in which reproach the Gentoos, though always viewing the cow as the main origin of the evil, hesitated not to join. Amid these alarms and altercations, the sea suddenly calmed, and they were enabled, without difficulty, to reach the port of Gombroon.

FRENCH THEATRE IN TOTTENHAM STREET.

THIS theatre has not been quite so well attended lately. What can be the reason? for if Perlet went, Laporte came. During a short interregnum between Laporte and Perlet there was hardly anybody at the theatre, and that is a wonder too, for they have some very nice little actresses there, and some very pretty women—but Perlet was the fashion, and Perlet certainly filled the house, and Perlet is unquestionably a very good actor; however, he put no money in the pocket of the managers, because he took too much out for his own salary. Laporte we think equally good, on the whole, as Perlet; in some things better, in some worse. The latter, perhaps, is a more quiet and natural actor. Laporte's humour is broader. They have both one charm which recommends them mightily to an English audience—they both speak very distinctly; Laporte more so than Perlet; one never lost a word of the former, and very few of the latter. Talking of an English audience, by the by, Laporte will never do any thing on the English stage: his performance is clever, very clever, certainly, when we consider the great difficulties he must have had to overcome as a foreigner; but he appears out of his place in English parts. His manner of speaking appears to us like that of an English actor playing a French part, and giving the accent correctly, and without caricature, as Mathews does sometimes. He has made no hit, we see, at Drury Lane; he will do better at the Haymarket, perhaps; we most sincerely wish he may, for he is indeed an admirable actor. We only wish him back at his little theatre in Tottenham-street, where he acquired so many laurels, and so much popularity.

Pelissié is a good actor, and therefore we will forgive his thinking so himself. We have heard ladies call him handsome—and he certainly coincides with that opinion also. He is eminently happy sometimes in parts which require a little touch of sentiment; nor is he at all deficient where broad humour is required. What a capital German he makes. Marcus has about the ugliest physiognomy, perhaps, that ever was presented to the fair and smiling faces, both before and behind the curtain; but he is not a bad actor. Manager Cloup has

his share of ugliness : he certainly is not *so* ugly, neither is he so clever as M. Marcus. Daudel, Allix, and the rest seldom offend ; but then we are English critics of French actors. Frenchmen, perhaps, would not be so easily satisfied.

But think of our English gallantry ; we have placed the men before the women, though in point of attraction they are infinitely behind them. Does it not strike every Englishman at the French theatre here, that in point of dress, deportment, and style, the French actresses are as superior to our English ones (generally speaking) as English actors are to the French of that gender, in the same particulars. French women understand this kind of thing so much better than the English. Who has not seen and admired the piquant Constance, the gazelle-eyed Maria, the lively Sidalie, the pretty Petit, and the stately St. Leon. We cannot class Degligny among the ornamental ones ; but she is decidedly the most useful. The theatre could not exist without her : she is a sort of Mrs. Davenport, or Mrs. Harlowe, but better than either—her round face and black eyes we always hail with pleasure, as the harbingers of laughter. The young ladies behind the scenes say she plays a *scold* remarkably well ; but then she has something to do with the management, and these young ladies give plenty of opportunities to Madame Degligny of bringing her peculiar talent into action. Constance is a pretty little creature, with a great deal of merit as an actress and a singer ; indeed she is the only one at the theatre who sings at all well. She has plenty to do, for she plays every evening in almost every piece. Now, if they would put Maria a little more forward, they would be the means of doing her a great deal of good, for she wants practice. As yet her beauty is her chief recommendation ; but we are sure she would improve. What has Agarithe done, that they never let her play now ? that she can play well and with spirit we know ; for we have seen her do some things very cleverly. Montigny left the theatre because they would never let her play, and Agarithe most likely will follow her example, for she is ever sighing for the delights of her *belle France*, and complains of being dreadfully ennuyée in this *triste* country ; and that is strange too, her love of admiration can make her happy as it does every French woman, and she and Maria have plenty of lovers to sigh around them. Mademoiselle St. Leon is very handsome, and looks most likely what she is, very amiable ; but she is very seldom on the stage, for the little Vaudeville parts are not in her line. She came out at the Odeon, in Paris, some time ago, in Racine's *Phedre* ; and if we may credit the French papers, was eminently successful. She played Cleopatra too, and Le Corsaire said, very well. No doubt she would look the part to admiration. There is an obscure French paper published in London, which has abused this poor girl in the most filthy and indecent manner, (well done French gallantry !) and yet this same paper bepraised her vehemently only a week or a fortnight previously. One week the writer said, she looked so handsome, and was so extremely well dressed in Alcmena, that one could easily conceive " Jupiter falling in love with such a woman," or some such words ; and the next week she was hideous, disgusting, deformed, and without a grain of taste or talent. The poor girl might have expected

more generous treatment in a strange land from one of her own nation.

We have not said a word of Mademoiselle Daudel; she is inimitable in her way, and plays and looks a talking servant maid *à merveille*: how well she fills her part in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." But enough of the French theatre. Those who go there, seldom depart discontented, which is more than one can always say of Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

HAMEL, THE OBEAH MAN.*

WE should not be surprised to hear that the Jamaica Assembly have voted the thanks of the house in a hogshead of sugar, to the author of Hamel. The warmth of its sentiments seem exactly to correspond with the temperament of that angry convention, and the temperature of the Antilles. Writers on slaves and coffee, methodists and planters, seem to draw their inspiration from the liquor of the islands: such wrath against missions, such virulence against ministers, can only be bred of *rum*. We can picture the author of Hamel in a house of bamboo, with a hurricane behind him, and a tall green bottle of rum before him; flourishing his pen with one hand, and lashing his legs with a cat-o'-nine-tails in the other. The rum, the hurricane, and the scourge together, excite a storm of passion, which fortunately finds a vent at the point of his pen, or an earthquake in Jamaica might result, more serious in its consequences than the importation of a ship-load of tracts, or a convulsion of slaves. There are mild animals that, on hearing some obnoxious sound, will instantly become furious, gnash their teeth, and howl. The author of Hamel we take to be an agreeable, good-natured man, placid and tolerant on common occasions, but still we know one word that would at any moment throw him into fits. Let some of his friends try the experiment on this well-meaning planter, for such we take him to be. Let them catch him in his blindest mood, let the talk be of a rise in sugar, a brisk sale of coffee, of the beauty of Quadroons, and the delights of an iced bowl of artfully compounded rum punch, drunk amidst the cooling breezes of a tropical evening, in an arbour of tropical trees—let them, even at such a moment, whisper *Methodist* in his ear—and watch how his eyes will begin to roll—his teeth to grind—his hands to clench,—listen—how he will call for his tablets.—See, how he will brandish his pen, and write down the canting rascals. It is really curious to observe how far a man's interests operate upon his intellects. This good man, because sugar is low and preaching high upon his plantations, positively believes the devil to be the principal missionary, and all those who go roaring about the islands seeking whom they may convert, to be his liege imps. That this was his creed we saw in his *Tour in Jamaica*; but then he was not so angry but that we could laugh with him—in Hamel, we confess we laugh at him. In the former work he charmed us by his specimens of canting slaves, spluttering a jumble of gospel and

* Hamel, the Obeah Man. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: 1827.

gibberish—but here he has taken a burnt stick, and daubed a grimy outline of the devil as parsons paint him, and written under the figure of blackness the name of Roland, the missionary. This is a pity, for the author is an exceedingly clever fellow when he is not in a rage, and no writer has described the manners and the climate of the country of the Antilles so well as he has done, and we trust will continue to do. But he must permit himself to cool, and he must concoct his story with a little more care; he must have recourse to the *labor limæ*, and when he has written what he thinks a particularly fine sentence, he must strike it out. When he feels that he has raised too high a note—when he finds he is breaking down in a metaphor or a figure, let him use his pen transversely, instead of perpendicularly; he will be astonished to see the improvement thus effected.

We say all this to him, because we like him—whom the critic loveth he chasteneth, and because we think him one of the most original and able writers that ever combined a knowledge of sugar-canes and literature. Exaggeration is his great fault, and to men of his temperament a natural one. When he has had more experience in writing, and learned to feel the effect of words, he will produce a truly good thing.

The story of Hamel is not the best part of it, and we shall not attempt to follow it. Our object shall be to select three or four specimens, which shall give a favourable idea of the writer's talent, and at the same time find the reader a pleasant quarter-of-an-hour's occupation.

We should observe, though it is not very material to the understanding of our extracts, that the subject of the novel is a grand projected rising of the negroes in Jamaica, fomented by the missionary Roland, and the Obeah man Hamel, the object of which is to raise a huge swarthy African, named Combah, to be king (or Brutchie, in Coromantin language) of the island.

The novel opens with the journey of Roland into the interior to be present at a great meeting of the malcontents at a deserted plantation. He is thus seen to take his way, accompanied by his little black boy.

The rider was accoutred in a black coat, cut straight, or it might be of a dingy grey, with black cloth buttons, and a waistcoat of the same. His trowsers were of brown holland, tucked into a huge pair of spatterdashes, buttoned above his knee, as a defence against the bites of musquitos. He wore a large brimmed hat, slouched by many a tropical shower, and rendered rusty by constant exposure to the tropical sun, although at present he carried an umbrella secured in the straps of a portmanteau mounted behind him on his horse's crupper; and his great-coat, of the same sombre hue as his other vestments, was fastened upon his saddle bow. He was attended by a bare-legged negro boy on foot, dressed in an Osnaburg frock and drawers, which, with a glazed hat on his head, formed the whole of his costume. The boy hung on sometimes to his master's stirrup, that he might keep pace with the horse; and sometimes, falling into the rear, brought himself up by grasping the animal's long tail; a liberty the beast admitted with an occasional affectation of elevating his croupe and lowering his ears,—intimations that he had a right to kick (though he did not at present) as well understood by young Cuffy as expressed by the horse.

The youngster's features scarcely harmonized with those of his very demure and melancholy-looking-master, whose pale and cadaverous countenance indicated something more than bodily mortification and fatigue. His eyes, black and penetrating, were shadowed by brows that had once been dark as the skin of his follower, but now, with the locks that strayed in white lines from under his huge castor, exhibited the mingled hues of black and grey; his nose was sharp and aquiline; and his mouth, though rather of the largest, by no means badly formed, was furnished with a set of short but regular teeth, as white as those of Cuffy, whose happy physiognomy bespoke

the innocence and kindness of his heart, and relieved that of the spectator from the sympathy of sadness inspired by the looks of the white-faced traveller.

A storm overtakes the missionary on his way; the torrents sweep down his horse and his attendant, and he narrowly escapes drowning himself, by taking refuge in a cave, which he reaches by means of great exertion.

"This," thought he, "is at least the abode of man: runaway slave, Maroon, or robber, I will yet claim his hospitality; my situation cannot be worse, and what have I to lose? But where is the tenant of the dwelling? Here are plantains too, not long roasted, and rum; and what are these?" he added, taking up some garments that lay on the floor, a cantoo, and an instrument of music, a bonjaw. "Let us at least summon the master of the cave. What ho! hilloh!" The voice died away unheeded, and the traveller listened to its echoes until he felt almost afraid and ashamed to disturb the silence again. Yet he mustered courage to exert his voice a second and a third time, though as at first ineffectually. Sufficiently removed from the storm without, to hear no more of it than an occasional murmur which stole along the vault he had penetrated, too faint to cause him any further concern, his own voice was reverberated on his ears with a force from which he shrank within himself, so painful was it to his oppressed and agitated nerves. He called no more; but conforming himself with a philosophical moderation to the hour and the scene in which he found himself, he trimmed the fire; took off his wet clothes, which he wrung and disposed around it; attired himself in the cantoo of his invisible host; and wrapping his feet in a blanket which lay beside it, helped himself from the calabash of rum, and put some of the plantains on the fire again to warm. He had seated himself on a bundle of sticks, and as he took a second taste of the rum calabash, surveyed at his leisure, by the cheerful blaze he had made, the extent and furniture of his apartment.

This is the result of his observations.

In a recess stood a couple of spears, one solely of hard wood, whose point was rendered still harder by fire; the other was shod with iron and rusted apparently with blood; a bamboo rod, ten feet in length and about an inch in thickness, leaned against the rock beside them, carved or tattooed from end to end. In another angle of the vault was a calabash filled with various sorts of hair, among which it was easy to discriminate that of white men, horses, and dogs. These were huddled together, and crowded with feathers of many birds, especially those of domestic poultry and wild parrots, with one or two of the spoils of a macaw. A human skull was placed beside this calabash, from which the teeth were missing; but on turning it up, the traveller found them with a quantity of broken glass crammed into the cerebellum, and covered up with a wad of silk cotton, to prevent them from falling out. There were several other skulls in a second recess, some perfect, some which had been broken apparently with a sharp-pointed instrument, and many of them serving as calabashes or boxes to hold the strange property of the master of the cave; one was a receptacle for gunpowder, which the inquisitive traveller narrowly escaped inflaming; a second contained bullets and shot of various sizes, mixed with old nails and pieces of rag; and from a third he saw with no little horror a black snake uncoil itself the moment he touched it. There were three muskets, all old and out of order; a pistol and two cutlasses, disposed on different ledges of the rock; a large conch-shell fitted with a belt of mahoe bark, to be worn over the shoulder, hung from a projection, with several other pieces of rope made of similar materials, to which were attached rings of wood and hollowed stones, perhaps intended for amulets or charms. A lamp of clay at last arrested his attention; it had carved on it some rude figures, and was filled with oil of the Palma Christi, having a wick formed of the fibres of the plantain stalk. This the intruder took the liberty of illuming, to assist him more conveniently than did his flickering firebrand in the farther search he seemed disposed to prosecute. By the help of this he espied a pair of shoepatters, a sort of coarse sandal, and a red cloak resembling the South-American poncho. Some salted fish was suspended from a part of the roof, with a large calabash of sugar, and another of coarse salt; and an earthen jar contained no small store of salted pork. There were several pieces of jerked hog hanging from a stick placed across this recess, to one of which he helped himself without ceremony; and thinking he had made sufficient search for the present, returned to the fire, on which he heaped fresh fuel, raking forward the embers to cook his meat; placed a lamp on a shelf of the rock full in his view; and taking a gombah for his stool, sat down very deliberately to his supper. He ate with no sparing appetite; and the rum

which he quaffed as his thirst prompted him, refreshed his body and composed his mind so happily and so gradually, that what with that and his fatigue, the solace of the fire and the fumes of his digestion, he at last slept gently from his gombah, which now served him for a pillow, rolled himself up in his blanket, and fell into a profound sleep.

This is the cave of the Obeah Man Hamel. The missionary having an extremely bad conscience, of course dreams. A demon is playing the devil with him.

The only sound which escaped the lips of the demon was that of his own name—Roland! Roland!—articulated in a voice of mingled triumph and revenge—Roland!

The traveller started from his dream, as if he had been roused by the sting of a scorpion. He sat upright for an instant, and stared wildly around, scarce recollecting his own identity or situation; but what was his amazement, not to say horror, on perceiving before him the very figure of the demon of his dream, or a figure which his fancy so quickly substituted for him, that the idea of the first was as if by magic resolved and condensed into that which he beheld?

This figure stood before the lamp, whose rays served to define the outline of his person with the greatest accuracy. Of his features little or nothing could be seen, except the light gleaming from his eyeballs. He stood in an attitude which the dreamer's fears quickly determined to be the menacing posture of the demon from which he had shrunk; the forefinger of his right hand elevated, the left hand leaning on a bamboo staff. "In the name of God or Devil," cried Roland impatiently, "who or what art thou?"

The figure relaxed in its position, lowered its right hand, advanced a step forward with a gentle inclination of the head, and replied in a mild and almost musical tone of voice—"Master—what you will."

Such is our first introduction to the person who rivals the missionary as the hero of the story. He is thus farther described:—

This dealer in magic, for he was no less a personage, was of a slight and elegant make, though very small of stature, being considerably under the middle size. His age was at least sixty; but the lines which that had traced on his features indicated, notwithstanding his profession, no feeling hostile to his fellow creatures, at war with human nature, or dissatisfied with himself. He was attired in a South American poncho, which had once been of a bright scarlet colour, fastened round his waist by a thin leathern girdle; and his head was decorated with a red silk handkerchief, tied in the fashion of a turban. He was barefooted, and without any offensive weapon; for such the bamboo wand on which he had leaned could hardly be denominated. He moved with an elasticity uncommon for his years; and his manner indicated on his part perfect confidence, wholly unsuspecting of his guest or his purpose. Yet it was but too evident to Roland, that the negro had evaded his questions as to the magic talents or qualities of some one who frequented the cave; but as the use of Obeah is denounced by law, however despised by white men, he could not attach any particular consequence to such evasion, nor justify himself in expecting any confession on a subject of such importance to the professors or participators in this blind sort of necromancy, if it may be so called.

Another personage who cuts a conspicuous figure in the history, is Mr. Guthrie, whose exterior man is thus happily hit off:—

At any other time, at least upon a serious occasion, his costume and appearance would have excited a smile even on the negro faces which were now turned on him; for both almost bordered on the ludicrous. In the hurry of quitting his chamber at the commencement of the storm, he had put on a long dressing gown of chintz or dark figured cotton, two-thirds of which had been since torn off by his efforts and struggles in contending against the elements, so that it had become a sort of spencer, which gave to view a pair of black silk breeches, with large Spanish silver knee-buckles, matched, though scarcely surpassed, by another pair of the same metal on his shoes. He was some fifty years of age; and his hair, a mixture of brown and grey, was combed from off his face with such accuracy and perseverance to form a queue, tied close up to his occiput, that it seemed to drag with it all the muscular part and power of his cheeks, forehead, nose, and mouth; so that many of his acquaintance were accustomed to fancy he never could shut his eyes without letting go his pigtail.

JUNE, 1827.

O

In another style is the following description of a Quadroon beauty. We presume the good planter has been run away with by some tender recollections, or Jamaica is better worth visiting than we, in our simplicity, imagined.

The figure which lay before the admiring eyes of the Obeah man and his brown-faced companion, was really in a deep sleep. Her skin was nearly as white as that of any European, of a clear and animated hue, the roses glowing upon her cheeks—a blush no doubt occasioned by her sleep; and her forehead was shaded by some of the prettiest brown curls that ever graced the brows of a Quadroon damsel. Her eyes were closed of course; but the long black eyelashes which like portcullises guarded those portals of her heart, or mind, or genius, or whatever it may hereafter appear to be, that the portals betrayed when they were open,—had been designed by nature with such attention to symmetry, and to what we have learned from our ancestors to consider beautiful, that even Hamel, with all his mountain of arcana on his mind, could not look on them altogether unmoved, or insensible to the charms which the younger of the spectators contemplated with a more fervid, a more passionate feeling. Her eyebrows were also black as ebony, thin, and arched with a precision that art can seldom imitate, at least on living subjects. Her lips were twice as rosy as her cheeks, like two pieces of polished coral; and the ensemble of her face was certainly as engaging as anything that had ever fixed the attention of the Obeah man on this side of the great Atlantic. The damsel was dressed in male attire; videlicet, a blue jacket of woollen cloth, with a waistcoat and trowsers of white jean, which with her shirt were white as snow; a pink handkerchief, tied loosely round the collar of the latter, was tucked through a button hole into her bosom. Her head was bare; but a straw hat which she had worn lay on the ground beside her, appearing to have fallen off in her sleep. Her feet were also naked, as if she had shaken off a pair of shoes with which they had been encumbered; but they were as round, as neat, and as exquisitely modelled, as any that Sebastian had ever yet beheld. So also were her hands, on one of the fingers of which she wore a ring by which that brown gentleman would have recognised her, if he had not already divined from her physiognomy that she was Michael, the pretty soubrette from the mansion of his late host, Mr. Guthrie. This discovery he kept however to himself; and when the Obeah man said with a sigh, “What a pretty creature!”—(it was said in a whisper)—Sebastian replied only by another, a longer, deeper-drawn, and rather impassioned sigh, and a slight inclination of his head, as if to express his perfect accordance with the remark of the conjuror. He was not so old as Hamel by at least thirty years.

“What can be her business here?” thought the younger of the spectators. “And what a poor disguise! Or rather, why has she assumed this masculine attire, for it is no disguise?”

“There is love at the bottom of all this,” said the Obeah man in a whisper. “These Mulattos and Mestees think of nothing else, from the hour in which they are weaned from their mothers’ breast until time has wasted away every trace of their beauty; and then they console themselves with the recollection of all the transports they have enjoyed.”

“From the mother’s breast?”

“Yes, master, yes: their mothers breathe it into their very souls with every kiss which they impart to them, and fill their heads with the anticipation of the charms they will possess, and the conquests they will make, and the riches they will acquire, by their connexion with some great buckra planter. Yet avarice is not their ruling passion, even in old age. My life upon it, this young girl is in love with some white gentleman—for they always aspire: ambition goes at least hand in hand with love—ambition of distinction, of being above the pity at least of all their friends and rivals, if not of being an object of their envy. How sound she sleeps, poor child!—Shall I leave her to your care?”

There is something picturesque in the few touches in these lines, descriptive of a tropical evening; and of the same kind of writing Hamel contains much equally good:—

The sun was setting—he sinks, in the Tropics, as if Phaeton always attempted to guide the steeds of Apollo—and his long rays, shot from the ridges of the western mountains, gleamed on the giant shafts of the cotton-trees—(wands which would have been almost stout enough for Milton’s hero)—and on their long streamers, hanging motionless in the becalmed atmosphere. The distant sea was fast subsiding into

repose—scarce a wave murmured; the crickets thought it time to go to bed, and the bat and the owl thought it time to get up; a few beetles and cock-roaches were in the same mood; but the lizards still scampered about the road, as Mr. Guthrie came cantering on, now flashing their grey jackets in the sunbeams, now whisking their long tails into the shaded bushes, and into the chinks of the rocks.

We must hasten to a conclusion—and we cannot do better than close our extracts with a picture of a party of rebel slaves, collected as a kind of body-guard about their king Combah. The Brutchie has just succeeded in carrying off Mr. Guthrie's daughter, for the black monarch must have a white queen, and the party are now watching the pursuit in the mountains:—

They came up, at length, with a party of their comrades, who were squatted beside a sort of tent on the flat surface of a rock, which rose above the rest of the plain sufficiently high to afford a view over this wilderness of grass, and of any party or person who might attempt to make towards it. The Brutchie was saluted as their monarch; and they accosted the young lady with an affectation of great politeness, which was extended, though with less ceremony, to the soubrette. The party consisted of about a dozen individuals, including two women, who laughed immoderately at the approach of Joanna, yet still as if they designed no direct offence in giving way to their mirth; for on being called to account for it by some of the males, they begged pardon, and retired. These gentry were all very scantily clad; and their costume, of rather a ridiculous order, would have excited the mirth of a beholder on any other occasion. Their garments were mostly stolen perhaps, and in many cases seemed designed by the wearers rather for ornament than use. One man, for instance, had crammed his head into the laced cap of a child; another wore an old regimental coat, without any thing under it but his black skin, and a blue apron or petticoat round his waist: a third had an old cocked-hat, with no other vestment than a pair of drawers; and a fourth wanted soles to a pair of military boots, with which he was equipped, being, with the exception of a dragoon helmet which almost overshadowed his eyes, as naked as any of the heroes of baron David, and indeed not much unlike his Romulus, or Leonidas, as to costume; those warriors being clad in some such fashion, that is to say, with only helmets and sandals, whereas this sable warrior had a helmet and boots. There was not a shirt among the party. One or two had ragged frocks, and some made but a very slender sacrifice to decency. Miss Guthrie and her maid were more than once horrified at their appearance, so whimsical and savage did it seem. Yet the individuals were not uncourteous—nor even less than polite. They were drinking coffee and eating cocoas on their arrival, and after rising to receive the new comers, they ushered the females into the tent, and brought to each of them a small calabash of the former, and a plate full of smoking plantains, with a little pot of salt butter, and a couple of pine apples; and having commended them to the care of their own women, closed the tent, and left them to their own thoughts.

HISTORIETTES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISH IN ITALY."*

THE author of these volumes, who is accountable also for the work entitled "The English in Italy," is reported to be a man of rank. A very degenerate son of aristocracy must he needs be, thus repeatedly to sully the purity of his high name by contact with the press. The yet untinctured members who have not lost caste cannot but regard it as a foul blot in his escutcheon, and will be apt to reflect with pride on their own unblemished honours. We are, however, happy enough to think,

* *Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life, by the Author of "The English in Italy."* In three Volumes. London. Saunders and Otley. 1827.

that for the scorn of these rigid upholders of the integrity of ancient discipline, he will find ample compensation in the tacit sympathy of many even in his own class, who, like himself, have offended in seasoning the inanity of aristocratical pleasures with a sprinkling of literature; and to whose tastes, information and mental energies the present work is nicely accommodated. For beyond the mere act of publishing, there is nothing in it that indicates an unfashionable craving after literary distinction. There are no elaborate efforts to gain applause, no anxiety to avoid critical censure. The reflections are not immeasurably profound, nor the incidents unbecomingly exciting; the stories are common-place enough to exempt their author from the imputation of being over-skilful in his craft, and the style is sufficiently negligent to evince him no very practised offender. If tried before a jury of his peers, the fair verdict would be, guilty of publishing, but without any inordinate pretensions to authorship. The very title of the work corroborates the internal evidence in favour of the writer—"Historiettes"—a name indicative of the fugitive and autoschediastic nature of the composition. It is clear that the author contemplated only a very brief existence for his fictions, or he would have endowed them with a more enduring title; for no work could be expected to go down to posterity under so slender an appellation. Nor in christening his production by an ephemeral name do we think that he has done it injustice. We take it as the author intended it—a contribution to the light reading of the year—partaking of the nature of those viands that are made to be devoured at a meal, and grow stale if kept till the morrow.

As we intend a recommendation of these high-born Historiettes to the tea-tables of our readers, we shall crave the liberty of a few words to guard against disappointment by defining the extent of our commendation. And here we would have them take especial note that the work is not to be applied in a case of *ennui*. We have tried it, and found it to aggravate the disorder. The cure of listlessness demands sharp remedies; the patient must be excited, or startled, or perplexed, or provoked, or stung, or inflamed. These pieces of noble authorship are sedatives, not stimulants. But should the reader be in a happy frame of mind, and in good humour with himself; if he have spent the day to some purpose, or, just as well, imagine he has so spent it, and be therefore in a state of agreeable excitation to commence with; he will find the writer of the Historiettes an agreeable companion for the evening, with enough of good in his conversation to dispose an uncritical person to be indulgent to that which is naught.

In the next place, it is not in the capacity of a manufacturer of fictions that we would venture to commend the noble author to our readers. The Historiettes are the merest apologies for stories we just now remember to have met with. Besides being fabricated of the most common-place materials, they are woefully botched and bungled, with a great deal of cold extravagance, and many attempts at dramatic effect as imbecile as the acting of an Italian singer at the opera. Like that, the Historiettes divert only by their utter want of plausibility. But truth to say, the author, when "doing his story," is tedious—tiresome—a bore. The originality of his conceptions may be estimated from the fact, that of the five stories comprised in these volumes, one is built upon a hackneyed case of seduction, the second on a worn-out stage

stratagem, the third on a lottery ticket, the fourth on a change of children at nurse, the fifth on—we have forgotten what. As for the merits of the execution, it shall suffice to present a passage, which exemplifies the author's competency to deal with strong passions and agitating events. The scene is from the "*Regicide's Family*," and will explain itself. It opens with a picture somewhat resembling the portrait of Douce Davie Deans in his afflictions, sitting at his ingle nook, and shown by the light of the morning sun "shining motty through the reek." The hands stretched over the cold stove, is a touch of nature and well expresses intensity of affliction. But all the rest is of a kind to need the most charitable construction that can be put upon it.

As we entered the house, Breque himself sate in his arm chair opposite the rude *poele*, or stove, that formed the fire-place of the apartment. It was a chill day upon these heights, though autumn drew not yet near to its close: and the old man sate with hands stretched forth, as if to gather heat from the stove, that was yet without fire.

He started from his reverie, as he beheld us, but instead of rising, he merely waved his arm, and put it from him, signifying that we should begone, and not intrude upon his solitude. Cornélie, however, continued to advance. The old man struck his hand upon his head as fretfully, as if he had been disturbed in a dream of pleasure; and then in abstraction, more than in anger, for he scarcely looked to note who we were, he seized the arm of Cornélie, to put her gently forth from the door. His countenance seemed to say, I need no idle visits of consolation.

Cornélie seized the arm that forced her along, and hanging from it, said, "Let me stay, and speak with you, Sir; I am the daughter of La Versière."

As if he had discovered that he held a viper, the old man loosened his grasp, and recoiled; - - - - -

"Go away," cried he, stamping, "quit my house, my mountains, fly, or I cannot resist—if it once more were thy brother," and he ran forward and seized her, whilst I stood betwixt him and the object of his passion, and compelled him to loose his hold, "I would, I would—" and disengaged from Cornélie, he took from the wall a knife, of that vulgar and horrid kind, which was daily imbrued in the blood of his flock.

"Would you assassinate a woman, and within your own walls?" cried I to him, at the same time vainly endeavouring to urge Cornélie to retire.

"No, no," roared he; "but it is pleasure to think what I might do,—and do in justice—'twould be but blood for blood."

"Think it not,—my brother has not been guilty of blood," said Cornélie.

"Where then is Paul, my son?"

"Has he too perished?" asked I, wishing to draw from the old man how much of his misfortunes he knew, and at the same time inciting him to vent his sorrow and resentment in words.

"Hath he, sir? Ask at home, or of this girl,—look here"—and he displayed the tattered rags of the unfortunate youth's garment—"look here—my son's body, my own flesh—was" and the old man sunk faint in his chair.

"Oh Heaven!" cried Cornélie, in agony, &c.—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Over the dialogue too we doubt the reader will often weary, for, without being very clever at it, our entertainer is unluckily addicted to that mode of writing. One of his pieces he has thrown almost entirely into a dramatic form, and conversation to a great extent pervades the rest. We infer that he conceives it to be a kind of composition well adapted to his powers; the reader will probably be of a different opinion. An agreeable talker we can readily imagine the author to be, and a pleasant correspondent. What he says in his own person is usually easy and unaffected, bearing the stamp of good sense and replete with good nature, occasionally shrewd and for the most part savouring of observation. But it is quite another thing to make imaginary persons converse with propriety. As long, indeed, as the latter serve as mere mouth-pieces for the utterance of the author's sentiments, they do well. But when

he essays the dramatic vein, and would have them talk in character, they become intolerably affected; a vice, we dare be sworn, utterly foreign to his own conversation. But such is the necessary consequence of trying to adapt one's language to a character assumed without power strongly to conceive it. Sir Walter himself sometimes misses his aim, when venturing on unexplored ground. His polite talkers, for example, and particularly his kings, tetrarchs *et id genus omne*, are often affected beyond measure. How will the reader of the *Historiettes* feel disposed to the noble author after the perusal of the annexed dialogue? *Our* blood ran cold as we read. It is almost impossible to conceive a man of elegant taste and good sense guilty of such atrocious affectation. The scene is the court of Louis XVI.

As the youth was alone, shrunk retiringly into a window, he attracted the attention of the Comte D'Artois, who was at the moment engaged in conversation respecting the present troublous times. The Count interrupted the person with whom he was talking, to accost the pensive youth.

"We may need you, D'Erlach," said he, "you and your faithful Swiss."

"It will be a proud moment for D'Erlach," replied the youth, kindling, "when he can save a Bourbon, but a sorrowful one for your highness."

"Bravely said, my stripling," said the Queen.

"His gallant father spoke in him," rejoined the Count; "I would the Crown of France had many such supporters as the bear of Bern, for all republican that she be."

"Come hither, D'Erlach," said the Queen. "What years have you, boy?"

"Sixteen winters."

"Hear the hardy Swiss," said Madame de Polignac. "A Frenchman would have counted his years by summers."

"I have seen but one," rejoined young D'Erlach.

"How now, Sir, what is your riddle?" said the Queen.

"I am but one short year your Majesty's servant."

A murmur of applause burst from the circle, which most of the assembly had formed round the Queen.—*The Fall of Bern*, vol. ii.

This is a specimen of the dialogue when at the worst. The following is better, and a little above the average. It is a conversation between an old French conventionalist living in exile and the traveller himself; for it is a peculiarity in the composition of these as veritable romances as ever by wildness of fiction merited the title, that the author is not afraid to act a part in them in his own proper person.

We walked along for some time in silence, which in any other situation might to such new acquaintances have been embarrassing. But the lovely scene was excuse sufficient for abstraction; and both of us looked and listened to the brawling Doubs, and towards the picturesque banks which overhung it on the opposite side, if not with similar thoughts, at least with countenances similarly expressive.

"Those banks are France," observed I, inquiringly, "and these meads are Switzerland?"

"Even so," replied my companion.

"What a scene for an exile, to wander near and behold the limits of his country, yon soil that he must not tread, yon barrier that he dare not pass!"

"Are you an exile, sir?" demanded the old man.

"At best but a voluntary one."

"It is pity that your isle is not blessed with revolutions, political convulsions, and all the sublime consequences of parties struggling for life as well as power; for exile seems to appear to Englishmen the very sublime of their sad and romantic pleasures. All that ye, insular pilgrims, seem to want of happiness, is a fair excuse for being unhappy."

I could not but smile at this unexpected sally.

"Now I am an exile, and from that land you contemplate," continued the old Frenchman; "and yet neither bank nor stream inspires the sentiments which you would lend me as an imaginative being."

"At first, however, you must have experienced such, though habit since has worn away the feeling."

"There you are wrong. 'Tis one of those that habit and indulgence would increase. But I am a cosmopolite, and know no country; and what I lose thereby in romance and in your respect, I gain in quiet."

"And has banishment filled you with no regrets?"

"A few—my evening's *sorbet*, and my journal—my sunny walk in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and my solitary chamber *au quatrieme* overlooking the bustle of the Faubourg St. Antoine—an old friend's conversation too—my children, they may suffer, they have—but the young may bear their own sorrows."—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Of individual character there are very few scattered traits, and those but slightly marked. The old French conventionalist, with his imperturbable philosophy and impenetrable hardness of belief, is the nearest approach to a character, but even he is only a faint impression. The German students also in the preposterous fiction called "The Castle of the Convent Lake" in which our author figures as hero, are not without some features by which they are recognizable. Their pretty notion of settling affairs of government by a stroke of the dagger is certainly characteristic. But they are not singular in this. The young gentlemen of Italy, we are aware, are for measures as summary and decisive, and are equally sagacious in their views for the good of their country.

It was too hot, and too short a time past noon, for idlers at least to have been sauntering; and we heard the voices of the collected band bursting in unison from the cavern mouth, as we approached it, singing Schiller's well-known song in the Robbers:

Ein freyes leben fuehren wir,
Ein leben voller wonne,
Der wald ist unser Nachtquartier,
Bey sturm und wind hantieren wir,
Der mond ist unser Sonne, &c.

A roving, jovial life lead we,
A life right full of pleasure;
Our home is 'neath the wild wood tree,
By storm and night our trade ply we,
The moon of our day's the measure, &c.

"Fritz, my knave, friend, captain, brother," were the different salutations that my companion received from his different comrades. They all embraced him, questioned him, expressed their gladness and his welcome by many extravagant shouts, gambols, and cant expressions; carrying on a conversation with him in the latter occult tongue, that baffled all my powers of comprehension. It of course concerned me; and, after a time, I was made the object of welcome too.

What is a German welcome, however, without feasting? The repast of the students was spread forth, not scanty nor Spartan; and I was not so very much surprised, as without previous observation I might have been, to recognise upon the floor of the cave several remnants of pasties and dishes, that had adorned the yesterday's dinner of the castle table. The pocket-knives and fingers of the company made speedy work with the Count's viands; and conversation languished, or else was limited to ejaculations, until the company, wiping their knives upon the remnants of their black bread, produced, and commenced pouring libations from bladders full of Rhenish.—*The Castle of the Convent Lake*, vol. iii.

In the story of the *Regicide's Family* we meet with a colonel of Napoleon's, Girouette, a name significant of the character; "a frank, gay, fascinating fellow," says the author, and as *he* says it, we must believe him; but it is purely matter of belief—we have no demonstration. The only trait we remember peculiarly attributable to the supposed character, is his way of backing out of a connexion, the prudence of which he had begun to question. He first affects jealousy, and then to get an excuse for taking a French leave, presents himself early one morning at the bed-side of the pretended object of his suspicions, and requests him "to descend with him to the garden, and satisfy him by defending

himself against his sabre." Prosper d'Humières, an aristocrat by birth, a jacobin by principle, tossed up and down on the waves of the Revolution till he is fairly lodged in the ranks of the army of Switzerland, exhibits an unexpected turn of fortune borne with national good temper not unworthy of the admirable Picard. He and an old intimate encounter each other by accident in the *melée* of a battle.

"You have made yourself a prisoner, Sir, for my sake," said the Frenchman, out of breath; "our men are between you and yours, and there is no escape."

"We will try that," replied Eugene, again raising his sword.

"Not another blow, D'Erlach, it is thou. And I am tired of belabouring my best and only friend."

"Prosper D'Humières—the Vicomte—I should say, the Comte D'Humières," successively correcting himself, ejaculated Eugene.

"Corporal Prosper, if it please you, citizen Bernese." - - - - - A *De*, just the one letter once pronounced, would strip me of my galons;

D'aucune chevalerie

Je n'ai le brevet sur velin;

Je suis vilain, et très vilain,

Je suis vilain, vilain.

"Be it so, Prosper. But, good God, what an hour you force me to listen to banter! My country—"

"Bah!" interrupted the corporal, "I am sick of the word *patrie*. I never hear sound of mouth, or produce of pen, that it doth not come first and last. Prithee, lament some other woe. The world is the brave man's country."—*The Fall of Bern*, vol. ii.

The following is an amusing stroke of character. Ossian, one of the regicidal family, is an ardent disputant and a disciple of the French school of morals and religion, with whom the traveller, an orthodox churchman, had often held an argument.

He was, indeed, somewhat too indefatigable in his pursuit of argument or opinion: and I have started to find him at my bed-side ere sun-rise, ready to commence the moment I opened my eyes, with, "What you said is very true, but then I cannot but think—"

"Pray, when did I say any such thing?"

"Last night before we separated."—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Upon the whole, the author's conceptions of individual character can be pronounced only very faint, and his power of drawing very feeble. His strength seems to consist in the perception of national peculiarities, in remarking upon which he discovers a praiseworthy candour and liberality. He has lived abroad long enough to rub off all the more obnoxious of our insular prejudices. He may be believed on the evidence of the present work when he says, that "though an Englishman, he has divested himself of all that pertains to one so born, except the core." Accordingly he addresses himself once or twice to correcting vulgar opinion on one or two points of national character. We trust that the Quarterly reviewer of Madame Genlis—the last who trumpeted English impeccability and continental depravity—will not fail to remark the view taken of the subject, in a point of prime importance, by a candid and well-informed traveller of our own country.

Florville here related to me a sort of *pendant* to the story of the previous night. That was all love and romance, this all debt and difficulties; a singular story, be it remarked, for a young Frenchman to tell, prudence, economy, and honour in pecuniary matters being as much the characteristic of the young French, as the very contrary is of the greater part of the young English."—*A Week at Tours*, vol. i.

We sorrowfully confess our belief that this is *true*; and as sorrow-

fully believe that the source of the aptitude of our young country folks to contract debts and of their inaptitude to pay them, is to be found in our schools and universities. The allowance usually made by parents is large enough to create in their absent children a strong desire for more indulgences than it can purchase them; whilst the mercenary tempers of tradesmen, and the neutrality of teachers and tutors, afford a facility to running into debt too great for youthful morality to withstand. As long as the parental purse continues to be an ultimate resource, secure in the last event of things, young spendthrift unscrupulously lays it under contribution. But the propensity to incur debts decays not with the decay of means to answer them. When his old resource is withdrawn, he trusts to remote prospects or possible contingencies or just nothing at all; for he who ran into debt at his father's expense will hardly hesitate to do so at the expense of a stranger. Yet, with so many examples of this beam in our own eye, we must needs be for plucking motes out of our neighbour's eye. But prudence in the disposal of the means of life, for which the French are so exemplary, lies at the root of morality. A nice and accurate sense of *meum* and *tuum* in all their bearings, and in the minutest particulars, is the law and the prophets; and the proverbial generosity of Englishmen, a quality more splendid than useful, is a poor set-off against the want of that sense. The generous, however, is the bright side of the English character; and it appears to advantage in the following short dialogue.

"But, Florville, before we part, I have mentioned to my friend here, your friend too, I trust, what you mentioned to me. He is a monied rascal, and might unjewishly convenience you."

"Nay, a year would be sufficient for me to repay it."

"How much might it be?"

"It is much."

"Nay—is it five hundred louis?"

"Five hundred francs—more—double the sum."

"A thousand francs only,—and a good fellow's peace at stake for such a sum! My dear fellow, you shall have it in one second."

The astonishment of poor Florville was as great as his pleasure.—*A Week at Tours*, vol. i.

As for the domestic affections, which we are apt to imagine so unusually predominant in English homes, we may learn by looking abroad that they flourish even in fickle France. The following testimony of our unprejudiced traveller, who understands the two countries better than the reviewer of Madame Genlis, offers a contradiction to our preconceptions too flat to be put up with, were it not too true to be gainsaid.

It is a delightful scene to see parents and children meet, when they are all in all to each other. Let me add, this is much more and oftener the case in France than it is with us. There may be the same affection perhaps, but it is more sombre and tacit; such ties with us want the tenderness and devotedness, which they possess on the continent. We are more animal in this department of our domestic affections; we rear with love, with attention, but no sooner find our offspring independent of us in reason and strength, than we turn them forth to form other affections, and a domestic circle for themselves. The child of a French parent may be said to be never weaned.—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

A just appreciation of national character is manifest in many other passages, in which the author's liberality and discernment are creditable alike to his heart and his understanding. His view of the present

generation of French officers, which sets them in a light much more amiable than insular prejudices are prepared to conceive possible of Frenchmen, will be recognized for true by all who happen to have observed their manners and habits when quartered in provincial towns. The total absence of all ostensible means of killing time, at least, of what an English subaltern would allow to be legitimate means, is the most remarkable peculiarity in their condition. To whatever principle in their moral or physical constitution we are to ascribe it, assuredly the ability to exist independently of such excitements as alone make country quarters endurable to English officers, renders them much more agreeable neighbours than "our ain caterpillars" of the line.

I know not, from my soul, how the officers of a French regiment contrive to kill time. They are no martinets, and discipline hangs as loose on them as do their uniforms. Drink they do not, and few of them know half so well as our subalterns the difference between plain Medoc and first rate Lefitte. They have neither race-horses, game-cocks, nor bull-dogs, on which to stake a month's pay; and save dominos, or in superlative good quarters, billiards, they have games neither of skill nor chance. They are either such *canaille*, or else taken for granted to be so, that chateaus and society around, empty as are the first, and scant as is the latter, are quite *preserved* against their admittance. And how, in short, they do contrive to live, would be quite beyond the conception of any of our military dandies.

They are, however, a grown and goodnatured race of schoolboys, brethren and comrades in every sense of the word, without any of the cat-o'-nine tails' austerity of our field-officers when addressing an inferior in rank. Then have they no vying in coxcombry or expense, in nought, in fact, save address at their weapon, and forwardness in the field.—*A Week at Tours*, vol. i.

"They are either such *canaille*, or else taken for granted to be so;"—without meaning to detract from their respectability, we may add that the former is most generally the matter of fact. In appearance, in bearing, as in uniform, there is no immeasurable interval between the subaltern and the private. The latter, it is evident, wants only the consciousness of rank and a coat of finer cloth, to be pretty much upon a par with his officer. Every Frenchman is a gentleman, by the grace of God—that we are aware of; but the close approximation of privates and officers may be ascribed to a less disputable origin, the one being for the most part taken from the other. A French officer seldom converses with a military man from our side the channel without betraying this fact by an interrogatory expressive of surprise,—“What, did you enter the army an officer?”

Whilst our author's remarks upon national peculiarities are under consideration, we will adduce another trait in the French character noticed by him which we believe to be genuine, and which we do not recollect to have seen particularized before. The passage occurs not far from the one last quoted, in the silly piece called "*A Week at Tours*," and may be introduced without troubling the reader with any explanation. We may observe, however, that the depression of spirits remarked in the French, when under "the spell of our blue-eyed blondes," is far from being confined to our neighbours. We would defy any man of any nation, least of all excepting our own, to bear up against the influence of the "airs" and "apathy" in question; or under similar circumstances, to converse in any other than terms the most "blank and puerile." There are but few who will be disposed to deny this.

The Mordaunts made their appearance at the evening promenade; by the side of

Sophia was Florville, who endeavoured to entertain her with remarks upon her *robe*, bonnet, shoes, ribands, &c., none of which had the effect of exciting the English girl to converse or reply.

Frenchmen, who are so much at home, at their ease, and so truly delightful with females of their own nation, that understand their light badinage, and as light seriousness, are sadly awkward in addressing or entertaining females of another nation, especially the English, whose apathy, whose airs, whose assumed caprices they can never fathom nor understand. If they captivate some of our fair countrywomen, and that they do, the marriage-registers of the Mairies of the English quarters at Paris and elsewhere can testify, it must be chiefly by the magic of their name, the charm of their *etrangeté*, for nothing certainly can in general be more blank and puerile than their wit, more childish than their discourse, nothing more unimposing than their whole manner and converse, when fascinated by the spell of our blue-eyed blondes. Even the mercurial spirits of the French, so proverbially inexhaustible amongst one another, sink and disappear, when they are amongst us. They seem the nightingales in the rook's nest, of Quarle's emblems. They are so *morne*, so *sombre*, so well-behaved, that the general verdict passed seems to be, that the French are a very grave nation.—*A Week at Tours*, vol. i.

But it is not the French character alone, which the author's dispassionate and unprejudiced temper has enabled him to see in a true, and, occasionally, in a novel light. Though still possessed of the "core" of an English heart, he has sojourned abroad long enough to look back upon his own countrymen with the eyes of a foreigner. By favour of this rare advantage, he has drawn a picture of travelling Englishmen, in which there is not a stroke for whose accuracy the witness *within* will not vouch. Besides the discrimination it manifests, we are indebted to it for the solution of an inconsistency which we, as well as others, have sometimes been at a loss satisfactorily to reconcile.

They are famous marchers, or rather wheelers by the way-side, but know not how to pitch their tents for ever so short a season, or to be happy therein. Their exploring voyages for the most part resemble that of the dove from the ark—they find no dry ground for a resting-place, till they return to the little floating-ark of an isle, whence they set forth.

Once forced, however, to become a citizen of the world, none becomes more fully so than a Briton; and as none are more eager and greedy after the gross pleasure of galloping across a continent, than they are at first, so none, after some years of foreign life, become better adapted for enjoying travel in detail. The man of what nation will, so readily as an Englishman, fling himself alone among strangers, or isolate himself in solitary scenery? Who ever saw a single Frenchman, with all the love of that nation for the picturesque, wending his way alone through the defiles of the Alps? The Germans, with all their enthusiasm, travel in hordes. This may be accounted for by the fact that in that frank and simple country, feeling, be it ever so marked, ever so wrought up, has no need of either secrecy or modesty. But in England, where the enthusiastic feeling of the German is united with that prevalence of ridicule and morbid dread of it, generally considered characteristic of French society, sentiment must necessarily be cherished, and enjoyed in solitude. This is the true reason, that in travel so many individuals of our nation contradict the national character, by throwing themselves amongst strangers, losing themselves in foreign life, and spending their days, staff in hand, along the mountain-paths, and in the cottages and chalets of Switzerland. It is a paradox, I have often heard foreigners wonder at, and wonder at moreover not only as a paradox, in being opposed to national character, but being contrary to received opinion, that an Englishman is always an Englishman, his tongue, his feelings, and even his least habits indefeasible.

There is truth, however, in both observations—in the vulgar one, and in its contradiction. At our first setting forth, we are all the insular, prejudiced, proud, shy, selfish-seeming beings, that the ridicule of continental envy can depict us. Nay, if we return immediately, we return little better. But let us tarry abroad. Let the novelty of mere travel wear off; let us be unconnected with home by family or profession, deprived of the hopes of any such connexion, even as I, who write, by having attained a certain age without having made such provisions, and scorning to turn back for

them. To such a man, the wide world is the only home, for there he enjoys all the advantages of his freedom, and is not reminded, as every object in his native home, did he dwell there, would not fail to bring to his recollection, that his is a life *manqué*, wanting in fact—or that he has let pass the streams of love, of ambition, of all the ways of worldly happiness, beyond recal, and that while his contemporaries are winning or have won the noblest prizes in the lottery of life, he sate down content with an anticipated blank. To such a man, his native land is a huge, staring, unanswerable, and never-dying reproach, far beyond my enduring at least; and here, therefore, in this foreign land, I have become most at home. Every thing, that should be strange, is familiar, and all that should be familiar, strange. If I hear but an English voice, it has to me the wildest, most outlandish sound, and jars upon my ear.—*Introduction*, vol. i.

It must be observed, that the noble author appears disposed to canvass national character with more candour than national institutions. The “organ of veneration,” so powerful in Englishmen towards all existing establishments, is occasionally made manifest. The most marked demonstration is comprised in some remarks upon French education, which read more like the misrepresentations of a Quarterly reviewer, carping at Scotch systems and professors, than the strictures of an enlightened traveller. “Like all young Frenchmen,” he observes, “Ossian La Versière had had no education whatever; none, at least, of what *we* should call education. He had acquired a smattering of Latin, &c.” It would gratify us to be told, what it is *we* call education; for we had all along imagined, that a smattering in Latin and a less smattering in Greek, was precisely what in England was called education. Undoubtedly it is all the education which nine out of ten carry with them to college; and it is more than the education which the greater portion of that nine bring away with them from college. The traveller speaks with infinite contempt of the sort of philosophy taught in the colleges and schools of France. Grant it as puerile, as chimerical, as he represents it to be—will the French be able to improve their system by imitating ours? At one of our grand establishments, we believe that no philosophy is, generally speaking, imbibed; and what sort of philosophy, we would ask, is brought away from the other? In nine cases out of ten it is little more than the philosophy of the Rule of Three, and of the “Asses’ Bridge.” The French teachers are in the habit of lecturing upon the nature of government, and the history of their country. This discipline is pathetically deprecated, as “plunging young minds into the labyrinth of politics, without the clue of moral principle to guide them.” Is not this a fragment of the Quarterly Review? At any rate it is *cant*, unworthy a liberal-minded man. We are sorry to see such flimsy prejudices clinging to an understanding, that has been strong enough to throw off so many which are usually thought to be more closely inwoven in the minds of our generation. We should be glad to learn, whereabouts in our own schools or universities we are to look for the moral clue that is to guide the inquirer through the “labyrinth of politics;” or to whom is delegated the task of providing it. And yet they lecture there upon history and political economy; and there too, as the supposed noble author—once himself a distinguished speaker in the “Union”—must remember, “young minds” are permitted to debate fierce and long on political questions.

If the state of literature can afford any just criterion by which to pronounce upon the merits of different systems of education, the French

mode deserves not the sweeping censure which our author has passed upon it. The labours of literary men there are directed to better purposes than the labours of the same class of men here. A writer of no higher powers than he, who here spends his force upon a flimsy imitation of a Waverley romance and studies history but as an adjunct to fiction, is there found patiently investigating some period of his country's annals, and employing his imagination to embellish his narrative. If the fruits of the French system be histories like those of Thierry and Mignet, and the fruits of the English system be historiettes like those of the author before us, we entreat him to think more kindly of lectures and lecturers upon revolutions and government.

This little bit of nationality—perhaps the last which an Englishman, superstitiously attached to the memory of his college and university, can divest himself of—must be regarded only as an exception to the author's general liberality of sentiment. As he is understood to be one of the *judices nati*—the hereditary wise men of our blessed constitution, it is refreshing to remark in him any indications of a just way of thinking on political subjects. There occur here and there in the work expressions which, if we were not too sanguine, betoken no friend to quarter-session justice, game laws and corn monopolies. At any rate, on the subject of foreign politics, his head and heart are evidently right. It is true, he has given us in "The Fall of Bern," the wonted raw-head and bloody-bones picture of revolutionary frenzy; but perhaps it is too much to expect of a scion of one race of nobility, that he should calmly philosophize on the demolition of another. And even here there is evidence of a discriminating mind; and a stroke or two of truth which appear worth recording.

The hideous ruffians roamed throughout the scene of magnificence, with which they themselves formed the most striking contrast, panting for blood and plunder; still it was evident that the mob was French, for in all their licentiousness, little was devastated; no ornament wantonly defaced, unless it wore the insignia of the tyrant, as they called Louis. Pictures and tapestries, mirrors and china vases, hung untouched upon the walls, or stood on gilded pedestals unharmed. In this the French seem to differ from the mob of other countries, who in general love mischief more than crime. The direct contrary was observable throughout the Parisian troubles of that epoch - - -

The mad rabble round were shouting their revolutionary songs, with their universal refrain, or chorus of blood, in which numbers always joined:—the most general was the well-known one of *Ca Ira, Les Aristocrates à la Lanterne*. And the sanguinary precept was not confined to expression, for at every turn they grouped around some individual of more decent apparel than usual, or of nobler mien, and caused them immediately to account for such suspicious appearance. Any passenger, with at all a sacerdotal look, stood in even greater peril. Of the chance suspected, some ran, some stood and expostulated, charmed the mob with their eloquence, or stumbling in their harangue, fell victims for lack of oratory. The most successful, however, were those who took the cruel sport in good-humour, and parried off blows by jests. Wit, next to crime, was the best safeguard.—*The Fall of Bern*, vol. ii.

Once out of the hearing of "revolutionary songs," the traveller enjoys the free use of his own good sense; and he allows it free scope, even where an hereditary senator might have been expected to restrict its operations.

Amongst the many and important political truths, which came to light and to full proof during the course of the French Revolution, there was none more completely established, than the total worthlessness and ineptitude of a government purely or principally aristocratic, to support the state through a trying crisis.—*The Fall of Bern*, vol. ii.

Zurich, more commercial than any of its sister cities, was therefore attached to independence on more solid principles than the mere *honour* which spirited up Bern.—*Ibid.*

"It is the curse of republics surrounded by monarchies, that the wealthy, the illustrious, and the high-descended of the former must turn to the countries of the latter for their sentiments, for a model of their demeanour, in search of a fraternity, in short, which they have not at home."

"Then was the Ostracism of the Athenians wise," observed Eugene.

"It was," replied his parent. And a pause ensued, which put an end to the conversation for that time.—*Ibid.*

The traveller in *Prussia upon the Rhine*, boasts his "habitual freedom of allusion to kings and tetrarchs, their serving men and serving women." He could not have bethought himself of his propensity in a more favourable spot. As far as he has exercised his liberty, there is no reason to complain of the use he has made of it; only we think he might have found more *frequent* occasion to use it.

The monarch of Prussia might devote some of the revenues of these, his richest and newly acquired territories, to the completion of this, their proudest monument [the cathedral of Cologne.] He is prodigal of favour and complaisance to the archbishop and to the Catholic dignitaries of the old electorate, greatly indeed to the discontent of the Lutherans of this region. The completion of the cathedral would be something more solid, than the military honours which his ordonnance allows to the archbishop. But then a hundred recruits per annum the less would be drilled—and what are arts and antiquities compared with the drill?

Bayonets and tobacco! these are all the sights and sounds in Prussia,—

Tutto è Corpo di guardia, ovunque movi
Per l'erma Prussia a ingrati passi il piede;
Nè profumi altri, che di pippa, trovi.
Là tutti i sensi Tirannia ti fiede;
Che il tabacchresco fumo, e i tenti sgherri,
Fan che ognor l' uom la odora, e porta, e vede.

But I have no reason to complain of Prussia. Her police I have ever found the least impertinent of any nation. Victor Cousin, the philosopher, whom it held in durance for months without a cause, was quite fascinated with its attentions, and declared German *gend'armes* the most amiable of constables.—*The Rhine*, vol. iii.

The following reflections put into the mouth of a German statesman, and breathed more in sorrow than in anger, very truly hit off the pseudo-liberal and would-be popular despots of the continent.

"You see, sir Englishman, what public life is in the lands of despotism. Office, character, consideration, are all held on the oriental tenure of being accompanied with good fortune and success. The merits of a man, his past character, his talents are never weighed, when by accident he trips."

"Yet the character I have heard, even from you yourself, of your monarch—"

"Nay, talk not of the liberal inclinings of despots; they do but coquet with freedom, like Alexander of Russia. A thorough, honest tyrant were better far than their capricious fits of acting Trajan. They are sick of the sweet, power, at times, and would flavour it with that agreeable bitter, popularity. They are the amiable in their morning-frocks, and not the less despots the next hour in their robes and sceptres. Besides, they always delegate their power, and never their benignity. And tyranny, instead of being mildened by transmission from hand to hand, becomes from the process rather distilled into its most concentrated spirit."—*The Castle of the Convent Lake*, vol. iii.

He somewhere speaks of "the free government which Louis thought either proper or prudent to *octroy* to his people." This spirit, we suppose, proceeds from the lively genius of the great nation itself, still true to its old character. It has a bad government to be sure; our author contends that France must, of necessity, be always ruled

by the Sejanì—but then the bad government serves to make good jokes upon.

As a traveller in search of the picturesque, the author of the *Historiettes* offers some pretensions. But his work contains more evidence of his capacity to enjoy, than of his power to describe the great works of nature among which he has laid the scenes of his fictions, and where, no doubt, he beguiled the less interesting portions of his tour by concocting these *Historiettes*. The following are judicious remarks, which if fairly applied in one's own case, would have explained the reason of many a disappointment vainly attributed to other causes.

The beauties of Nature are never so gratifying as when they seem to present themselves by chance.—To go absolutely and with pleasure prepossessed in search of a prospect, makes the feeling which it excites cold and artificial,—it limits the enjoyment to the eye merely, and shuts out that noble accompaniment of thought, which, had one stumbled by chance upon such a scene, could not have been wanting.—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Indeed, it is to be doubted, if these *chefs d'œuvre* of Nature's arrangement or caprice are most productive of pleasurable sensations: their effect is too overpowering, too absorbing, too exclusive of that accompanying train of thought, which oft heightens the charm of less romantic spots far above that of places more famed and sought. "You cannot both eat your cake, and have it," saith the proverb; and so can you not enjoy aught in anticipation without diminishing the sum of final pleasure, and converting a portion of it into disappointment. This perhaps is the secret of the frequent failure of Nature's choicest scenes in producing their effect.—*Ibid.*

The following is his boldest effort at description. The subject is grand, and might excuse a much less successful attempt to convey an idea of it, than the present. The travellers, that is to say, our author and his heroes, are pursuing their way with difficulty among the ravines of the Swiss mountains.

One of these we encountered, which proved a very ravine of ice; and we descended into its depths and ascended in the same manner by steps, which the hatchet of Oscar instantaneously formed. It was a novel and no agreeable situation, to find oneself in its depth, chill, blue barriers rising up on each side, and the murky cloud shutting out sky and sun, a fit vaulting for such a dungeon.

As we regained the snowy surface of the mountain's side, we emerged from the cloud, which rolled in white voluminous folds beneath us, illuminated by the bright rays of the morning sun. The valleys below were hidden from our view, whilst the heights of the snowy Alps above lifted themselves up in awful solitude. We could now descry, and we felt awe in doing so, the particular appearance of these unseen and unapproachable summits, the bleached granite peaks, against which the scarcely whiter snow-drifts lay couched—the wide, irregular summit, which to the eye below had seemed a peak, and which now appeared a broad round scalp, with a roll of snow around its ridge, like a fillet or a crown. The sky was no longer of that light, transparent blue, which cheers the upturned looks of men—it was of a deep, blackening, awful hue, and seemed repulsive of the audacious glance, that dared to scan its depths so near. The utter solitude was the most awful of the sensations awakened by the scene, for our steps upon the "crumping snows," were but those of insects intruding upon such vastness — — — — —

As we marched in pursuit of the game, a sudden gust from below rushed upwards, and penetrating the cloud that still rolled beneath us, made a rent in it, as it were, and opened for us a vista to the valley. This is one of the most lovely phenomena of Alpine scenery. Deep through the vapoury cloud, which rolled and closed gradually round the breach made in its mass, we descried the gay fields and groves, and with some difficulty the torrent below, the sun shining on the depth of the valley, as upon us, whilst the pent of the mountain side that we descried beneath lay under the shadow of the cloud, except where the slanting rays penetrated through the breach.—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Whatever be the merit of this and similar essays, the traveller never bores his readers with the picturesque, like the disciples of the Waverley school. Indeed, his great merit throughout is, that he is *not* tiresome. He passes lightly from topic to topic, and from scene to scene; and if he fails of producing any powerful effect, at least he does not weary us by the pains he is at to produce it. In one respect, perhaps, a little more labour might have improved his work, without rendering it more elaborate. He writes fashionably, that is, carelessly, and although the style is easy, agreeable and often elegant, and though we would not have had its loose, gliding sentences too tightly screwed up and turning too stiffly on their hinges, yet still we must object to a laxity that often amounts to a total want of legitimate connexion. Many sentences are so rude as would oblige the reader, if he were *very* anxious for the meaning, to run them over a second time, an unpardonable fault in light reading, where the sense should be as perceptible through the medium of language, as pebbles at the bottom of a clear spring. The author, no doubt, was resolved, and rightly so, at any rate, to avoid being laborious; but in respect of style, it is the reward of labour to hide itself under the facility which it gives. From many of Washington Irving's admired historiettes take away the polished ease of the language, and they will sink to the level of our author's; scarcely happier in incident, or character, or description, and far less happy in moral and political observation.

In conclusion, we have only to observe, that we have seldom seen so much good sense, liberality, acuteness of observation and powers of composition, united with so much poverty of imagination, and puerility in the conception of character and incidents. If we have taken a correct view of the work, it is clear that the author possesses talents of one kind, and is totally destitute of those of another. He has every qualification requisite for making an instructive and amusing traveller; he has *not* a single qualification requisite for making an instructive or amusing novelist. Let him then abandon fiction, and confine himself to observation. He has one good property;—his merits and his failings are his own; his work, such as it is, is entirely *sui generis*, and we thank him that he has not given us what there is now a-days but too much reason to anticipate on all occasions, a second-rate Waverley romance, or a first-rate Fashionable novel.

JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.*

WE have been guilty of an omission towards our readers, in not having sooner informed them that the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent, of which so many amusing parts appeared in our Magazine of the last year, has been published in a collected and completed shape. To those who read the part which appeared in The London Magazine, it is only necessary to say that the rest, which relates chiefly to Italy, is equal to it. There are two kinds of travellers who may be useful—those who, by long residence in a country, are enabled

* Two Hundred and Nine Days; or, the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 1827.

to make us thoroughly acquainted with the condition of a people, and those, whose minds being excited by the first obvious differences in national manners, catch the traits of character which long acquaintance makes us overlook as trivial. For hasty travellers to perform their task well, more acuteness and clearness of perception is requisite than they commonly bring to the task, and the books which they execute become mere guides, and bad ones; imperfect catalogues of pictures, erroneous measurements of buildings, *fade* descriptions of scenery, with some traditional observations on national character, which characterize the nation of the traveller himself more than the nation which he describes. In fact a man is not made fit for writing a book, merely because he travels; but when he is on other accounts, fit to speak and be listened to, the observations which are excited even by the most ordinary route abroad, can seldom fail to be interesting. Mr. Hogg has talents which would make a journey from London to York, or from Hyde Park Corner to Whitechapel, or from any place to any other where human beings could be seen in the intermediate space, new and amusing. Italy needed such a traveller.

After all the mawkishness which has been inflicted upon the world on the subject of Italy, unhappy whether praised or abused—*o vincitrice o vinta*—the sentimentality about art; the sentimentality about processions; the sentimentality about climate, and the sentimentality about morals, it is as agreeable to hear the observations of a man who walks with his eyes open, his mind unprejudiced, and an abhorrence of quackery in his heart, as it would be to taste a glass of port, after being nauseated with an overdose of constantia, or frontignac.

The weakness, if we may term it so, of the author is an excessive hatred of priests, carried to an extent incompatible with justice. On every priest's head, from the Pope to the begging friar, a *caput lupinum* is set. Wherever one shews himself, he is butchered without remorse. The agents of the police, who are, no doubt, sufficiently annoying, scarcely fare better. The following trait of these functionaries in Rome justifies a little indignation:—

“FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18.—I went first to the police about my passport; they had not sent it to the office; I was therefore required to call again. They readily gave me the address of a secretary of legation; but that of a noble lady, who had the good, or bad fortune to be of a family opposed to the government, and friendly to human freedom and happiness, they would not give: they pretended not to know the names of her father or husband; but impertinently said, that they were the names, perhaps, of some tradesmen; as if a foreigner were to inquire in London at the alien office for the residences of Lord Grey and Lord Holland, and were to be answered, with a spite not less ludicrous than pitiful,—really we never heard of such people; that old woman selling apples there is called Grey, she perhaps can inform you where her relations live; and the only Holland we know is Holland the cat's-meat man, he will pass this way presently with his barrow, and you can there deliver your letters to him.”—Vol. ii. p. 2.

Here is a specimen of severe justice on a priest:—

“I looked at the outside of the Pyramid of Cestius, and walked at least a mile out of the gate to see the ruins of the church of St. Paul.

JUNE, 1827.

P

When I got there, a vile priest would not let me see them, but said it was some feast-day, and prated, or preached, for a quarter of an hour, to show me that he had reason. He said that he had refused to admit the wife of the Russian ambassador; and added, 'You are a foreigner, and therefore must know her.' Such was the simplicity, or stupidity, of the monk: you are a foreigner from Patagonia, and must therefore know Mrs. Smith of Hornsey."—Vol. ii. p. 13.

The following is an admirable trait of a modern Roman author:—

"I found Vasi's Itinerary of Rome a most useful book; as I had an early edition, it had the amusing dedication, which is omitted in the later editions; this unique composition runs thus:—

'A San Pietro,
Principe degli Apostoli,
Primo Vicario
Di Gesù Cristo,
e gran protettore
della città di Roma,
Mariano Vasi,
Antiquario Romano,
ed Academico Etrusco
di Cortona,
la presente opera
d. d. d.'

"It is said that the venerable antiquary dedicated the first edition to the Duchess of Devonshire; but as that gracious person ungraciously forgot to give him the usual fee of five louis, and as he could not find any one else who would pay that sum, he dedicated it, in despair, to the Prince of the Apostles.

"That such a thing should be perpetuated in Rome," Mr. H. observes, "shows the state of the public intellect and the Roman character better than twenty Corinnas."

There is good sense in the following remarks on executions, though they by no means exhaust the subject; that on confessions is new as well as perfectly satisfactory:—

"Persons often admire those institutions which they have not, and of which they have no opportunity to see the defects. In England I have heard sensible persons remark that the guillotine is a more humane punishment than hanging, which is odious and disgusting; here I found that people are in love with hanging; they complained of the effusion of blood, and said that the body jumps about, and is convulsed, after the separation of the head. All unnecessary pain to the unhappy criminal should be avoided; but a punishment, which is meant chiefly as a warning to others, is not the less effectual because it is shocking. Rome was thrown to-day into a bustle, most unusual in such a quiet place, by the execution of two men for stabbing a person who was a member of some secret society, and whom they suspected of an intention to betray them. They met death with great fortitude; as they were going to the place of execution, the Piazza del Popolo, one of them spoke to a girl, who was his sweetheart, and was sitting at a window; she immediately fainted.

"There was a considerable delay in consequence of their not confessing, which is here considered a necessary prelude to execution. I am told that the trial is always in secret; that even the accused is

not present; the public, therefore, can never be satisfied that the sentence is just. If the investigation be perfectly public, and conducted in such a manner that there can be no reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, why require a confession, which is generally extorted by unworthy arts? It is not to be expected that a party about to be hanged should be pleased with the prospect before his eyes; the operation is not intended for his gratification, but for the benefit of society; it is not to please, but to displease him, that to a certain degree trouble is taken and expense incurred. Then why do we endure the odious hypocrisy of making him say, I die contented? If that were true, civil society would say to him—Oh, you wish to be hanged, do you?—then we will not hang you, because our object is to punish you! It is only the conviction that this assertion is false, that makes it tolerable. The best reparation that a person in such a situation can make for the crimes he has committed, is not to say, I die contented, but, I die exceedingly discontented, and with extreme reluctance; I assure all Christians, that the condemned cell is a dismal habitation, much worse than I had supposed; that a near prospect of the new drop is most uninviting; and even the assurance, that in five minutes after the platform falls I shall certainly be in heaven, which the ordinary always makes upon his honour as a gentleman, to persons in my situation, is, I find, but poor consolation.”—Vol. ii. p. 27.

It is true, as Mr. Hogg says, that a punishment is effectual, *because* it is shocking; but when it becomes to a certain degree shocking, it is an infliction on society, as well as a punishment to the criminal. There are many punishments, on other accounts perhaps advisable, that policy would, on this account, condemn; for instance, the constant exposure of criminals in chains in the public streets. These spectacles of misery cannot be witnessed without pain, unless habit deprives them of their effect, and if it does, it deprives them of their utility also. We would rather be convinced of the existence of crime once a-year by losing a pocket-handkerchief, than be reminded of it every day by the public exhibition of disgusting punishments. People too readily, also, sympathize with criminals, if there be any appearance of cruelty in punishments, and you then lose more in the uncertainty of the infliction, than you gain in the terror.

The following fact is worth noting as of practical importance; we do not remember to have seen it mentioned before:—

“I observed that many of the arches in this building (an amphitheatre) were composed of large earthen vessels walled together, instead of bricks or stones; and on pointing out the peculiarity to my friend, who was better informed on those subjects than myself, he told me that it is very common in ancient Roman works for the sake of lightness; as it must answer that purpose effectually, and as the strength of a spherical earthen vessel, and its power of supporting mere pressure, is great; I should conceive, that it is well worthy of imitation in modern structures.”

Mr. Hogg's remarks on the Pantheon are worth quoting:—

“TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.—Of the Pantheon, the portico is noble; and the interior more striking than any thing I have yet seen: it has

been objected, that, by reason of the shortness, or lowness, of what may be called the cylindrical part, the effect of the cupola, or hemispherical part, is heavy; that it seems to overlay the rest; but the chief beauty and peculiarity of the edifice is the great effect which the cupola produces; if the walls that support it were raised, this would be diminished. It is impossible to do two incompatible things, to have a cake and to eat it: where the cupola is hoisted up on high, as in St. Peter's, and our St. Paul's, the effect of other parts may be increased, but that of the cupola itself is lost. The whole of the light being admitted through the round hole at the top, is a beautiful arrangement; that the hole should be open pleases me much; and the naked sky appearing through it, connects the internal with the external world in a noble manner. At night, when all within is perfectly dark, the moonlight that comes quietly through, must be soft and pleasing; and the sight of the stars, gently creeping across the zenith: even the rain, pouring down upon the pavement, is grand; the distance between this aperture and the walls is such, that they may be adorned with all that is costly in art, and will remain undamaged, whilst the shower rattles upon the marble floor, which is gently inclined to the centre, and there pierced with holes, so that the rage of the elements glides away without injury. A patch of snow in the middle of the floor, must strike the eye; but this is a rare occurrence; the small tract that is exposed to the storms is more frequently white with hail."—Vol. ii. p. 42.

We are tempted to copy the following fact, concerning the composition of the celebrated ruins at Pæstum, connected as it is with a striking observation on the state of the population of Italy:—

"Whilst we viewed the ruins, we were attended by a guard of three dirty soldiers, whom we found in the cottage where we dined; they quietly stood by and said nothing, and did not ask for money; but three or four of the inhabitants were most indefatigable in tormenting us for charity all the time; they, most uncharitable souls, had not the charity to suffer us to see in peace what we had come so far to see.

"The stone of which these buildings are formed, is as remarkable as the buildings themselves; it is called travertine, and is evidently formed of petrified straws, canes, and reeds; that is, the deposit upon these substances has hardened into most durable stones; the straws, canes, and reeds have perished, but they have left their forms impressed on the stone. Travertine is an indurated, calcareous deposit from water, and has its name from the Teverone, or Anio, near which river it is found in abundance. The ancients called it tiburtine, that is, of Tibur, or Tivoli. Our ultra octagenerian led us to a large pillar near the river, which is an excellent specimen of the formation; the striating, or fluting of the reeds, may be distinctly traced in many places. The stones are of the colour of cork, and full of flaws and holes, so large that you may put your hand, or fist, into them; the cork models, therefore, represent these temples, even more faithfully than other buildings.

"When we had finished our observation of the Temple of Ceres, we sat on a wall till the carriage came up; the descendants of the luxurious Sybarites kept steadily begging all the time. I questioned

one of them, a little boy ; he told me, that his name was Hilary, that he was ten years old, that his father was dead, his mother alive ; that he had three brothers and one sister. I had no small money ; it had all been begged away long ago ; but I gave him a piece of bread, which I had in my pocket ; at first he put it into the crown of his puritanical hat ; but he soon took it out, and commenced eating it with a tone of feeling that convinced me the boy was hungry, but he did not look miserable. I should have been glad to have learned something of his mode of life ; but I got on slowly with his Calabrian dialect, and the carriage soon drove up.

“ It is generally prudent in Italy, at least for persons who have a prejudice against being starved to death, to carry some bread in their pockets ; I have frequently given part of it to beggars as a test, that I might estimate their poverty from the manner in which it was received : I have always found that, however stale it might be, it was an acceptable donation. When I have been at my solitary meal at an inn, two or three famished cats have often come about me, with thin flanks, asking looks, and hungry mewings ; if I threw a crust of bread to them, far from rejecting the offer, as in England, they would scramble for it and devour it greedily ; wherever I found that the cats would fight for a morsel of bread, I was convinced that there were many empty stomachs near, both of men and animals, and that hunger reigned lord paramount.”—Vol. ii. p. 72.

Mr. Hogg's account of the closing of the holy door at Rome, at the end of the jubilee, is, we will venture to say, unlike any that has yet been given by any historian of the Pope's :—

“ At four punctually the sound of trumpets was heard ; a procession issued from the church, passing through the holy door ; in the midst was the Pope ; he was also clothed in white, and wore a gold mitre, or fool's cap, than which nothing can be imagined more ugly ; he seated himself on his white throne, and remained quiet for some minutes ; he was greeted with loud hisses, which are here a token of respect, and command silence. He then descended and performed some ceremonies ; I did not distinctly see them ; but if they were not childish, foolish, and unmeaning, I beg pardon of his holiness, for forming an erroneous estimate of their importance. He returned to his throne ; there was some music : I must say, that the old gentleman did all in his power to make himself agreeable : he read us some prayers, and even sung us a song, attempting at the end a regular flourish, than which nothing could be worse ; whether his infallibility extends to chess, backgammon, and whist, I cannot decide ; it certainly does not include vocal music. I sincerely pitied the poor old man ; he looked the picture of death, and had been raised from his bed to personate St. Peter, to deceive nobody, and to make a few English stare : he appeared to sink under the weight of his robes ; his cumbersome mitre oppressed his aching head ; he raised his heavy eyes, and his bloodless hands, and seemed to say,—how painful are hypocrisy, folly, and fraud, to a sick and dying man ; Why had he not strength of mind to strip off his gilded trumpery, and standing up in a plain black coat, to say—may God bless you all, good people, and forgive me ; I am sick and tired of the cheat, let me go home, and lie in bed, and

cower over the fire, till I die? The cardinals came about him in a fawning manner, and changed a part of his dress.

“As to the closing of the door, we were somewhat disappointed; we had expected to “hear a trowel tick against a brick:” the Italians are, and always have been, unrivalled masons; and we hoped to have seen the Pope, with native bricklaying genius, boldly smack the mortar on the holy threshold, plant a brick in the midst of it, loudly knock it into its place with the handle of his trowel, and then, with the point, neatly shave away the projecting mortar, and so on, *toties quoties*; applying from time to time the plumb-line, with the knowing look of a master mason, to see that all was square, until the holy aperture was rendered impervious by a fair brick wall. But alas! we beheld only the feeble pottering of an impotent and fumbling old man: he blessed the golden trowel with its handle of mother of pearl; he blessed the mortar, he blessed the bricks; the poor old creature blessed every thing that came in his way; but whoever wished to build either a pig-stye or a wall, would choose a workman who blessed less, and effected more. He contrived to lay three bricks in the holy door-way, using his mortar sparingly, as if it had been lip-salve; the door was then closed symbolically, a white satin curtain decorated with a cross in golden embroidery was drawn over it; it was like the rest, a type, that is, a falsehood. The stopping up the extraordinary road and short cut to divine favour was announced by the firing of cannon, whether in token of joy, or sorrow, no one, not even the gunners themselves, knew. The holy father returned to his throne, and with much theatrical gesticulation, gave us his blessing, which concluded the business.”

The remarks on the Italian language, at the close of a passage on a play at Padua, are new, but we cannot admit them to be just. The pronunciation of the Italians is slow, but it is the reverse of indolent; every letter is sounded.

“At nine we went to the theatre; a fine, handsome edifice; neat, clean, and cheerful; it was full, too full, as we could only find standing room in the pit. I had heard that the ladies of Padua are highly distinguished for their want of beauty; I do not doubt, however, that they are very amiable; but I think it was the ugliest audience I ever saw, even in Dublin.

“The play was *Medea*; the great roaring woman who enacted the part of the heroine, was making the loudest and the most frightfully odious noise I ever heard. In comparison with the Italian, the French tragedy is simple nature. It seems to argue a strange imbecility of intellect, that can be pleased with such extravagant and monstrous rant, and be delighted with an opera; in the latter, the overture and the songs may be, and generally are, very beautiful; it is only the rest of the stuff that is groaned, squeaked, or whined out, with a most tiresome monotony, that is utterly detestable; but in the tragedy there is no good, for the sake of which the bad is to be tolerated. A few minutes of the tragic theatre will cure any man's conceit, who still imagines that the Italian language, as spoken, is most harmonious; and will convince him, that of all tongues, it has the least of harmony; that it is easy to be uttered, arises from the defective articulation of

the Italians ; their organs of speech are so imperfect, and they are so indolent, that they have turned the Latin into a sort of child's language, for their own use ; a babe cannot say mother, it therefore says *mamma* ; or good bye, which is changed into *tatá* : thus, for *pectus*, they say *petto* ; for *domina, donna* ; for *flores, fiori*."—Vol. ii. p. 223.

The following scene with a student of Padua and a flax-dresser, in a *vettura*, is a delightful specimen of the farce of real life in Italy.

"The student drew from his pocket what he called a divine work, and insisted on my reading it ; I complied. It was an oration that had been delivered two or three days before, in a church at Padua, by an Abate Barbieri, in honour of the benefactors to the house of industry, or hospital for the poor. The speech was deficient in good taste, but not in a certain kind of talent ; and was a caricature of the style of Chateaubriand, in mawkish sentimentality and false brilliancy ; and so full of *apostrophe* to the shades of benefactors, to disconsolate widows, weeping orphans, and blind beggars, that *apostrophe* was no longer itself—it ceased to be turning aside for a moment from the discourse—there was nothing but *apostrophe* ; and the reverend orator walked through his sermon sideways, like a crab ; to read it, indeed, was to ride upon a very *apostrophizing* mule, which would follow every thing but its own nose.

"The admiration of the young man for this tawdry stuff gave me a low opinion of the state of education in the university of Padua ; it is somewhat different from that in a German university ; and hardly unworthy of Oxford. A flax-dresser, the flax still sticking to his coat, who was walking along the road, made a bargain with the *vetturino*, and got inside ; he was scarcely seated, before the student insisted on his reading the divine oration : the worthy man with much good-nature consented, and went regularly through it ; only remarking at the top, middle, and bottom of every page, *Corpo ! e lunga—stupèndamente*, Body o' me ! 'tis long—stupendously."

If the listeners to sermons had as much candour as the flax-dresser, they would always join chorus in the same remark.

The abhorrence of priests, and of the vexations of despotic governments, which shine forth in Mr. Hogg's book, and which is so often the occasion of a bitter jest, is not the least useful part of the work. We have taken up too much of late the character of a complaisant people, who are ready to find every thing excusable under which other people suffer ; to pass by, without anger, enormities, frauds, abuses, and exactions ; to put up even with a small share of suffering from them, is considered the part of a well-bred nation. It was by a contrary course that English literature formerly exercised a beneficial influence on Europe ; it was by the remarks of our writers, not on national peculiarities, but on defective institutions, on the abuses of priesthood and despotism, as much as by the example of our own form of government, that an effect was produced upon France, and, through France, on the rest of the Continent, of which we have seen some of the good effects. We are glad Mr. Hogg has restored to travellers the ancient custom of calling a fig a fig, and a knave a knave.

There are some remarks on the manner of proceeding in courts of criminal justice in France, which are very ingenious, and well worth

considering, on the points of difference between the two countries. Mr. Hogg, as a lawyer, leans perhaps too much to our own institutions, but he gives much better reasons for adhering to our own rules than we have before seen. We do not think them conclusive. The discussion of the subject, however, would make us deviate too much from that conciseness, which we admire in our author. We cannot help giving as a conclusion, a reflexion on persecutions, elicited by the theatre at Turin.

"There have been many violent persecutions for matters of opinion and conscience, which appear to concern but little, any one, save the wearers: but, strange to say, not one for eating garlic. We should suppose, *à priori*, that a traveller, who came to a square in Madrid, and found there a man burning, and was informed, in answer to his inquiries, that it was for being a Jew, like his father before him, and because he paid a little too much respect, in the spirit and in the flesh, to the memory of the Patriarch Abraham, would, probably, think the reason for kindling the fire insufficient; but, if he were told that the criminal, although often warned of the consequences, would persist in eating garlic, and afterwards going into public places, we should imagine, that he would cry, 'That is right; if you run short of faggots, I will give you a few; help yourselves from my wood-stack; I will lend you my wife's new pair of bellows, to blow up the fire and singe the monster!' But experience and history contradict speculations, which to our reason appear to be so probable."—Vol. ii. p. 266.

MAY FAIR.*

THIS is a prodigiously clever poem, with only one fault, that it cannot be read. It is extraordinarily smart, but of a miserable sameness; and when we have admired the cleverness of one page, we have exhausted our admiration of the whole volume. The author's poetry is like a musical snuff-box, it goes off at score with a tune and variations, and we exclaim, vastly pretty indeed; it strikes up the same strain again, and we cry, pish! a third time, and we fairly shy it out of window. One thing there is uncommonly good in it, and that is the free use of proper names, with delicious asterics and dashes in the middle of them, just to break the personality. When noble individuals, persons of quality, to employ the phrase of our forefathers, are mentioned with a smartness equalled by few waiting-women, and in verse rivalled by no bellman, all readers of taste, discretion, and knowledge of things, are in raptures. For our parts we are come to that pass that we can dispense with the smartness and the verse, and read Boyle's Court Guide, sections Grosvenor, Berkeley, and Portman squares, with extreme delight and much polite edification. Indeed we decidedly prefer it to the Age newspaper, as the spelling and style are more scholar-like. One of these days we design turning the Court Guide into an exceedingly biting and unjustifiably severe satire, which will have a wonderfully extensive sale (ask Colburn) merely by means of giving a cruelly sharp epithet, and

* May Fair. In Four Cantos. London. Ainsworth. 1837.

a cruelly bad line to every name of note. Our chief reason, indeed, for disparaging the incomparable cleverness of May Fair, is, that we purpose doing something on the same plan, only better. We had scarcely committed this rash confession to paper before we encountered a line which has thrown us into the depths of despair—it is inimitable:—

“ The C—h—e—l, S—ft—n, V—v—l.”—p. 94.

That is not to be surpassed we feel, and we sicken with envy; pine and die as we feel it. Three proper names, and only one line! Matchless:—

“ The C—h—e—l, S—ft—n, V—v—l.”

We could repeat it for ever. It is to the last degree *tonnish*, furiously fashionable, as the *precieuses* say, to cram so much good company into so small a space. We therefore abandon our design on Boyle's Court Guide, confessing that we cannot excel this coup de maitre, and declaring ourselves too proud to sing second to the swan or sparrow (whichever it may be, for we are no judges of birds,) even of May Fair. And now that there is no rivalry between us, we feel a return of our wonted justice, and like less men of the *ermine*, Chancellors, Chief Justices, and such rubbish, having no temptation to hold the scales awry, we take a pride in the consciousness of our own impartiality. And now we look again at the book we find excellent things in it, and we espy a whole passage of pleasant satire, and containing no plagiarisms from the brass plates on big doors. It is pointed against the late opposition, and their *delicate distress*. For ourselves (for we too are politicians) we may truly say, like Mr. Harmony in the play, “that we always loved *Mr. Canning*, though we never said so.” What is the use of declaring one's admiration for a man before he is in a station worthy of it. When he is placed upon a hill, it is time to bombard him with praise—to set him in a blaze of adulation. But to return, as the French say, to our mutton:

No man of sense will ever swop
His conscience till he knows his shop:
The balls may shine, the cash be ready,
He'll wait to see the partners steady,
Not wishing to receive a shock
By sudden deficit of stock,
No matter whether lace or lawn
For which he put his soul in pawn.
Yet, 'tis the deuce for politicians
Wishing to better their conditions;
Accomplished men prepared to sing
Heaven save the rabble, or the King!
To live in awkward times that pose
A genius 'twixt the ayes and noes;
To keep the patriotic sense,
When England wants it! in suspense.
And see their traffic at a stop,
Until they know which is the shop!

If fierce on one side or on t'other,
A moment may your fortunes smother;
And the feeble partizan,
Whoever wins, is under ban.
'Tis pleasant to see dext'rous fools
Thus slipping 'twixt the party stools!

For me, whose multitude of sins
Is *always* friendly to the *ins* ;
Whose eloquence by instinct spouts
Against those criminals the *outs*—
A patriot, Burdett to the bone,
Resolved to call my soul my own ;
A loftier specimen of Brutus,
I hate to live in *medio tutus*,
Long with a pension to be tried,
And trample on the falling side.

And though (for years in Opposition)
We scorn the language of contrition ;
And fifty times would rather beg,
Than to the Premier make a leg ;
Yet if *he* makes the first advances,
Men should not throw away their chances :
And though *we'd* rather die than sink
To ask the thing in pen and ink ;
Yet if *he* thrusts one into place,
To serve one's country's no disgrace.

'Tis true *we* now and then abused him,
But those were trifles that amused him ;
'Tis understood that ayes and noes
May differ without being foes.
Perhaps, in some obscure debate,
Some evening when the house sat late,
We dropt, in party's usual way,
Something *we* quite forgot next day ;
Some local jest, some random hit,
Some nonsense that then pass'd for wit.
But hurry, heat of arguement ;
Not that one likes the word,—repent,
Yet, even in party's fiercest fever,
We always thought him monstrous clever ;
Though H—e might growl, and T—rn-y sneer,
The truth was neither here nor there.
Through N-wp—t's squeak, and B-xt-n's prate,
We felt the leader of the State.
The idle world might call it satire,—
The world knew nothing of the matter.
But things in such a way presented
By greatness never are resented ;
Mere drops between the cup and lip :
Your wisest men will sometimes trip :
In short, 'tis known, your first-rate minds
Give all offences to the winds.

This is vastly well indeed. Pointed and tripping, a quality in which the writer is generally deficient, for his verse commonly goes with a plaguy scrambling limp, a kind of string-halt. He is not, in truth, a Thomas Moore, in rhyme or *persiflage*, nor does he come within ninety degrees of him. He is rather a Luttrell. A good thing in a little way. Very superior table-beer—Moore liqueur. A drench of the one is necessary to the perception of its flavour, while a sip of the other fills all the sense of the palate with a pleasant sting, and makes the system glow to the finger's ends. Comparisons such as these are commonly unfair ; but when a versifier talks lightly of Moore, and actually has the impudence to speak of Sidney Smith, in the exact style of Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs, as "old Sidney," "a pleasant creature as lives ; but now growing puffy and polemical to a painful degree," we are irresistibly tempted, per fas aut nefas, to bring him to his true bearings.

We can allow no persons but our honoured selves to take liberties with men of this stamp. And with Sidney Smith we, even we, have never presumed to meddle. Moore, to be sure, we have tumbled and touzeled about once or twice, but more in the way of friendly romping than rudeness or disrespect. We laugh at him as a historian, but love him as a poet. The proper game, "the small deer," fit for the author of May Fair, is such as he very happily quizzes in the following passage, the gentry whom we have dubbed the Pretenders, the Sayings and Doings, Vivian Grey, Granby folks—men who brag of dinners which they never ate, and show their invention in the imagination of wines.

'Tis dinner! silence all, and state,
 Long footmen, peeresses, and plate,
 A sprinkling of the guards—some lovers,
 My memory fails me in the covers—
 I leave them to those—gentlemen,—
 Who wield the "fashionable" pen;
 Historiographers of pies,
 Who lay the *carte* before your eyes.
 Adepts in all the tribes of jelly,
 The very toughest names they'll spell ye,
 Through all the *pâté-climax* soar,
 From *poisson* up to *perigord*;
 Or stretching still a higher strain,
 Touch the *rognons à la champagne*.
 Then, as their loftier genius shines,
 Amaze your feelings with the wines!
 The St. Peray, La fitte—Lunelle,
 You think the *bouquet* meets your smell!
 La Rose, Leoville, Letour, Preignac,
 You'd swear you had them at your back!
 The *Sillery*, cool, delicious, still,
 You feel your whole machinery thrill!
 The pink champagne, rich, creamy, sparkling,
 You see the room around you darkling!
 The king of cups, the *grande Bourgogne*,
 You feel your whole seven senses gone?
 Though, says the R-g-rs, at his age
 He'd like a little *Hermitage*.
 But others, the superior works,
 Give you exact the spoons and forks,
 So that if spoon or fork be miss'd,
 The butler buys them for a list.
 Nay others, abler than them both,
 Square-inch the table and the cloth;
 (Of Algebra the fine appliance,
 The modern, mighty march of science!)
 Tell you how many of them dined;
 How many valets stood behind,
 How many buttons on their coats,
 How many sauce and butter boats;
 How many fair ones fill'd their glasses,
 Who bumpers it! who sips, who passes!—
 Long live!—ye wonder working works,
 Where something for all *palates* lurks,—
 For sixpence, where the hungry sinner,
 Miss what he may, will find a *dinner*.
 And all from footmen up to cooks,
 Own you the very book of books!

Here we stop, but not without confessing our persuasion that, notwithstanding the above expression of our opinion, May Fair will be a popular and admired poem for the next three weeks, or more. We

have ourselves indeed heard it hugely commended by some persons of bad judgment, a sign which augurs well for the success of a work. Most judicious was Moliere in reading his comedies to his cook. Whenever we observe a certain class of people approving a production, we are sure it will prosper, because that class is so immensely large a one. There are, indeed, not more than five or six really wise men in the world. Three of them write in this Magazine, Canning is the fourth, the fifth is a great philosopher, who is said to exist among the Kamschatdales, and of the being of the sixth we have as yet no certain knowledge. But should Mr. Canning, by any accident, retire from office, we shall find him out by his succeeding to the Premiership.

ALEXANDER'S JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.*

It is an ordinance of the priesthood of the empire, a visit to which Lieut. Alexander describes in his book, that they shall subsist entirely on the labour of the muscles of the legs. It is fortunate for the race of travellers, that little more is necessary for their success than the exercise of their feet. A pair of stout calves seem naturally to produce a fine healthy quorte: with a pair of eyes the traveller's accomplishments are undoubtedly complete. That Mr. Alexander is so far supplied with these latter necessities he has determined to prove to the world, by prefixing his portrait; so that, by the aid of a study of his features, a spelling of his titles, and an account of his mode of travelling, we may consider ourselves regularly introduced to the Lieutenant, and commence our journey together with a reasonable prospect of good companionship. As well as we can judge from a slight acquaintance, we must expect no very profound remarks, no very enlarged knowledge, no very brilliant wit; but a lively, good sort of young man, who can draw, and chatter, and scribble, and laugh, and ride, and look wise upon occasion, is not a fellow-traveller to be despised.

On the 16th October, 1825, Lieutenant Alexander took leave of his "much esteemed friends," at Madras, and sailed for Rangoon in a transport, conveying troops to join the army then occupied under Sir Archibald Campbell, in the invasion of Burmah. The vessel he sailed in was the *Earl Kellie*, five hundred tons, and was exceedingly crowded, there being a soul on board for every ton. There were many bodies in the ship, however, to which souls are not usually assigned. Swarms of cockroaches and centepides infested it, and some of the latter were a foot in length, and of the thickness of a finger. The weather was hot, and the deck at night presented a curious scene. All the European soldiers slept on deck. The amusements of the day seem

* Travels from India to England, comprehending a visit to the Burman Empire, and a Journey through Persia, Asia Minor, European Turkey, &c. In the year 1825-26, containing a Chronological Epitome of the late Military Operations in Ava: an Account of the Proceedings of the present Mission from the Supreme Government of India to the Court of Tehran, and a Summary of the Causes and Events of the existing War between Russia and Persia: with Sketches of Natural History, Manners, and Customs, and illustrated with Maps and Plates. By James Edward Alexander, Esq. Lieut. late H. M.'s 13th Light Dragoons, and attached to the Suite of Colonel Macdonald Kinnier, K.L.S. Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Tehran. London. Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1827. 4to.

to have compensated for the suffocation of the night; the table was amply supplied; in the intervals between meals the voyager read and sauntered beneath the thick awnings. In the evening the men sat in circles on the decks, amusing themselves with songs and stories. Mirth and hilarity reigned on board, though now and then diversified with British ejaculations on the slow motion of the ship. Mr. Alexander's description of this part of his voyage fills the mind with soft and agreeable ideas, and is really very pleasant reading.

Whilst the vessel was in smooth water, a practice took place which cannot be too much recommended. The men were exercised, by being marched, and made to run round the decks, to the sound of lively music: the men were thus kept in high health, and the manœuvre afforded almost as much amusement as "quizzing the pioneers." Gymnastic exercises might be advantageously added to the marching and running. During the evening the officers had their share of exercise in dancing or fencing, and rowing round the vessel in the jollyboat. On the 12th November, in sight of Little Andaman Island, a monstrous fish of the genus *raia* made its appearance; its length, says Mr. Alexander, was about twenty or twenty-five feet, and its *breadth* nearly the same. Being much in want of water, the vessel anchored off Little Andaman Island, and the chief mate, Mr. Alexander, and six stout lascars, landed in search of it. They had not gone far before they came upon a party of natives, lying on their bellies, behind bushes, armed with spears, arrows, and long bows, which they bent at the party in a threatening manner.

The Lascars, as soon as they saw them, fell back in great consternation, levelling their muskets, and running into the sea towards their boat. It was with great difficulty we could prevent the cowardly rascals from firing; the tyndal was the only one who stood by the chief mate and myself. We advanced within a few paces of the natives, and made signs of drinking, to intimate the purpose of our visit. The tyndal (the steersman) salaamed to them, according to the different modes of salutation; he spoke to them in Malang, and other languages; they returned no answer, but continued crouching in their menacing attitude, pointing their weapons at us wherever we turned. I held out my handkerchief towards them, but they would not come from behind the bushes to take it. I placed it upon the ground, and we retired in order to allow them to pick it up; still they did not move.

I counted sixteen strong and able-bodied men opposite to us, many of them very lusty; and further on six more. They were very different in appearance from what the natives of the Great Andaman are described to be, namely, a puny race. The whole party was completely naked, with the exception of a stout man, nearly six feet in height, who was standing up along with two or three women in the rear: he wore on his head a red cloth, with white spots. They were the most furious and wild-looking beings I ever saw. Their hair was frizzled or woolly; they had flat noses, with small red eyes. Those parts of their skin which were not besmeared with mud (to defend them probably from the attacks of insects) were of a sooty black colour; their hideous faces seemed to be painted with a red ochre.

On returning to the island, with a subaltern's party, they discovered another and a larger party of natives.

Advancing towards the spot at which they were pointing, we discovered a party of sixty or seventy of the natives waiting in ambush our approach. We went towards them, in order to induce them to show us another proof. So little intention had we of molesting or injuring them, that we had brought with us several looking-glasses, cloth, and baubles to give them. However, we had no sooner got within fifteen yards of them than we were assailed with a shower of arrows, which struck several of us. I received a scratch in the leg, which lamed me for several days after. We immediately extended the files to skirmishing order, and returned with a round of musketry, which killed and wounded several of them. Fixing bayonets, we then charged them; but

they, well knowing the intricacies of the jungle, and being extremely nimble, succeeded in not only effecting their escape, but also in carrying off the disabled of their party. We were brought up by a deep pool, and saw them making off on the other side, shouting, *Yahun! Yahun!*

After this encounter the party penetrated into a jungle, of which the description is good.

We advanced about a couple of miles without seeing any more huts, or natives, and no quadrupeds of any sort. The wood into which we penetrated, and in which the bugle alone kept us together, was one of the most gloomy and dismal that can possibly be conceived; it was, indeed,

“*Nemus atrum horrenti umbrâ.*”

The trees were of great height, in many places thickly interwoven with rattans and bushrope. The sunbeams being unable to penetrate the entangled foliage, the atmosphere, in consequence, bore the semblance of twilight. The broad boughs hung rich with heavy dew-drops, and the air was loaded with a damp and pestilential vapour, occasioned by the rotting twigs, leaves, and fruit, with which the swampy ground was thickly strewed. The death-like stillness was occasionally interrupted by a solitary parrot, winging its noisy flight overhead; but owing to the luxuriance of our vegetable canopy, it was almost impossible to gain even an imperfect view of him. Numerous snakes were observed stealing along amongst the bushes. From several we had narrow escapes; those we succeeded in killing were all furnished with poisonous fangs, and many bore a striking resemblance to the *coluber prester*, or viper, but generally they were spotted.

After this excursion, and while they were engaged in a repast, a strong party of the natives stole down upon them, and threw in a shower of arrows, which killed one, and severely wounded three soldiers. They continued skirmishing with them till sun-set, for the savages made repeated attempts to cut off the pioneers engaged in getting water. At length the party got on board at midnight, after a hard day's work, laden with bows, arrows, shells, &c. The Andamaners have always been described as a stunted and half-starved race, with which Mr. Alexander's account of his antagonists by no means agrees. It is to be lamented that they are so hostilely disposed towards strangers, for from our present connexion with the Burmese empire, extensive intercourse is likely to ensue, and the Little Andaman island would form a convenient watering-place, besides furnishing materials, according to Mr. Alexander, for building and refitting ships. We are however disposed to doubt the last piece of information, for had the Little Andaman contained a good supply of teak wood, the only wood we believe, in this quarter of the world, which is adapted for ship-building, so much pains would scarcely have been taken to conciliate the Burmese, from whom alone it could be had, for the use of the shipwrights of Calcutta. Colonel Symes, in his embassy to Ava, declares it wholly impossible to build a durable ship in the Ganges, without the teak timber of Burmah.

On the 21st Nov. the voyager first saw the Elephant, a grove of trees at the mouth of that branch of the noble Irawaddy, which goes up to Rangoon. This town is twenty-four miles from the embouchure of the river. The land on each side is low, and covered with jungle, out of which rise at intervals the black spires of the trumpet-shaped praws or temples. Behind and beyond it is seen the magnificent steeple of the richly-gilded praw of Shoé Dagoon—the most splendid and beautiful of temples.

Owing to the prohibition against building houses of brick, except the palaces of the king, and the houses of the priests, the appearance

of Burmese towns is by no means imposing. The wooden buildings along the banks of the river, as seen from it, resemble ancient barns, behind which is the stockade. In the back ground towers the Great Shoé Dagoon, in the midst of its subordinate spires; for near a great national pagoda it is usual for every Burman, when he has acquired a competency, to erect a smaller pagoda on the model of the huge one. These vary much in size, and in value and splendour; but as it is more meritorious to build a new one than to repair an old one, the sight of these temples in ruins is very common. Bells are attached to each pagoda, and tinkle as moved by each breeze, the effect of which is particularly soft, composing, and conducive to that quiet and holy state of abstraction which the Burman considers as the supreme good. Mr. Alexander took up his quarters in a gilded temple, surrounded with lofty pagodas; and after the crowd of a transport, and the tumult of the sea, found the soft influence of the bells especially delightful. The ornaments which the British had placed there were not exactly in unison with the rest of the scene—a breastwork, and two long twelve-pounders. Of the inhabitants themselves, Mr. Alexander gives a lively character.

The inhabitants are stout and athletic; the men are about five feet eight inches in height, seldom taller, with straight muscular limbs; the women are rather diminutive, but well-formed in every respect except the nose, which is commonly flat. Both sexes are of a copper colour: they are lively and inquisitive; they smoke segars constantly; almost all of them read and write; and having no prejudices, they are readily susceptible of improvement and civilization. The women are not immured at home like those of Hindoostan; they superintend the domestic economy, and weave their own and their husbands' cloths: the latter are checks of different patterns, resembling tantems. The men wear a single cloth tucked round their loins, and hanging down to the knee; the loose part is thrown across the shoulders, strongly resembling the ancient mode of dress amongst the Scottish Highlanders. Both the men and the women wear the hair of the head long, but eradicate with pincers the hair from the other parts of the body: the men have neither whiskers nor mustachios. The head-dress of the men is a handkerchief twisted round, entwined in the hair in front, and tied in a knot. Sandals are worn on the feet, consisting of a sole of leather fixed on the foot by two straps, which unite at the great toe. The dress of the women barely serves the purpose of decency; it consists of a narrow piece of cloth, worn over the breasts, and tucked in at either side; in walking one leg is always exposed. Over the lower robe is worn a loose vest with sleeves (commonly white), which reaches to the upper part of the thigh. The hair of the women is divided in front, and tied in a knot behind, in which flowers are entwined. Men and women attain the age of puberty before they marry. Those who can afford it burn their dead; but the poorer classes make a narrow hole in the ground, about three feet deep, and having tied up the corpse in a mat, thrust it in sideways, first carrying it three times round the hole or grave; they then throw the earth over it, trampling it down hard. I observed massive tombstones in several parts of the outskirts of the town, which had been placed over the ashes of poonghees, or inferior priests.

Males and females have holes in the lobes of both ears, in which they stick their segars; they dye their teeth and the edges of their eye-lashes with antimony. The greatest compliment that can be paid a Burman, is to take the lighted cheroot from your mouth and present it to him; he, immediately after placing it in his cheek, performs the *shiko*, or salaam with both hands. They are very fond of drinking tea and brandy with Europeans, and eat and drink with them without the least scruple. When the men and women quarrel they fight it out, the men with their fists and the ladies with their slippers; they despise the Hindoos for confining their contests to abuse, without coming to blows.

They account it to be very injurious to the growth of animals to be deprived of the maternal milk, wherefore they never milk their kine, which consequently excel in size those of Hindoostan. The children are suckled for a couple of years; and I have seen a child after taking its fill from the nipple, smoke a segar with great relish.

The men are tattooed very closely, from the waist to below the knee, with different figures of animals, charms, &c.; I saw a woman with the whites of her eyes tattooed.

Their peculiar manners and customs are hastily run over by Mr. Alexander ; nevertheless, the sketch of them is curious and instructive.

Pickled tea-leaves, the areca nut, and betel leaf, are chewed ; and the grades of rank are denoted by the betel-box being either of gold, silver, or wood, as well as by the articles of furniture and dress. The Burmans are extremely curious in examining the texture of the clothes worn by Europeans ; they approach in a respectful manner, and feel the dress all over. For an old red jacket, or a piece of broad-cloth, a Burman would part with every thing, even his wife for a season.

Of their complaisant disposition, in this respect, the European officers availed themselves ; most of them having one, and some two Burman wives, who proved very faithful, and made excellent servants. They were purchased for fifty or sixty rupees : some of the ladies have Anglo-Burman children. The disproportion of females to males, in the population of the Burman empire, owing probably to the wars which have occurred there, has been the occasion of a custom amongst the Burmans of selling their wives and daughters, particularly the latter.

Dr. Buchanan mentions a curious custom of the physicians in this country, which did not occur to my observation. He says that the parents of a young woman attacked by a dangerous illness enter into compact with a doctor, who undertakes to cure her under the following conditions : namely, if she lives, she becomes the property of the doctor ; if she dies, he pays her value to the parents. He adds, that the number of fine young women he saw in the house of a doctor at Meaday, made him think that the practice was very common.

The Burmans are not of the penurious disposition of the Bengalees, but live as well as their means afford. They foolishly expend considerable sums upon their *spirai* or trumpet-shaped temples, where they bury images of silver. All the smaller temples about Rangoon (of which there are several thousands) have been picked by the Europeans, for the sake of the small silver Gandmas. Few steps were taken to check this very culpable practice.

The Burmans are very fond of music and poetry. They have bands of music, consisting of circles of gongs, drums, and pieces of bamboo of different lengths fixed on strings, which being struck with a short stick, produce a sound resembling that of a piano ; the effect on the water, on a moonlight night, is very fine. Their dancing consists of turning round slowly on one spot, and gracefully moving the arms and hands in circles.

The food of the Burmans is principally rice, to which they add animal food when they can get it, though they are prohibited from slaughtering domesticated animals. Napee, prepared from putrid sprats and other fish, is a favourite sauce with their rice. They also use a soup made from the stem of the young plantain tree. The lower orders are extremely abusive ; the common terms are "*na lee*," "*supak loo*," "*ni maggi loolah*," &c., which are too indelicate to admit of translation. When they challenge one another to fight, they strike their left arm at the elbow with the right hand, exclaiming, "*yauk ya !*" or "*here's a proper man for you !*" In their boat-races they exclaim, "*yauk ya lahy !*" and "*yayla wallahy !*" which are all terms of defiance.

The arms of the soldiery are muskets without bayonets, swords, and spears. They carry their powder in a horn, and sometimes in a dried pumpkin, or a long cloth bag. The weapon they use best is the *gijenal*, or swivel, which they fire with great precision. The *dar*, or sword, is a truly Homeric weapon ; it is used for building houses, fighting, or preparing food. The handle is the same length as the blade, so that they can hold it with one or both hands, and strike a powerful blow. The main arm of his Majesty of the Golden Feet is, however, the war-boats—every village on the banks of the great river that runs through the heart of his dominions, is obliged to furnish a certain number. The common length of these boats is fifty or sixty feet. They are rowed or paddled by thirty or forty men ; they carry also a few soldiers with a piece of ordnance at the prow. Our war-boats could never get near them ; the steam-boat alone tired out the rowers, and when she came up with them, they jumped overboard : for the Burmese, from the nature of the country, are excellent swimmers.

This is Mr. Alexander's description of the great Shoé Dagoon, of which he has given a good drawing.

The great *praw*, or pagoda, is the Shoé Dagoon, or golden temple. It is situated two miles and a half in the rear of Rangoon. Leaving the town by one of the northern gates, a broad fosse is crossed by a causeway; the road then gradually ascends, between rows of smaller pagodas, till the eminence is reached on which stands the Shoé Dagoon, occupying the highest of three platforms. The building is octagonal at the base, and spiral at the top, and is said to be three hundred and thirty feet in height. It is highly gilt. On the top is a *tee*, or umbrella, of open iron-work, surmounted by a vane, and a small globe of glass: bells are hung round the lower part of the *tee*. There are no apertures in the building, which is solid throughout. It has small niches around, which contained images of marble and wood; but these have been removed to England, India, or elsewhere. It was truly melancholy to observe the ravages which had been committed on the smaller pagodas surrounding the Shoé Dagoon: one alone, amongst thousands, was preserved from pillage, by the exertions of Dr. Campbell, of the Madras artillery.

On the southern side of the pagoda is a beautiful pavilion, gilt and picked out with crimson, containing an image of Gandama, of such gigantic dimensions, that an English officer placed his couch where he reposed, in its left hand!

At the time Mr. Alexander arrived in Burmah, the British general had advanced beyond Prome, one of the principal towns of the empire. A detachment of infantry and artillery having received orders to proceed up the river, in consequence of the rupture of the armistice that had been agreed on, and the recommencement of hostilities, Mr. Alexander volunteered to accompany it. In passing up the river, the mosquitoes caused excessive torment. Whole squadrons of these insects issuing from the high reeds which line the banks of the river, bit the poor Europeans through sheets and long drawers. "A cavalry officer affirmed that he found no protection against them in a pair of leather breeches; an infantry soldier declared they had bit him through his breast-plate; an artillery-man, to crown the joke, asserted that he could not secure his head by thrusting it into a mortar!" Upon reaching Yan-Yan-Chinia, the main branch of the mighty Irawaddy, then a mile in width, its breadth varies from one mile to five, all the way to Ava. The bed of the Irawaddy is an alluvial deposit, indurated by the petrifying property of the river, which produces this change upon all matter subject to its operation. From the mud of the river, in any part of its course, from ten to twelve per cent. of gold-dust may be washed. As Mr. Alexander was sailing up the stream, discussing a plate of rice and salt fish, he saw descending the river, a crow sitting and feasting upon a dark-looking substance. It was an evidence that our troops were beyond this point; it proved to be the corpse of a European soldier, dressed in a check shirt: the head had been chopped off at Henzada, a large town in which were many temples and wooden bridges. The chief wore a naval uniform, which had been presented to him by Captain Alexander, of the Alligator. He shewed his commission, which ran as follows: "*Shoé ma Praw, chief magistrate of Henzada, having drank the waters of fidelity to the British Flag, wears the knife in his girdle from this date. September fourth, 1825.*"

In the pools and backwaters after passing Henzada, were dead bodies in every stage of decay, to the number of sixty or seventy together. Passing Shoégeen, an extensive town, they observed it to be filled with women and children. The Burmese authorities keep the families of

the men drafted into the army, as pledges of their fidelity: in case of cowardice or desertion, vengeance is unrelentlessly inflicted upon the innocent women and their children.

The banks of the river were infested with parties of hostile natives. Upon single boats being discovered, or canoes weakly manned, the spies spring a wooden rattle with four clappers, sounding exactly like those which are tied round the necks of bullocks, to prevent their straying into the jungle. On hearing the signal, the plunderers rush out in their boats, and not only rob but murder or mutilate those who fall into their hands. Near Mnouzeay, a few days before Mr. Alexander arrived at this point of the river, Dr. Sandford and Lieutenant Bennet, of the Royals, were taken prisoners. They were coming from Prome, sick, and having imprudently landed in order to breakfast, several men approached them, one at a time, presenting fowls, vegetables, &c., till about a dozen had collected, who suddenly threw a noose round their necks, and dragged them into the jungle. A Chinaman, who saw what passed by concealing himself behind a bush, stated that the Burmese stripped the two officers, and tormented them by thrusting sticks into their bodies. The Burmese seem to have treated the Europeans as the Spaniards treated their French invaders. Whilst walking along the bank, Mr. Alexander observed the recent corpse of an European, with a spear-wound in the chest, and a stake driven through his neck: also another impaled. The scenery up the river, until the detachment arrived at Prome, is described as enchanting. The country on the banks consisted of hills covered with wood to their summits, and broken into beautiful undulations: the noble Irawaddy, a mile wide, winding between, its margin fringed with foliage, and its bosom resembling an extensive lake studded with islands, forming altogether a scene of the most picturesque description. At Prome, Mr. Alexander stayed some time; an attack on the town was daily expected. The entertainment of the British officers does not appear to have been of a very enviable description, neither their amusements very varied.

The evening after my arrival at Prome, whilst sitting at the door of the house where I reside, I observed an English officer stealing towards me, armed with a formidable spear, making his approaches cautiously, and partly concealing himself behind a paling. He seemed bent on some bloody deed, and I began to look about for some weapon to meet his attack, if possible, *paribus armis*; when suddenly he dashed from his hiding place, and hurled his spear at a pariah dog reposing in fancied security upon a dunghill. The weapon grazed the animal's back, and it ran howling to the jungle. This was one of the most active recreations of the subalterns at Prome. In the moonsoon, when the water flowed beneath the elevated houses in which they lived, they amused themselves by fishing with a line let down between the planks of the floor, as they lazily reclined on their cots (whilst a Burman was tattooing their skin,) or rowed about from house to house in small canoes.

At Prome several horses of the body-guard and many head of cattle are said to have been destroyed by leeches in the viscera, which they received into the stomach along with the jungle grass in which these leeches exist in great numbers. At this place our traveller had an opportunity of witnessing a proof of the rapidity with which the waters of the Irawaddy convert foreign bodies into stone. The pioneers on attempting to remove a house built on massive teak found the edge of their axes all turned. Although the house had only been built ten years, and the pillars were only under water three months in the year during the moonsoon, the pillars were petrified throughout.

Within a very short time after Mr. Alexander's arrival at Prome the peace was concluded, the terms of which are well known, and there being nothing more to do our traveller travelled back.

On going down the river, Mr. Alexander observed that the prisoners that his party had taken in passing up, had been crucified, in *terrorem*, by the commander of the district. Does he mean the British military commander? The following is an account of the *native* manner of inflicting punishment:—

The culprit is led to the place of execution, (which is commonly an open spot on the banks of the river,) where a bamboo grating is set up, to which his extended legs and arms are tied; sometimes he is made to kneel in front of the grating, and the hands alone are pinioned to it. The eyes of the culprit are not bound, so that he witnesses all the appalling preparations for his death. The executioner, who is distinguished by a red cloth crossing the body over one shoulder, and armed with a *dar* or sword, which he holds in both hands, retires about twenty yards from the criminal, and making a rush at him, inflicts a frightful wound in a diagonal direction from the upper part of the thorax to the bottom of the abdomen, which exposes the viscera: a piercing shriek follows the blow, which is not immediately fatal, the culprit lingering sometimes for several hours after. This is the punishment for heinous offences.

The most common punishment for more trivial crimes is decapitation by a single stroke of the *dar*; or a target is painted on the naked body of the culprit, who is fixed to a tree and fired at. In the latter case, if the executioners miss their object, after a certain number of shots, (which they are very ready to do if well bribed,) he is permitted to escape. It is extraordinary to observe the apparent unconcern which the Burmese exhibit when led to execution; they smoke a *segar* on the way, and continue to do so, with perfect *sang froid*, till the fatal moment.

At length Mr. Alexander leaves Rangoon in H. M. S. *Champion*, Capt. Stoddart, in company with Capt. (since Colonel) Snodgrass, (of whose narrative of the Burmese war we have already given an account,) with the peace despatches. Nearly half the crew of the *Champion* (100 strong) were in the hospital; almost all the men who had gone up the river had suffered severely from the bites of the mosquitoes, which had caused obstinate ulcers; some of them had actually lost their limbs from mortification having ensued. We are at a loss to account for the excessive unhealthiness of our troops during the Burmese war. The mortality was excessive; and were we to look only at the nature of the country—it consisting chiefly of water and watery rice-grounds—it might not be necessary to look farther. But the testimonies of all writers previous to the war are in favour of the salubrity of Burmah; and Dr. Judson, the American missionary, who lived many years at Rangoon, the spot so fatal to our soldiery, declares it to be the healthiest part of all the East!

The *Champion* set sail: in the Gulph of Martaban, a suspicious sail hove in sight, which, when afterwards captured, proved to be an *American*, laden with arms and warlike stores for the Burmese!

Calcutta, at which Mr. Alexander soon arrived, has been often described. Our traveller, however, loses no opportunities, and thus sketches the appearance of the Governor-General, Lord Amherst, in public, and the promenade of our Indian capital.

The appearance of Lord Amherst on this scene did not exactly correspond with what might have been expected from the Governor-General of India, though it accorded with his unassuming character. He rode in plain clothes, on a white horse, not remarkable for its beauty, attended by a single aid-de-camp, and a couple of troopers of the body guard, who were dressed in red hussar jackets, with silver lace, leather

breeches, and long boots, caps, and feathers. His lordship is a short and spare-made man, his complexion sallow, his hair grey. Lady Amherst appeared in better style, accompanied by her daughter and an aid-de-camp, in a smart carriage and four; an escort of the body guard attended in front and rear. The vehicles on the course were of every build, from the dashing London to the humble buggy. Some of the ladies sported fire-arms, and were unbounetted: a few of the gentlemen promenaded in white jackets, without hats. Rich natives, haboos, and others, were lounging in their coaches: amongst them I observed the representative of the Pacha of Egypt, the Imaum of Muscat, &c. Leaving the course, I took a turn on the Strand, the street which leads along the river, and which is resorted to by the more sober and unostentatious portion of the inhabitants. Here I observed several beautiful American ladies, with their golden diadems, the lower parts of their faces muffled in white veils, who were enjoying in their carriages the cool breeze from the river.

Mr. Alexander, after remaining some time, determines on proceeding to England; he accordingly takes a passage in the *Glorioso*, a country ship, bound for Bombay, whence he resolved to proceed by the overland route to England. On the voyage they were overtaken by a storm, which appears from the description to have been of that exciting kind which does good to a torpid liver.

The following night we had vivid lightning: and at noon, on the 2d of April, whilst in latitude $9^{\circ} 30'$, near Cochin, heavy, dense, and threatening clouds collected in the horizon. At 4 p. m. there was a dead calm. In half an hour afterwards the sea began to rise, with a long swell from the north-east; the clouds grew dark and lowering, and at length hung in a gloomy canopy overhead. The wind began to blow in gusts, with the lower scud driving rapidly along. On a sudden a rushing and howling sound was heard astern, and on looking towards the east, we saw the water lifted up in white foam, and advancing towards us at a furious rate like a wall. The utmost confusion prevailed on board: the Lascars ran about stupified with fear. All at once, before a single sail could be taken in, a terrific gust took the ship, and laid her on her beam ends. I expected the masts to go by the board every instant: the upper ones bent like willows. The top-gallant and top-sail-handyards were let go, but the wind was so strong that the yards would not come down the caps; and we rushed on through a tremendous sea, with the spring washing clean over the bows, and pitching bowsprit under. The sea was coming in at the lee-ports, when suddenly all the sails went streaming in ribbons, with the exception of the fore-topsail, and the ship righted: the main topsail sheet broke, and the mainyard tilted right up and down. The lightning all this time was darting round the mast-heads, and with the thunder almost deprived us of sight and hearing; the rain fell in torrents. Most of the passengers were paralyzed with fright at our perilous situation.

The storm continued to rage for several hours; and though we had only one sail to carry us on, we continued to fly through the water. The night was pitchy dark, and the vessel seemed to be driving through a sea of liquid fire, sending out long streams of light from her bows. A hand on the main-top sung out, "A ship on fire to windward!" Turning our eyes to that quarter we beheld a great blaze several miles off, which continued to gleam fearfully in the horizon, and all at once disappeared; it was an Arab ship, which had been wrecked on the coast, and the light we saw was a signal of distress.

At ten p. m., the storm having nearly subsided, grog was served out to the lascars, who were quite exhausted, nodding and falling asleep on the yards while unbending the remains of the sails. The Mussulmans, though prohibited by their religion, took off the liquor without scruple. The tyndals requested that the light might be previously removed, "for then," said they, "we don't know that we are drinking forbidden liquor."

From Bombay our voyager sails up the Persian gulf to Bushire. We observed nothing new or very remarkable in the author's account of his voyage; unless it be his account of the pearl divers, which, though not new altogether, is new to us in the particular of their being used as spring-hunters.

Near them are the celebrated pearl-banks, where any person is allowed to fish between the middle of May and the middle of September. The divers are arabs, and the mode in which they collect the pearl oysters is as follows: The diver, having stripped himself, compresses his nostrils with wooden pincers: he then slings round his neck a small basket, capable of containing two dozen shells, and jumping over-board, places his feet on two crossed double-headed shot, attached to a rope, which he holds. His companions in the boat lower him rapidly, and as soon as he touches the bottom he quits the shot and rope, which are hauled up. After having filled his basket, he ascends without assistance to the surface. The divers sometimes meet with springs of fresh water at the bottom: at Bahreen in particular, where the only water used for drinking on board the cruizers is procured by sending a man down three or four fathoms with a musket-barrel, which he fills and brings up.

The country through which the remaining portion of the traveller's route extends, though much better known than Burmah, is sufficiently interesting to make it worth our while to pursue his steps. But Burmah and Persia are too much for one article. We shall reserve the latter for another opportunity, when we design to review the narrative of the present writer in conjunction with those of some other recent travellers in Persia.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS DIBDIN.*

THE malady of memoir-writing continues to rage in the dramatic corps. We expected with some confidence, that poor O'Keeffe would have been its last victim. The "Recollections" of that o'erwrought veteran appeared symptomatic of a decline. Two volumes so harmless, so senile, so somniferous, could not, we imagined, fail to take off the edge of the distemper. But we were mistaken;—it has broken out with fresh vigour in the person of Mr. Dibdin. The appetite of the reading public for theatrical gossip must be good: and hence the aliment that feeds the disorder. If, however, decayed dramatists find it a means of obtaining a last benefit from the public, they have an apology for yielding to the infection. But the public might consider, whether a tax in behalf of their old servants would not be a more commodious and agreeable way of obtaining the same end. The biographer would be spared the labour of writing, and the public the trouble of reading, what can bring neither credit to the one, nor amusement to the other.

This we consider to be true of the recent theatrical biographers *generally*. In a quantity of chaff, there will scarcely fail to be a few grains which diligent sifting may not extricate from the rubbish. This, though sparingly, was the case with Kelly; the grain was more abundant in Reynolds; even in O'Keeffe, a good seeker might have detected a stroke or two of humour—Irish, of course—and Mr. Dibdin is not without his good things—would there were more of them! But the compensation for time wasted is small—to those, at least, who have a better way of spending their leisure than making May-flies, or swinging on gates. With this order of men, the gossip of Kelly, O'Keeffe, &c. may have a value: and it is for them, we sup-

* The Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin, of the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Haymarket, &c. and Author of the Cabinet, &c. London; Colburn, 1827. 2 vol.

pose, the publisher caters. If he had sought the good of mankind in general, he would have put a visiting-card before each of his autobiographers, and have said, "There, Mr. O'Keeffe, or, there, Mr. O'Kelly, &c. pray write out all the good things you know." Should these narrow limits have been spurned at, the difference was still wide between the compass of a visiting-card and that of two volumes octavo. Mr. Dibdin, for example, we would have allowed as many pages for his good things, as he has filled with the list of his "plays, operas, farces, and pantomimes, &c. &c.;" and the type need not have been small.

It will not require many words to characterize this last piece of autobiography. It has all the marks of the family it belongs to—hollow mirth, tame vivacity, villainous puns, barren jests, snatches of plays ill-applied, with poverty of matter, and an incessant effort to torture common-place events into dramatic incidents. These are the distinguishing features of Thespian autobiography. The "Life and Times of Frederic Reynolds" is the most perfect specimen of this "funny" species of composition. Mr. Dibdin is not so mercurial, but, nevertheless, he often forces his heavy and reluctant Minerva into a harlequin step. The vocation of these dramatists in their youth was to manufacture jokes, and from a costive wit to extort matter of laughter for the galleries. Their vocation is gone, but the bad habit it engendered remains; and hence autobiography—the most amusing kind of writing—has, in their hands, grown as dull as the drama, which, since Sheridan's time, has been the dullest of all imaginable things.

This effervescence of forced spirits—as lasting and substantial as the froth with which the knowing tapster crowns a pot of stale beer—afflicts the reader with intolerable ennui; a feeling, which if it be superseded at all, yields only to a profound melancholy.

Children are usually beguiled by the laugh of the comedian into believing him the happy fellow he appears upon the stage; but a little further acquaintance with him, corrects their misconception. It is easy to surmise, that the calling of a writer to the theatres must of all others be harassing and vexatious; and, from its excessive precariousness, calculated to plunge the lightest spirits into despondency. Yet these gentlemen of the modern drama would have us conceive them souls of mirth and fellows of infinite fun, who jested at disappointment and found food for merriment in their own miseries. Alas! their efforts to preserve the gay and light-hearted tone, which they deem becoming their vocation, are as distressing as the grimaces of the poor clown, whose face looks any thing but beef-steaks and bottled porter. The history of a dramatist's life, if it faithfully reflected the pangs of disappointment, the tortures of suspense, the difficulties, distresses, hopes and fears, the brief joys and ever-impending glooms necessarily incident to it, would be an instructive, and, at all events, an amusing narrative.

And even though these Reminiscences and Recollections are carefully dressed in a garb of merriment, the naked reality does, notwithstanding, sometimes peep out at elbows, and guide us to the truth. Poor blind O'Keeffe led upon the stage to return thanks for a benefit,

(almost the *latest* of *his* reminiscences,) and Mr. Dibdin, after the wreck of all his hard-earned gains, compounding with Mr. Morris of the Haymarket, for a clear benefit, and an engagement for Mrs. Dibdin, "as superintendant of the ladies' wardrobe, though at a very trifling salary," are quite enough to "pluck out the heart of their mystery."

The narrative of Mr. Dibdin's early life is a repetition of the old story. First subjected to a Cumberland classic, who taught Virgil "with a strong arm and a thick stick," he is next the stage-bit apprentice, with a head always in theatricals, never in his business; indentured to a matter-of-fact upholsterer, (now Sir William Rawlins,) who went to the play only when he could get an order; the master looking up to the mayoralty, the apprentice to the boards of the "Royalty Theatre," as the apex of human ambition. Views so opposite could not fail to make an early breach in the engagement subsisting between them. The issue is narrated by Mr. Dibdin, after his manner; and we beg to present the reader with the passage, as a favourable specimen of the Thespian style.

"One fatal day, in still more fatal hour, (I assure you, moral reader, it was the first so improperly dedicated,) when I ought to have been making out a bill of parcels, I was busily employed in constructing a lovely little hell, (nothing like those at the west end, though I was apprenticed at Fishmongers'-hall,) but one meant to represent the last scene of *The Libertine Destroyed*—when Sir William unexpectedly entering on the scene, played the devil in a style I never anticipated. In his infernal wrath, he shivered theatre, scenes, and machinery to atoms; burnt seas, razed palaces, dispersed clouds, piled temples upon rocks, mingled cottages with the celestial abodes of Olympus, threw Veeuvius at Kamschatka, and consumed all upon the kitchen-fire: then,—

"Heavens! while I tell it, do I live?
He smote me on the cheek!

and that with so much marked determination, and such frequent repetition, that, unable to cope with the common-councilman's wand of office, (and a stout one it was,) as Zanga again says,—

"——— I did not stab him then,
For that were poor revenge:

but after upsetting a few piles of massy furniture in my retreat, (for I knew the knight in embryo would stop to pick every article up,) I left him master of the field; and having made up my mind to seek civic protection from what I then deemed civic ferocity, I reached Guildhall by forced marches, and poured my griefs into the bosom of the chamberlain; not the chamberlain from whom I have since so frequently obtained his lordship's license for many a score of major, and minor, and melodramatic bantlings, but John Wilkes himself; who, after I had most pathetically enlarged on the cruelty of a governor (we scorned in our establishment to own a *master*) in not allowing his articulated young gentlemen (apprentice was *infra dig.*) to waste said governor's time on their own amusements,—I showed my marks; pourtrayed the desolation and entire destruction of my property, the nature of which I minutely described; and indignantly concluded by demanding a summons for my oppressor to attend, and be made a terrible example.

"I grant you a summons with pleasure, young gentleman!" replied the chamberlain, whose eye appeared directed to another person, "and I'll tell you why: I have no doubt but your master will tell the story another way, and I am anxious to know whether I ought to fine him, or send you to Bridewell."—Vol. i. pp. 28—30.

At the hearing before the chamberlain, the only remarkable circumstance was, that "while the worthy magistrate exhorted Sir William, he appeared to be looking full at *me*, and while he admonished *me*, his eyes seemed fixed on Sir William." This singularity, perhaps, prevented the worthy chamberlain's admonition from taking effect, for the next step recorded is a moonlight flitting to Margate, which place "young Dibdin" had selected for the scene of his first dramatic attempt. Armed with a letter from Mr. Booth of Covent-Garden, he presents himself, nothing doubting, before the proprietor of the Margate play-house, whom he found on the stage alone—

"A very comical, goodnatured-looking man, in a jacket and trousers, busily employed in painting a scene to be exhibited that evening in Mrs. Inchbald's new play of 'Such Things Are.' I presented him the already opened letter, which he graciously took with one hand, and a pretty ample pinch of snuff with the other; and having glanced his eye over the billet, he said—'I'm sorry, my son!' (his usual address to all his younger actors) 'very sorry, my son! that Booth did not write to me before he put you to the trouble of a journey: it so happens, we are full, very full, full to an overflow, behind the scenes; and I would to Heaven I could say we were ever so before the curtain!'—'What would you have me do, sir?' I asked.—'The best you possibly can, my son!'—'And what is that, sir?'—'I never give advice, and don't, in future, mean to take it: look at that scene, my son! I began it yesterday at rehearsal—the actors crowded round—each advised me how to improve it—I bowed to every opinion, adopted every hint: I had begun it as a grove; and if you'll have the goodness to look at it now, you'll find it is a street.'"—Vol. i. pp. 51—52.

He is recompensed for this disappointment by an opportunity of coming out at Eastbourne, not in Norval, the part to which he had aspired, but in "Poor Jack," to which the sentence of the manager had consigned him.

"I had just entered the room, and, to show my 'fitness for the morrow's strife,' addressed the manager with

"Never till now stood I in such a presence:

Yet, trust me, Norval ne'er shall shame thy favour,

But blood of Douglas shall protect itself;—

'Bravo!' he cried, 'bravo, my friend, you'll make a hit, I'm sure; but it won't be in Douglas. I am really sorry you can't come out in that part; for Mrs. Lushington, the great banker's lady, has sent to desire, &c. - - - and you shall come out in POOR JACK!'—Vol. i. p. 71.

The critique of a gentle North Briton upon the acting at Eastbourne, does not imply a very advanced state of the art: the remarks savour of the "dear country."

"'Your theatre,' said the bonny Scot, 'is unco sma', and far behind the elegance and propriety o' our great hoose at Edinburgh; and tho' ye were vara judeecious in acting Maister Home's beautiful poem o' Douglas, yer actors are ower indifferent or careless i' their parts; and there is na ane o' them to compare wi' Maister Digges, i' the Scotch metropolis; and I saw, years back, the cockney callant that pretended to *ac* Glenalvon, was aye putting an H tul every vowel that began his words; and when he told Leddy Randolph he was a haltered man, I coudna help wushing the fallow hanged i' doonright gude earnest.'"—Vol. i. p. 75.

A more advantageous engagement shortly after offered itself in the company of Mrs. Baker, "of the Canterbury, Rochester, Tunbridge Wells, Maidstone, Feversham, Deal, and other theatres!" This

lady's corps "being on a salary establishment, and not a joint-stock concern, ranked considerably above the Dover association," to which he had recently belonged. The company, in the course of its lengthened circuit, had reached Deal when the new recruit joined it; but, to use the words of the lady manager, she was only "filling up the time, and keeping her people together, just from hand to mouth, as one might say, till her new great grand theatre at Canterbury should be quite finished." Of our author's Thespian connexions no one appears to us more worthy of commemoration than this motherly manager of twenty theatres, whose homely kindness he must often have painfully missed in his dealings with the cold dignitaries of the London theatres—the Harrises and Morrisises, (not to mention the sub-committee, and his "obedient servant," Douglas Kinnaird,) with whom he was subsequently connected.

"Mrs. Baker, on my first announcing my name in her presence, asked, without waiting a reply, whether I was not very young on the stage, whether I had got a lodging, and whether, after my journey, I did not want some money; adding, with her usual rapidity of utterance, 'I am sure you do, and I won't have my young men get in debt in the town: here is a week's salary in advance, all in silver: show the Deal people a little of this, and they will be sure to be civil to you in hopes of seeing the rest of it.'"—Vol. i. pp. 101—102.

"This good lady, who read but little, and had learned no more of writing than to sign her name, had been left a widow without any resources but her own praiseworthy (and I am happy to add, profitable) stock of industry: she was at this time beginning to realise the very considerable property she since died possessed of."—Vol. i. pp. 93—94.

"The indefatigable priestess of Thalia and Melpomene went every morning to market, and kept the box-book, on which always lay a massy silver ink-stand, which, with a superb pair of silver trumpets, several cups, tankards, and candlesticks of the same pure metal, it was the lady's honest pride to say she had paid for with her own hard earnings: she next manufactured the daily play-bill, by the help of scissors, needle, thread, and a collection of old bills; cutting a play from one, an interlude from another, a farce from a third, and sewed them neatly together; and thus precluded the necessity of pen and ink, except where the name of a former actor was to make way for a successor, and then a blank was left for the first performer who happened to call in, and who could write, to fill up. A sort of levee for those of her establishment who had business with her, while others were rehearsing on the stage, (for her dwelling was generally in the theatre,) filled up the remainder of the morning. Her family, consisting of a son, two daughters, (one of the young ladies being the Siddons and Jordan, and the other the Crouch and Billington of the company,) together with her sister, and Mr. Gardner the manager, and sometimes a favourite actress or actor, were added to the dinner party, which no sooner separated, than Mrs. B. prepared for the important five hours' station of money-taker at box, pit, and gallery doors, which she very cleverly united in one careful focus, and saved by it as much money in her lifetime as I lost at the Surrey theatre in six or seven years. When the curtain dropped, she immediately retired to her bed-chamber, with the receipts of the evening in a large front pocket, leaving always a supper-table substantially covered for the rest of the family. Twice a week, when the theatre was not open, a pleasant little tea and card-party, concluding at an early hour, filled up the time, which, on other evenings, was allotted to the business of the theatre. When Mrs. Baker (who had many years previously only employed actors and actresses of cherry-wood, holly, oak, or ebony, and dressed and undressed both the ladies and gentlemen herself,) first engaged a living company, she not only

used to beat the drum behind the scenes, in Richard, and other martial plays, but was occasionally her own prompter, or rather that of her actors. As has before been hinted, her practice in reading had not been very extensive; and one evening, when her manager, Mr. Gardner, was playing Gradus, in the farce of 'Who's the Dupe,' and imposing on Old Doiley, by affecting to speak Greek, his memory unfortunately failed him, and he cast an anxious eye towards the prompteress for assistance. Mrs. B. having never met with so many syllables combined in one word, or so many such words in one page as the fictitious Greek afforded, was rather puzzled, and hesitated a moment; when Gardner's distress increasing by the delay, he rather angrily, in a loud whisper, exclaimed, 'Give me the word, madam.' The lady replied, 'It's a hard word, Jem.'—'Then give me the next.'—'That's harder.'—'The next?'—'Harder still.' Gardner became furious; and the manageress, no less so, threw the book on the stage, and left it, saying,—'There, now you have 'em all, you may take your choice.'—Vol. i. p. 95—97.

"I remember one very crowded night, patronised by a royal duke at Tunbridge-Wells, when Mrs. Baker was taking money for three doors at once,—her anxiety, and very proper tact, led her, while receiving cash from one customer, to keep an eye in perspective on the next, to save time; as thus:—'Little girl! get your money all ready' while this gentleman pays.—My lord! I'm sure your lordship has silver; and let that little boy go in while I give his lordship change.—Shan't count after your ladyship.—Here comes the duke! make haste! His Royal Highness will please to get his ticket ready while my lady—now, sir! now, your Royal Highness!'—'O dear, Mrs. Baker! I've left my ticket in another coat pocket.'—'To be sure you have! take your Royal Highness's word: let his Royal Highness pass: his Royal Highness has left his ticket in his *other* coat pocket.' *Eclats de rire* followed; and I believe the rank and fashion of the evening found more entertainment in the lobby than from the stage."—Vol. i. pp. 226—227.

The good lady had some difficulty in consenting to relinquish Mr. Dibdin, and his "Snug Little Island," that drew the "great grand" quality folk to her theatres. On going to take a friendly leave of her, he found her "busy among the market people before the door, driving hard bargains for some uncommonly fine butter, fresh from the dairy."

"I announced my business, and begged to be dismissed as soon as possible. Pretending to have forgotten all that had passed, the good lady asked what I meant; and while, in the warmth of my recapitulating our cause of quarrel, I happened to extend my hand towards her, - - - - - she clapped a Savoy leaf, containing a two-pound lump of butter, in my open palm, and said,—'Take that home to your wife, and ask her whether she can get half so good, or half so much, for double the price in London. If you want a week's salary in advance, take it; send away the coachman; and don't talk nonsense about going to town. The mayor, and all the 'great grand' quality, are coming to-night, and can't do without the 'Snug Little Island.' What do you write such things for? You are more trouble to me than all my actors.'"—Vol. i. pp. 222, 223.

It was to the "Jew and the Doctor" that our author owed his introduction to Covent Garden. Some friend of Mr. T. Harris had witnessed the success of that performance, in the hands of Dowton, on the Maidstone boards, and reported so favourably of it, that the great man expressed a wish to see it, and desired it might be transmitted, in such a way as to secure it from the danger of being mislaid, which "Mr. H. was sorry to find was the case with a piece Mr. D. had sent him some time ago." All England was at that time agog with the news of Sir Horatio Nelson's victory at the Nile. Our author, to conciliate yet more the good will of the proprietor, wrote to him to announce that he "had *finished* a drama in one act," on the subject of the victory,

(though, truth to say, "he had *not written a line*,") and would "send him it, if he would accept of it." "If he *should* accept it," very properly asked Mrs. Dibdin, "what will you do?" "Write it," was my reply. The answer was a wish to see the "*petite piece*," so to work went our author, and "The Mouth of the Nile" was duly transmitted by post. The play-wright as duly followed, and the day after his arrival was appointed for reading the piece in the green-room. And now might our author look back with regret to motherly Mrs. Baker, her rouleaus of silver, pound of butter, "great grand" quality folks, and good-natured Kentish critics, among whom his word had used to law.

"Before the first nobility and gentry at Tunbridge-Wells I could read, or speak, or sing, without the slightest embarrassment, for there all I did was right; but the ACTORS of the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden were to me a much more formidable auditory. - - - - -

"The dreaded morning at length came; and, nearly a stranger to all, I found myself seated among Messrs. Fawcett, Incledon, J. Johnstone, Townsend, Simmons, Miss Walcup, Miss Sims, Mr. Attwood, (who was to compose the new music,) Mr. Farley, (who was to superintend the melodramatic part of the bagatelle,) and Mr. Lewis, the kindest, most gentlemanly, and cleverest stage-manager

"My little life hath known.

"I observed, as many a terrified candidate for the bays had done before and since, on similar occasions, 'This is an awful moment, gentlemen!'

"Mr. Fawcett.—'Very; but you are among friends.'

"Mr. Lewis.—'You are just at the edge of a cold bath; plunge in overhead, without fear, and in one moment you will find it quite pleasant.'

"Thus encouraged, I read, 'with good emphasis and good discretion;' and as I had adapted the principal comic songs to known airs, I sang them as they occurred. Fawcett seemed much pleased; Incledon observed, no man could write a song like my father; and when I had finished, each, in tolerable good-humour, except one, took the part allotted, and said 'Good morning!' The part which remained on the table was an Irishman, in which were two songs. Mr. Johnstone had walked out with Mr. Lewis, the latter desiring me to wait his return; pending which, Incledon re-entered the room, and said, without stopping for breath,—'My dear lad; that you possess some talent, no man that is a man—of judgment can deny: I adore your father; and, my dear boy! you have got the mark of the beast on you, as well as he has. Then why, my dear Tom Dibdin! (I love the name; for, in short, it is a name—that is a name) though your father is abused by many a composer who is no brick-maker himself, (but his 'Lads of the Village' will live longer than you or I, my boy!) and that makes me ask you—you, who have heard me sing 'Black-eyed Susan' and the 'Storm,'—the 'Storm,' my boy!—how you could think of writing me such a d—d diabolical part as this? not but what I'll do it from respect to Tommy Harris, and yourself, and your father's talent; and because I'm sure you can never have heard me open 'the Messiah,' or sing 'Old Towler.' Come to-night, and listen, and then you'll know how to do the next better; but now Jack Fawcett has got the best songs here—and the thing will do d—d well; so keep up your spirits, and I'll get Jack Davy and Billy Shields to compose something for you shall be worth writing to.'

"This was uttered with rapidity, and all that rich eccentricity of manner, which many have imitated, and few have equalled. His exit prevented my reply; and really I felt so awkwardly, and so uncertain whether I ought to laugh or take offence, that I hardly was conscious of the re-entrance of Mr. Lewis, who announced his regret that Mr. Johnstone could not be prevailed on to play in the piece; and as there was no other actor in the theatre, who

stood prominent in Irish characters, Mr. Lewis advised me, from having heard me read it, to attempt the part myself; to which (fearful of not getting my piece acted at all) I reluctantly consented."—Vol. i.—pp. 227—230.

Such was our author's débüt as writer-of-all-work to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. The nature of this connexion was as follows: he was to receive five pounds a week the whole year round, for the production of a pantomime and a one-act piece, on any subject of momentary interest, annually. It is with no small self-complacency that our play-wright speaks of his facility in composition. When a prologue or epilogue was wanted, it was a standing joke, he tells us, to say, "Write to Tom Dibdin, and you'll get it by return of post." This rapidity of execution enabled him to bring out several pieces in addition to those for which the theatre had contracted, and the profits thence arising constituted the largest part of his annual gains. Mr. Dibdin has regularly stated the prices he obtained for his successive works; and has even obliged us with a bill of each year's receipts. From this we learn that his first year's profits amounted to upwards of 400*l.*, his next to upwards of 500*l.*, and so on progressively, till the sum total reached the satisfactory amount of 1500*l.* In a word, his connexion with the Theatre Royal was in one shape or other so productive as to allow him, after he had been seized by the unlucky ambition of ruling a theatre of his own, to lose 18,000*l.* upon the Surrey.

This portion of Mr. Dibdin's Autobiography, and it forms no inconsiderable part of the whole, is chiefly *commercial*. It particularizes the making and selling of every piece he manufactured; and is founded, doubtless, upon the authority of his day-book and ledger. If his example be followed up by dealers and chapmen in other lines of business, what a career may this species of commercial biography run! For why should not Mr. Dibdin's old master, Sir William Rawlins, the upholsterer, write his Recollections, as well as Sir William's old apprentice, Mr. Dibdin, the play-wright? His day-book and ledger are of equal authority, and would supply him with materials equally ample and equally interesting. As for example:—"This day I disposed of the cabinet, with cedar shelves, for 150*l.*, independently of the ivory handles and gold ornaments, which netted about 150*l.* more." Or, "made a four-post bed, expecting that Mr. Harris would become a purchaser; which he having declined, Mr. Fawcett informed me might probably be very acceptable to Messrs. Colman and Co. of the Haymarket, to whom it was offered by Mr. Fawcett, and immediately accepted. Fearful of risk, not being perfectly easy as to the credit of the firm of Messrs. Colman and Co., I wrote to desire security for the 200*l.* purchase-money.—N.B. Realized 60*l.* by this transaction." Or, "had an order from Mr. Harris to make a one-legged mahogany table. Next day he sent for me to say, that a table, with but one leg, would not answer his purpose, and begged I would make it with two legs. This did not at all meet my ideas; however, I was persuaded, though not convinced, Mr. Harris throwing in the *argumentum ad hominem*, that he was willing to give for a two-legged table twice the price of a single-legged table: I therefore went to my shop, and set to work afresh, &c. N.B. The table returned to me a few days after, to be reduced to *one* leg, Mr. Harris finding that it did not stand well upon *two*." We need make no more citations from the

day-book of Sir William Rawlins, to show what copious materials that gentleman possesses for writing a biography of himself. Every piece of furniture he made or sold has its little history, in which the reader of taste cannot but find considerable interest. And yet more enlarged must be his pleasure in tracing the gradual accumulation of Sir William's property; and contemplating the summary of each successive year's net receipts. And what has been said of Sir William's means of instructing and delighting the world, is no less true of other manufacturers and dealers, both in the same and different lines of business. So that the reading public has a prospect before it of a series of Mercantile Reminiscences, by the most eminent tradesmen, as long as that of the late dramatical autobiographies. With a view to encourage the more distinguished persons in the upholstery business and other departments of trade, to favour the world with their Recollections, we shall here present them with a sample of a Play-maker's Reminiscences.

"I had now completed seven seasons at Covent-garden to the handsomely-expressed satisfaction of the proprietors, Mr. Harris in particular; and having thus as it were served my time out faithfully, (much more so than I had done with Sir William,) I wrote to Mr. Harris, requesting an advance of one pound per week salary for myself, and one pound additional per week for my wife: my salary would then be six pounds weekly through the year; Mrs. Dibdin's four pounds, playhouse pay, as it is technically termed; which means four pounds for every week of six nights on which the theatre is open, or rather 13s. 4d. every play-night through the season: this request was instantly acceded to: and, I believe, I voluntarily promised not to ask for another rise till I had seen out another seven years. I ought not to omit stating, that Sadler's Wells was fast repaying its own purchase-money.

"In the summer Mr. Colman applied to me for a three-act comedy; and as a balance for the black cloud which had hung over the 'White Plume,' I had the happiness of presenting him with the play of 'Five Miles Off, or the Finger Post;' which, though not produced till the 9th of July, 1806, was performed thirty-five nights during the very short remainder of the Hay-market season. I again made a previous bargain to be insured in the sum of two hundred pounds, hit or miss, and not to run the risk of three benefits, which, under the influence of a July sun, would have been very precarious indeed. *Maugre* the weather, however, the profits of my nights amounted to two hundred and seventy-five pounds. - - - - I sold the copy-right of 'Five Miles Off' to Barker for one hundred pounds."

We leave it to the reader to say, whether the literary interest of the upholsterer's biography, of which we gave specimens above, falls one jot below that of the play-wright, as treated by Mr. Dibdin. We do not profess any vehement regard for the modern drama; at the same time we feel that its admirers have reason to be aggrieved at the mode in which its history has been handled by its authors. Mr. D. has indeed entirely misconceived the vein in which it became him, as a dramatic writer, to compose his memoirs. The language and sentiments are exclusively those of a dealer and chapman; and what Mr. Dibdin said in jest, these Memoirs seriously repeat in every page;—

"The intrinsic value of a thing,
Is just as much as it will bring."

If any edification at all is to be derived from the work, considered as a history of the drama of these times, it can only arise from our observing the mode in which modern plays are concocted. It is

apparent, that as much as possible of mercenary, and as little as possible of dramatic spirit enters into their composition. And not only is the character of the piece affected by the interested speculations of the play-wright, but in the process of manufacturing is greatly modified by those of the proprietor and performers. Mr. Dibdin's pieces, in the course of reading and rehearsing, appear to have suffered innumerable alterations and additions, rendered necessary by the views of the proprietor, or the jealousy of actors. The dramatist seems as often to have worked upon their suggestions, as to have been guided by any original conceptions of his own. His business was to *fit* them with parts, and if the parts did not *fit*, the pieces were sent home to be altered. Often a particular part would be regarded by the performer it was intended for, as not *roomy* enough—not sufficiently wide to give him full swing and scope for action. Other parts again would be thought by those for whom they were *not* intended, as too roomy—needlessly wide. Hence arose bickerings and jealousies. The more powerful actors were propitiated by additions, at the expense of the weaker; and the whole performance eked out, botched, and curtailed, till its parts were adjusted to the satisfaction of those who were to support it.

Mr. Dibdin's Memoirs abundantly account for the degradation of the modern drama. We are not aware that he possessed original genius, or much dramatic spirit; but with whatever portion endowed, he was not at liberty to manage it unmolested. If a drama worthy of being named with those of former times should ever again take possession of the stage, it must come from a pen remote from the influence of actors and managers.

To illustrate this subject, and exemplify the miseries of a play-maker to the theatres, we shall adduce a passage or two from Mr. Dibdin. The following is his account of the rehearsal of "The Cabinet," a favourite of its composer's, as may be inferred from his designating himself on the title page as its author. "The Cabinet," however, had nearly been marred by the jealousies of its principal supporters.

"In the course of rehearsing 'The Cabinet,' I met with innumerable difficulties respecting the songs, &c. Incledon and Braham were to be kept equally in the fore-ground: if one had a ballad, the other was also to have one; each a martial or hunting-song; each a bravura; and they were to have a duett, in which each was to lead alternately. I, however, managed so as not to affect the general construction of the opera, although I wrote nearly twenty different subjects for music before I satisfied every one: several of these were to suit the difficult taste of Madame Storace, who one morning was so (more than usually) hard to please,—that taking my manuscript out of the prompter's hand, I buttoned it up in my surtout, and in great ire was leaving the stage, when I nearly tumbled over Mr. Harris, who had just entered: he soon stepped between the dignity of the singer and the tenacity of the author; and harmony was completely restored. Yet 'The Cabinet' gave me *infinitely less trouble than any opera* I subsequently produced. 'Zuma,' in particular, had so many additional and unnecessary scenes written for the introduction of bravuras, concerted pieces, &c. and became so altered in the essential parts of its story, (which, when accepted by Mr. Harris, was by him pronounced the most consistently interesting plot I had ever given him,) that, when produced, it no more resembled its former self, than 'She Stoops to Conquer' would be like the 'Battle of Hexham.'"

The author should have called to mind what Mr. Mate of the Margate theatre had said to him long ago;—he might have profited by the hint. “Look at that scene, my son! I began it yesterday at rehearsal—the actors crowded round—each advised me how to improve it—I bowed to every opinion, adopted every hint: *I had begun it as a grove; and if you’ll have the goodness to look at it now, you’ll find it is a street!*”

Through the intervention of Mrs. Mattocks our author had the honour (“for such it certainly was,”*) of being elected by the Princess Elizabeth to write a *vaudeville*, which was to be represented for the amusement of their Majesties at Frogmore. This passage throws further light upon the state of the modern drama, and the nature of the circumstances that affect it:—

“I need not say how grateful I felt for the distinction, how much I thanked Mrs. Mattocks for her participation in my feelings, and how eagerly I inquired who were to represent the *dramatis personæ* of what I might prevail on my Muse to elicit. Mrs. Mattocks said, ‘there need only be three principal parts, which would be acted by herself, Mr. Quick, and Mr.

* If it was not *honour*, it certainly was not profit.

“It was further intimated to me, on calling in Soho-square, that I was to receive THREE GUINEAS for the piece. I, in great astonishment, stated to Mrs. Mattocks, first, that in the few days since my seeing her, I had finished the piece completely, and paid one guinea to a copyist for making a fair transcript; and, anticipating her wish, another guinea for writing out the parts: and, secondly, that although it was but a one-act piece, I could not accept what was offered for it; nor was I desirous of any other remuneration than the distinguished honour of contributing to the amusement of the august party to be present, and of having the happiness to render the humble effort of my Muse acceptable to Her Royal Highness. Mrs. Mattocks replied, it was quite impossible the piece could be *accepted* on any terms but that of payment, and that what was offered was in proportion to the other expenses of the intended fête. I therefore began to take leave; when Mrs. Mattocks, perceiving I had the manuscripts and copies of the parts with me, begged I would reconsider the matter, which I said was unnecessary, as I should feel but too much honoured in presenting my drama as a dutiful tribute of respect, but could not accept payment beneath what the *minimum* of a minor theatre would have given me. ‘Then,’ said Mrs. Mattocks, ‘confide in me: I will shield you from the idea of having meant any offence; and you shall have reason to be satisfied.’ With this assurance I left the copies.

“Some days afterwards, I again saw Mrs. Mattocks, who put a paper in my hand and left me: it contained FIVE GUINEAS, out of which I had paid two, besides the expense of visits to town, &c. &c.”

Mr. Dibdin has taken his revenge upon the Princess, and the rest of the royal amateurs of Frogmore. As long as these Reminiscences shall survive, so long will the munificence of the court of George III. to the modern drama be upon record. And as if to guard against the possibility of his royal employer’s splendid remuneration being forgotten, he has even inserted it in the summary of the year’s total receipts, as thus:—

“Profit on Mrs. Mattocks’s commission: viz.

Received for piece	£ 5	5	0
Paid copying manuscript, £ 1	1	0	
Ditto parts	1	1	0
	2	2	0
	3	3	0

This was not forgotten on the part of our play-wright, his motto being, no pay no work. “A twelvemonth after,” he tells us, “Mrs. Mattocks, one night in the green-room, whispered in my ear, with one of her very comic laughs,—‘*I’ve got you another job!*’ I begged till next day to consider; and wrote, by Mr. Lewis’s advice, that as a one-act piece at Covent-garden would produce me fifty pounds, I hoped I was not presuming in declining to undertake one elsewhere under thirty pounds, especially as I was then much occupied: *to this I received no answer; and so ends the history of the Haunted Tower.*”

Elliston. She entreated me to pay particular attention to the character to be assigned to *her*, as she had need enough, God knew! of every assistance an author could afford her; while Quick was such a favourite of His Majesty, that he would be able to make *any thing* tell.' 'And Mr. Elliston, madam?' asked I, 'he is a gentleman I know little of: in what does his *forte* consist?' 'O, my dear sir! the king has seen him somewhere, at Weymouth, or Cheltenham,—and rather likes him; so he will do well enough as—a—sort of a—the *gentleman* of the piece'—'Which,' I replied, 'it is not easy to make so good a part as the others;' this the lady assented to, treating it as a matter of no consequence. Just then Mr. Quick entered the room, and many compliments passed between the veteran pair. Finally, I had my instructions as to the length, &c. of the projected drama, and seemed to satisfy them, when I detailed the momentary thoughts which struck me as presenting an outline on which to form it. On bidding adieu, Mr. Quick, in spite of my opposition, insisted on seeing me down stairs; and with the street-door in his hand, and the richest comic expression in his eye, whispered,—'Take care of me, and don't give that woman all the cream.'"

The "Jew and Doctor," the piece which had pleased the good people of Kent, and which had been the means of introducing its author to the London stage, was put in great danger by Mr. Harris's complaisance to a favourite actress. Yet with a rare felicity, it seems to have passed the ordeal untouched.

"Mrs. Mattocks (who I much feared would refuse the part of Mrs. Changeable) seemed in high spirits, laughed more than all the rest, said it was the best attempt since Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of "the Midnight Hour," wished her part was longer, and, on my offering an epilogue by way of make-weight, appeared perfectly satisfied. Mr. Knight made some scruples about Changeable, but Mr. Lewis, by some means, put him into better humour. John Emery and Charles Farley received with the greatest good-nature the trifling characters of Old Bromley and William; and one lady, whom I had known from a child, moved with graceful dignity out of the room, leaving the part of Emily on the table. - - - - -

"Within a few days of the farce appearing, Mr. Harris, just as he was leaving town, begged (from his anxiety for the safety of the piece) that I would add something more for Mrs. Mattocks in the chamber scene, or at least in the last scene, which I promised to do: but after working at it twenty-four hours, I found that whatever any other author might have done, I could make no improvement; and went in despair to Mr. Lewis, to ask what I should say to Mr. Harris on his return. 'Say? say nothing,' replied Mr. Lewis: 'Mr. Harris is too much your friend to wish to give you unnecessary trouble: he has so much just now to think of, that ten to one, if, at next rehearsal, he does not go away before the last scene comes on: but should he stop, and make any objection, I'll undertake your excuse.'

"I did not feel comfortable, notwithstanding; Mr. Harris's kindness being such, I wished to attend to his wishes, even when they were against my own. He came to the next rehearsal; stayed till the last moment; and when the farce was finished, clapped me on the back, and said, 'Very well! well done, my boy! you have done it now just as I wished: quite another thing!' and away he went, Mr. Lewis looking at me with his archly-arched eye-brows over his shoulder, as he followed his principal."

Another offspring of Mr. Dibdin's muse, to speak his own language, was not equally fortunate. We have seen how Mr. Incledon proposed tampering with the "Mouth of the Nile," the piece offered to Mr. Harris before a line had been written, and the proprietor was contemplating a more serious innovation.

"The next day Mr. Harris sent for me, and observed that, as a one-act piece, 'the Mouth of the Nile' would do little for the theatre in case of suc-

cess; and begged I would make a preceding act of pantomimic story, founded on some incident supposed to have taken place on the banks of the Nile previous to Nelson's arrival. This did not at all meet my ideas: the *value* of the trifle we were rehearsing was to arise entirely from its *immediate production*, while all ranks were enthusiastically delighted with every thing and any thing that could be said in praise of our navy; and now to write a new act, and wait for more scenery and rehearsals, was to me a complete omen of failure. I fancied I saw my air-built castles once more in the dust, and regretted leaving my humble but happy rustic pre-eminence among the good-natured Kentish critics: I was, however, persuaded, though not convinced; Mr. Harris throwing in the *argumentum ad hominem*, that a *two-act* piece would be hereafter valued by his treasurer at *twice* the price of the present single act, I therefore, went to my lodgings, and set to work afresh."

"The new first act of 'the Mouth of the Nile,' being quite finished and sufficiently rehearsed, both acts made their appearance before the audience; and, as my fears had truly prophesied, *one act had no sooner come out than it went in again*: all that part of the piece which I had originally written by return of post from Tunbridge-Wells was very successful, and repeated thirty-two nights that season, and several times during the year following."

The rehearsal of the above piece, the first Mr. Dibdin submitted to the critics of the green-room, led him to remark that obliquity in their way of judging, to which he owed all his subsequent difficulties.

"At the reading of all new pieces, performers very frequently measure the merit of the proposed drama by the value of their own individual parts in it; and, without meaning any offence to professors whose talents have laid me under so many years of obligation,—I can assert, that I have heard opinions of a play given on the staircase, while the actors were descending from the reading-room, so totally opposite to each other,—that until, by after experience, I discovered the cause, I hardly knew how to believe that men of education and merit could be so much at variance on a subject they ought to be, and were generally, pretty equal judges of."

And again, on the mention of his "School for Prejudice," in which Mr. Munden had *declined* the part of "Old Liberal," and was with difficulty prevailed on by Mr. Harris to tolerate it, he remarks that—

"Although *every* performer in this play, during rehearsal, expressed themselves much pleased with it as a whole, yet there was not a single incident but what was marked out by one or other, confidentially, as the *only* dangerous part of the comedy; no two persons naming the same objection; so that had I cut out all I was advised to do, I must have omitted the whole play which some may think would have been better for the public."

Thus, what with the jealousies of actors and the pecuniary views of proprietors, our author's muse was seldom left to litter unmolested; the necessary consequence, however, of his having let her out to hire at a weekly stipend. But in addition to these, the known and necessary evils of his condition, dangers unforeseen sometimes occurred, in the anticipation or interference of rival authors. For example, a little musical piece, the "Naval Pillar," brought out in 1799, had nearly suffered the loss of its principal support, the character of a Quaker, inimitably acted by Munden, from a cause of this nature.

"On the first night of the piece, I had the honour of being introduced to Mrs. Inchbald by Mr. Lewis, who left us *tete-a-tete* in Mr. Harris's private box.

"This talented lady expressed considerable surprise that I should possess nerve sufficient to be present at the first representation of my own farce: I

JUNE, 1827.

R

acknowledged it might be rather fool-hardy, and imply a lack of diffidence or sensibility; but in the present instance, the butterfly which was, in case of condemnation, to be broken on the wheel, was too *volage* to be worth alarm, 'and were it otherwise,' I added, 'I never could trust a friend's report with respect to how a piece might be received; as, in case of failure, the truth would be much softened down; and should alteration be necessary, I ought personally to witness the fault, in order to be a better judge of what remedy should be applied.' I ventured, too, to remark to the authoress, that, though not earlier introduced, I had the pleasure of being very near her when *she* witnessed the first night of her comedy of 'Lovers' Vows,' to which she made no reply, as the new piece was just commencing. She paid it much more attention than I thought it deserved, till after Munden's Quaker had excited considerable laughter; when Mrs. Inchbald suddenly turned from the stage to me, and asked whether it would be of 'material consequence,' if I were to omit that Quaker, *in toto*, on the following night. I did not dare to express myself with such colloquial vulgarity as to say I considered my Habbakuk as the 'fiddle of the piece;' but respectfully replied, that it was of the most 'material consequence' to me to retain so powerful a support to my weakly offspring. The lady observed, 'it was very unfortunate, and soon after quitted the box, which Mr. Lewis shortly after re-entered; and having seated himself in Mrs. Inchbald's unoccupied place, told me that Mrs. Inchbald was shortly to bring out a comedy called 'the Wise Man of the East,' in which were a whole family of Quakers; and apprehensive of being anticipated by my bantling, the lady had requested Mr. Harris to ask me, what, in fact, he did not think exactly fair to do, and therefore commissioned Mr. Lewis to bring the fair authoress and me in contact, in order that she might essay her own influence: and it was fortunate for me she had not heard of my Broadbrim till that very day, or I much fear I should have been prevailed on to sacrifice so leading a feature of my own piece to the supposed advantage of her play, which was quite as successful without my assistance."

Upon the whole, when we consider the perils undergone by a piece from its first reading to its first public representation, what rubs, what crosses, what impediments, what danger of being strangled behind the curtain, and what danger of being damned before it, our wonder is not that so many pieces fail, but that any should succeed. As we have been at the pains to furnish a chapter of dramatic miseries arising from causes within, to make it complete we shall subjoin a passage illustrative of those arising from without. In the December of 1802, Mr. Dibdin, in the course of his duty, was preparing the opera called "Family Quarrels" for representation, and as usual, met with so many difficulties as to despair, "not of retaining the original outline of the piece, but of bringing it before the public in any shape at all." Among other obstructions, Mr. Fawcett was not to be contented without a song written particularly for himself, and a song moreover that should celebrate, or satirize, we know not which, the beauties of the Jewish persuasion. This the sons of Israel took amiss, and intimated by prior notice to the author their disapprobation of Mr. Fawcett's intended song.

"I immediately waited on Mr. Harris, who bade be me of good cheer, but by no means to think of withdrawing the song; particularly as Mr. Fawcett declared *he* was by no means afraid to sing it. Mr. Harris added that he had hardly ever brought out a piece at any period, without its being preceded by anonymous threats; and my staunch friend Lewis said, 'If there really *be* a conspiracy against the opera, that conspiracy will be the making of it: for I don't think a London audience ever errs in its judgment, and am quite sure they will never suffer any party, however numerous, to wrest their right of judgment from them.'"

"Under these impressions we took the field, nine-tenths of the theatre laughing at our apprehensions. The enemy came, however, in great force, and by too early a manifestation of hostility put the unprejudiced part of the audience completely on their guard. Before the first song, a predetermination of opposition was alarmingly evident; and in allusion to a purchase I was then completing, a skirmishing corps of hostile sharp-shooters in the gallery began to cry, as a signal for the general charge, 'It vont do! it vont do, I tell you! take it away! take it to Sadler's Vells!' The impending thunder grumbled, and subsided, and grumbled again, till the appearance of Fawcett in his 'Jewish gaberdine' proved the chosen moment for commencing an uproar, which, but for the subsequent O. P. row, of noisy memory, would never have been equalled. The song was sung and encored, but not heard, nor was any of the following part of the opera, or the words in which it was announced for repetition."—Vol. i. pp. 340—342.

The most successful production of our author's, and, indeed, his chef-d'œuvre, was the celebrated pantomime, "*Mother Goose*." Its history previous to representation is rather remarkable. It appears that Mr. Dibdin had grown weary of that part of his engagement which entailed upon him the production of the Christmas pantomime, and Mr. Harris had consented to accept an annual farce in lieu of it.

"During eight years I had been at Covent-Garden, the pantomime usually took five or six months preparation; and I now observed, with some degree of wonder, during my usual summer visits to the theatre, no 'note of preparation,' no magic 'armourers accomplishing the knights' of trip and leap; and was still more surprised, (nay, astonished, and not a little vexed into the bargain,) when, not more than six weeks before Christmas, Mr. Harris knocked at my door, and returned the compliments of the day with—'Well, my dear Dibdin! we cannot do without a pantomime from you, after all.' I was thunderstruck.—'From me, sir? a pantomime, and to be acted in six weeks? it is impossible. I grant I might write one; but how is its scenery to be painted! what time for machinery, practice, composing the music, &c. &c.?'—'Well, but have you not some sketches by you?'—'Yes, sir, I have shown them to you often; and strongly recommended one in particular, which you have for five years refused.'—'O, what, that d—d *Mother Goose*, whom you are so wedded to! let's look at her again: she has one recommendation: there is no finery about her; and the scenery, in general, is too common-place to take up much time: so, e'en set every body to work: I need not again see the manuscript. I will speak to Farley, and you must lose no time.'—'But, sir, our late agreement, and the difficulties thrown in my way——' 'You are too good a fellow to talk about agreements when I want you to do me a service; and as for difficulties, you shan't meet with any; I won't suffer it. Here (giving me his *whole* hand) call every body about you, and order every thing you like: I cannot expect you to effect much, especially with such a subject: but do the best you can.'"—Vol. i. pp. 397—398.

Mr. Dibdin *did* the best he could, for he retained for *Mother Goose* the inimitable Grimaldi. However, Mr. Harris had so little hope of the forthcoming pantomime, that he attended but one rehearsal, when he came accompanied by Mr. John Kemble. Both gentlemen seemed mighty indifferent respecting the fate of the piece, though destined, as Mr. Dibdin boasts, "to put *many thousand pounds* into their pockets; I believe more, rather than less, than twenty." We wonder that Mr. Dibdin did not, after this, propose to christen his "*Mother Goose*," the "*Golden Goose*." Yet from Mr. Harris, he says, who had always rejected it, he never met the usual cheering clap on the back, by which the proprietor was wont to express a high degree of satisfaction. This

was ungenerous, and as would seem from Mr. Dibdin, not consistent with the proprietor's usual behaviour. As, for example;—

“ On the 19th of February, 1800, my Muse was caught tripping, and my farce of ‘ True Friends ’ had nearly proved very inimical to my interests : it was acted but five nights ; but though a failure, it produced me one feeling of genuine pleasure. - - - - - Mr. Harris paid me more than usual attention ; and one night, when adversity came ‘ hissing hot ’ from pit and gallery, kindly helped me on with my great-coat, and exclaimed,—‘ An audience is seldom wrong ; but in this case, my dear Dibdin ! I cannot imagine why they hiss : can you ? ’ I laughingly told him I supposed they were angry because the farce was over.”—Vol. i. pp. 265—266.

The clap on the back alludes to Mr. Harris's mode of signifying his entire approbation ; the inferior degrees of which he used to express by the manner in which he shook hands.

“ He seldom paid a compliment, or found a fault ; but passed over what he thought ineffective by doubling the leaves down so as to cancel it ; and where he was pleased with a passage, would say, ‘ Let's have a little more like this.’ On meeting, he used to shake hands with his little finger ; and at parting, gave one, two, or three fingers, in proportion to the approbation he meant to bestow on what he had read ; but to be favoured with his whole hand, denoted a perfect climax of applause, sometimes accompanied with ‘ Good boy ! good boy ! ’ During my first few months' intercourse with him, these gradations of his approval or dissent (as connected with my future advancement or failure in the theatre) usually had an evident effect on my spirits during the day ; and my wife, guessing the state of the theatrical thermometer, has remarked, when any extreme of depression or exhilaration occurred, that I came home ‘ as cold as a little finger,’ or ‘ as happy as a handful.’ ”—Vol. i. pp. 298—299.

With motherly Mrs. Baker's warm handful of butter fresh in his memory, we don't wonder that Mr. Harris's cold little finger should have depressed his spirits.

The list of dramatic pieces, of various kinds, manufactured by our indefatigable play-wright, for the use of the different theatres with which he was connected—and he seems to have had something to do with every one of them in turn—covers no fewer than ten pages of small print ! “ Dibdin,” said John Kemble to him, as they were travelling together in a post-chaise, after a long pause in the conversation, “ how many pieces for the stage have you written ? ” “ About fifty,* I believe, sir,” was the reply, “ or probably a greater number.” Kemble again paused, as if to consider, and then exclaimed, “ What a misfortune ! ” Then leaning back, he relapsed into another pause, which lasted the remainder of the journey. “ What a misfortune ! ” repeats the author to himself,—“ Did he mean for me or the public ? ” As the fairest mode of putting the question to rest, he decides that the public and he ought to be set down as equal sharers in the supposed misfortune ; and we think it an equitable decision. The course of Mr. Kemble's reflections may be conjectured to have run thus :—“ Mr. Thomas Dibdin has written fifty pieces ! more by half than some of our most voluminous dramatists have produced ; and more by two-thirds than many great geniuses have accomplished. The lion and the nobler beasts propagate their species only after long intervals, and bear but

* Only a fourth of the number to which they eventually amounted.

one at a time; the inferior animals and vermin litter swarms. What a misfortune for the public, when its taste is so low as to tolerate such a writer! What a misfortune for the author, when his necessities are such as to oblige him to write for such a public!"

It is, however, more probable that the exclamation sprung out of a train of thought, originating in a remoter source than the subject of the present conversation. It seems to have been not uncommon with Kemble to brood over a topic that had been started, long after those with whom he was conversing had abandoned it. The course of these secret reflections was often indicated by some mal-apropos expression, which, while it betrayed the subject of his reverie, occasioned not a little mirth by its utter irrelevance to the subject of the conversation.

Mr. Dibdin was successively prompter and half-manager of Drury Lane Theatre after its last resurrection from its ashes. In these two capacities he acted under two successive sub-committees, in the first of which, Mr. Whitbread, and in the last, Mr. D. Kinnaird, appear to have assumed the direction of affairs. We have given so copious a chapter of the author's miseries, that we have but little space for those of the prompter and of the manager. They are to be found, however, in considerable abundance. First, as to the prompter; whose place, he tells us, is the remotest possible from a sinecure:—

"He has to do his duty to the public, and, if he can, to please managers and actors; the first is a very difficult matter to do, the latter impossible, if the said prompter be a man of probity. Now I had two managers to please, who seldom pleased each other; and as I could never please more than one at a time, I had hard work to 'carry my dish even;' and if I accomplished this, there was a higher power, and a still more difficult one to please, in the chief man of the ruling committee - - - - -"—Vol. ii. pp. 9, 10.

"Again, whenever a part is given out for study, which the performer thinks either beneath or unsuited to his or her abilities,—all the resentment felt on the occasion is uttered in presence of the prompter, (who must never be a tell-tale,) on the managers and proprietors; while, on the other hand, those higher powers are extremely angry when the prompter neglects to enforce obedience to the rules of the house, or excuses any member of the theatre from his or her duties; he has the same troubles to encounter, in a minor degree, with painters, mechanists, wardrobe-keepers, and band; and, in fact, has all the arduous tasks of stage management to perform, without being entitled to the credit or profits of any of them."—Vol. ii. pp. 14, 15.

And then for the more direct and peculiar sweets of the office:—

"I have, on a severe winter's day, been on Drury Lane stage, with one play-book after another in my benumbed fingers, from ten in the morning till near five in the afternoon. - - - - - The actors and actresses, up to the chin in surtouts and pelisses, by briskly treading the stage, could now and then keep themselves from being frozen to its boards; but it is the prompter's positive duty to stand still and steady on his post."—Vol. ii. p. 12.

If the poor prompter stole home for an hour to warm himself by his own fire-side, his quarters were liable to be beaten up by a half-angry message from the theatre, importing, that the head of the sub-committee had called in the interval, and finding nobody there, had left word, "it was very hard the *prompter* at least could not be found at his post, and begged that Mr. T. Dibdin might be told as much."

After the death of Mr. Whitbread, a change of administration ensued, and Mr. Dibdin was elevated from the post of prompter to that

of half-manager. He had now, as he says, five masters and a coadjutor to go on peaceably with,—a thing not to be expected.

Four of his "masters" were disposed to draw amicably with their manager; but the fifth was restive;—four deported themselves familiarly, and put themselves on a level with him; but the fifth was always his "obedient servant;"—four, when he left Drury Lane to assume the government of the Surrey, made him each a present, after his kind; the fifth gave him—leave to go: the greatest favour of all. Byron gave him drawings of Turkish costume; Essex, a turkey-pie; Moore, credit for 500*l.*; Lamb, an Irish stave; and Kiinnaird, his dismissal. Individually, he owns, the members of the sub-committee deserved well of him; collectively, he says, they treated him ill;—an inconsistency not difficult to account for, since we know that one restive horse will disorder the motion of the whole machine.

Mr. Dibdin's besetting sin—as is the case with the generality of his profession—is the very opposite of a want of deference for rank. Goaded and overdriven he must have been to show symptoms of mutiny so decided as the following.

"By remonstrating frequently, and perhaps with more warmth than a mere deputy's deputy was supposed to be entitled to do, especially when difference of rank was evidently taken into the scale,—I more than once, though unintentionally, gave great offence, in the committee-room, to a very small portion of the aggregate number; and on one occasion hastily left the room, expressing the little regret I should feel if I never entered it again. My colleague was blest with more prudence."—Vol. ii. pp. 103, 104.

He had a wife and children, he said, forgetting that his colleague had also a wife and children. The principal cause of disagreement was the resolution to which the sub-committee came of transferring the privilege of distributing nightly orders from the managers to the shareholders. They either took it entirely away, or they doled out a scanty number. This Mr. Dibdin, with some show of reason, contends, was to deprive the managers of one main source of influence over the numerous forces they had to conduct.

"The leading performers, whose established characters and talents placed them above these *petites douceurs*, and who rather claimed them as a sort of right, (independently of their agreed-on privileges,) either felt indignant at our apparently withholding them without cause, or professed incredulity as to our want of power to oblige them: and where, at last, was this really important privilege placed? Why, in the hands of a gentleman, who, however respectable in the counting-house, or at the head of the money-takers and their assistants, was no more a competent judge of the dramatic government of a theatre, or how far the proper distribution of favours might help to support it, than many others who have, since his time, held higher situations there."—Vol. ii. pp. 104—105.

—Mr. Dibdin appears to have supported the weight of five masters indifferently well; his unhappy successor, less stout-hearted or strong-backed, tottered and fell.

"Poor Raymond, who was appointed to the stage management after my late coadjutor, soon sank under the weight of eternal and complicated committee conference, instruction, explanation, and undetermination. It was necessary to hold correspondence daily, nightly, and all night with them: he received his death-stroke while in the very act of writing a long and utterly useless letter (on some points never to be cleared up) to an active member of the committee, who told me, at the deceased manager's funeral, that I was

the only man qualified to conduct the theatre at last. *Quelle bonté.*—Vol. ii. p. 106.

“The only man qualified”—he could not kill him.

From the history of Mr. Dibdin's connexion with the then administration of Drury Lane, we are inclined to draw this inference—that a sub-committee and twin managers are not the best government imaginable for a theatre. Mr. Dibdin has enriched his work with some fragments of a voluminous correspondence between himself and his masters. These indicate, on the part of the latter (with one exception) much suavity and good humour, and little inclination to be busy; admirable qualities in a sub-committee. With the majority so happily endowed, we might wonder at the ill-success of their management, were it not clear that one gentleman was cursed with talents and a disposition for business, great enough to overbalance the want of them in his colleagues. The following fragment of a letter bespeaks a turn for business, and a propensity to interference, ominous, beyond measure, to the success of affairs:—

“I take this opportunity of stating that I think first appearances should not be permitted to interrupt good business; and this, I trust, we shall continue to have. When (at what hour) is the ‘New Way to pay Old Debts’ rehearsed to-morrow? Was there a rehearsal of ‘Love for Love’ to-day, as promised? Mr. Lamb is very anxious no time should be lost in getting that out: I entirely agree with him. Should Mr. Kean play four times a week constantly? I suppose, however, he must play four times next week; Richard, Monday, &c. &c., in which case ‘Love for Love’ may be produced Wednesday week. I send you something for publication; add some more of your own. I cannot give a very favourable account of the piece I was condemned to hear yesterday. Speak to Lord Byron about the ‘Spanish Friar’: he promised to read and castigate it. Your obedient servant,
DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.”

—Vol. ii. p. 62.

And again, on another occasion:—

“Mr. ***** I will talk to you about: he is assuredly not worth more than 4*l.* per week; he is sometimes above mediocrity, and at others is ludicrous and burlesque. *I am delighted at the prospect of engaging Mrs. M'Gibbon at 8*l.* 9*l.* 10*l.* per week*, but it must be in lieu of Mrs. somebody else: we will talk about it to-morrow.”—Vol. ii. p. 63.

Was the writer delighted to engage Mrs. M'Gibbon at any rate, or to provide a principal tragic actress at so low a rate? The first supposition speaks well for his taste; the latter equally well for his judgment. There is here a nice application of the principles of the counting-house to the management of a theatre.

The other members of the sub-committee write in a manner equally characteristic.

Lord Byron requests a couple of pit orders for this night, *particularly if prohibited.*—Hopes that Miss —— has recovered from the eloquence of his colleague, “which, if it convinced, it is the first time—I do not mean the first time his eloquence had that effect—but that a woman could be convinced she was not fit for any thing on any stage;” * finally threatens that if Mr. Sotheby's tragedy be not taken in hand, he “will let loose the author upon them.”

* Lord Byron has elsewhere said of this colleague of his, that the duty of saying NO to applications was always delegated to Mr. Kinnaird, from the pleasure which the latter evidently took in it.—See *Medwin*.

Mr. Peter Moore.—“ I send my promised bottle ; my complaint was nearly what yours appears to be ; and I had prescribed for me the Epsom salts and oil of mint, and this bottle,” &c.

Lord Essex requests Mr. Dibdin will spare him a few short words, in Dr. Pangloss's style—

“ As ‘ Wednesday, 420*l.* gross receipts,—play went off well,—Miss Nash in good voice,—Mr. — in a d—d passion,—Peter Moore got a new wig : Thursday, house crammed,—an alderman and his wife nearly squeezed to death. ‘ T. D.’ and no beginnings and endings of ‘ your lordship,’ and ‘ obedient servant ;’ it is too much, and must not be.”—Vol. ii. p. 74.

Mr. George Lamb writing while on the circuit, comments on the failure of an unhappy debutant.

“ I am not very sorry for it. The best thing in a theatre, next to decisive success, is decided failure : mediocrity is the ruin of a theatre ; you pay as dearly for it as for excellence, and receive as little as for perfect imbecility. I can write no more : I am arraigned for stealing India rubber, and must defend.”—Vol. ii. p. 61.

Mr. Whitbread, the head of the first sub-committee, writes like Mr. Whitbread. “ The farce *must* be done on Thursday.” He cannot conceive why it should be more impossible to rule Drury Lane than to regulate a Bedfordshire turnpike.

“ Of all the extraordinary things, or at least, things which have struck me as extraordinary, since I have become conversant with the interior of a theatre, the *most* extraordinary has been, the refusal of performers to take parts offered them, of which we have now a signal instance in the case of Mr. Phillips. I do not understand how salaries can be paid, if performers will not co-operate to render pieces attractive.”—Vol. ii. p. 22.

We conclude this series of epistolary fragments with a letter “ To Mr. T. Dibdin, Esq. Pripeter of the Royal Circus.” We cite it entire, by reason of its pre-eminent merit.

“ Sir, I have took the liberty of Troubling you with those few lines, to Ask you if you have an Engagement Vacant in Your Company. To Let You know My Accomplishments, I am Active and Ready, Quick at my Lessons, And further, Sir, the Cheif which i Can Play is Norval in ‘ Douglas,’ and Lothair in the ‘ Miller and his Men ;’ And have no Objection of being Usefull at the Sides as a *Pheasant*, &c. As My Inclination for treading the Stage is So Strong, That i am like Lothair, ‘ Without the Stage my life is But a Blank,’ my Services is useless to Others and Miserable to Myself. And further, i have to State, i am Very Expeditious at Writing Plays, and have no Objection of Supplying you with a Melodrame Every 3 Months free of Expençe ; and i have one now in my Possession Which i have lately Wrote, Entitled The (Assassins of the forest,) in 5 Acts, Which, sir, is yours, if you think Proper to Engage Me.”—Vol. ii. p. 120.

We have no heart to pursue further the career of this indefatigable workman. The gains so painfully accumulated were all wrecked in one unlucky venture. He embarked his whole fortune in the Surrey, and was ruined by the Cobourg ; whilst the proprietor of the Cobourg was in like manner ruined by the Surrey. Mr. Glossop and he had the satisfaction of comparing notes, and finding their losses nearly equal.

Mr. Glossop finds it convenient to manage a theatre abroad—Mr. Dibdin writes Reminiscences at home. It is to be hoped their present speculations will succeed better than their last. And for Mr. Dibdin, with more taste, and better judgment, he would have bid fair to deserve success.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES.*

AN old gentleman between seventy and eighty, of extraordinary memory, and an invention wonderfully fertile, must either be a great bore or a great treasure. Suppose that he has been conversant with all the characters and remarkable events in his country, his value is doubtless much increased, especially if his life have fallen upon a strange and unhappy period of history. Add to these advantages a restless activity which age cannot tame; an insatiable curiosity which prys into every possible chink: add an ardour, an impudence, and at the same a simplicity which leads the individual almost unconsciously into the very thick of every event: suppose moreover a national relish for humour, a habit of telling enormous *taradiddles*, told until the teller believes them himself, and a certain quantity of vivacious talent, of shallow quickness, of power of seizing and representing points without a particle of profound knowledge or real wisdom; add, a love of joviality and boon companionship, a host of generous thoughtless impulses, a carelessness of to-morrow, and a determination to enjoy to day, and you will have a very good idea of Sir JONAH BARRINGTON. There are few stories so monstrous as the facts he is ready to vouch for, there are few better jokes than he makes for himself and others, no man has seen more remarkable people, few can draw a rough portraiture of their coarser traits better than he, few can write more nonsense when he would be wise; few, in short, ever compounded a richer budget of bounce, anecdote, bon mot, fiddlefaddle, and fun—not to mention the more serious, and the more painful interest arising from the picture collected rather from strokes and scattered touches, than any set view or portrait of a noble country, and a noble people, in a state of convulsive struggle with a cruel and despotic government.

Sir Jonah Barrington, from his own account, appears to be descended from a good Irish family. He does not, however, seem to have been deeply indebted to the paternal acres for any large supply of the goods of fortune. But a good family, a bold face, and a seat at the Irish bar, backed by a seat in the Irish Parliament, and an adherence to administration, quickly set him on the road to preferment. He does not certainly seem to have been deficient in talent or industry, though neither of the most efficient species, and what was still more important, he was well supplied with a *rational* ambition; he was desirous of restoring his family to their ancient consequence; the means at that time in Ireland, as we believe they are still, were pretty obvious. Sir Jonah got on, step after step, advanced his fortunes, and he at length had reason to flatter himself that the highest objects of Irish ambition might speedily be placed within his reach. But Sir Jonah was an Irishman, and on an Irishman there is no calculation. When a statesman thinks his tool most in love with his dirty work, let him beware lest the sharp end be not turned upon himself. The English government went cautiously to work, and wanted to make terms with Sir Jonah;

* Personal Sketches of his own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, &c. &c. &c. London. Colburn. 1827.

they wished not only to buy him, but that he should sign the contract. When Sir Jonah went to apply for the Solicitor-Generalship which had been promised him, Lord Castlereagh asked him if he would advocate a Union; the Irishman's patriotism arose, and he acted, like a man of honour and honesty, the part of an incorrupt citizen. Mr. Secretary Cooke said, you will think better of it, Sir Jonah; but Sir Jonah says he has never repented, though he no longer lives in Merrion-square, and is obliged to do his Admiralty Judge's duty by deputy.

The plan of Sir Jonah's autobiography is, we think, the best that has yet been hit up. He does not pursue a continuous narrative, but groups his recollections by events, or persons, or things. He writes chapters on different periods or different persons, and gives under each his personal experience and his private opinions. For the latter we profess a kind of good-natured contempt; they are shallow, silly, and moreover ignorant, beyond measure; for instance, he says, as if he had made a discovery, that radical reform is, in his estimation, *proximate revolution*; universal suffrage, *inextinguishable uproar*; annual parliaments, nothing less than *periodical bloodshed*. Now, asks Sir Jonah, who would relish proximate revolution, inextinguishable uproar, and periodical bloodshed? This the venerable gentleman calls reasoning, and wriggles, and bellows, and chuckles, as if he had laid an egg that was to breed the greatest political chicken ever yet hatched. It might be thought all very fine in the Irish Parliament, but it is too late now, we trust, for such logic. Sir Jonah's facts we like much better than his opinions. His facts are, however, separable into two broad divisions, the 'Irish facts' and the 'facts all over the world.' The Irish facts are those which, as they only could take place, we suppose, in Ireland, are only narrated and credited by Irishmen; the facts all over the world are such as any sober person may believe to have had an existence. Of these two classes we scarcely know which we like best, the genuine or the pseudo-facts. Sir Jonah is so able a bouncer, that we may say we had often rather hear his lie than another man's truth. He has such an enjoyment in the concoction of his "crackers;" he revels so in a clinching circumstance, he vouches for the truth with such a startling rap on the table, and then ends all in such a good-humoured "what will you lay it's a lie!" that the excitement is altogether charming. After the elaboration of a *fact*, the most magnificent in all its proportions and most complete in all its details; after *accouching* a monster such as the world never saw equalled in extent, a leviathan of a lie, sprawling its hundred legs and eyes of circumstance, perhaps grasping in one claw the whole province of Munster, and staring at the world with eyes as large as a gas manufactory, it is delightful to see the worthy Sir Jonas disown his whale, swear that it is a neat little creature produced all in the regular way by a brace of respectable well-doing people at Waterford; and when the incredulous laugh goes round, and the worthy judge sees that *it will not go down*, ah! then with what a merry countenance does the real Frankenstein yield, and grow fainter and fainter in his asseverations, until the audience on their parts subside into a polite acquiescence, and it is well understood to whom they are indebted for their entertainment. We know nothing of Sir Jonah in private, but he strikes us as the finest example of the Pinto school—the privileged bouncers, who will turn half a century into historical romances,

without a single impeachment of their veracity; the most honourable and upright men, are given to the exertion of their inventive¹ faculties in the shape of story telling: it is on such individuals that the yoke of wedded life bears hardest. A married man lives with a constant witness, who checks him in his brightest creations. We have seen a look, or a Oh Sir Jonah! or Sir Peter! crush in the bud the most splendid and odoriferous of novelties. The good man indeed proceeds after "you know what I say is true my dear!" but it is with diminished force and checked energy; the lady keeps her eyes steadily fixed upon her plate, perhaps a tell-tale blush burns in the cheek, and the narrator, after casting a few looks at the reluctant and ashamed auditor, stops, hesitates, and at length, to the utmost mortification of the auditors, botches up a lame conclusion. Yes! a wife is in all ways a great incumbrance to a story teller. Though he may have even told his stories till the pair both believed them true; the one by dint of telling, the other by hearing, still the lady is in the way, for nothing is so inspiring and refreshing as a totally fresh auditory, or so depressing as the presence of one to whom the whole affair is as familiar as the well-worn stair.

But, besides the Bounces of Sir Jonah, from which we shall make a delicious selection, there is much of "the fact universal," which is particularly interesting. It relates chiefly to Ireland and Irishmen, and serves to make known the peculiarities of that extraordinary nation. From this part, illustrative of Ireland and Irishmen, we shall collect many curious passages. There is still a third part; this turns upon the affairs of France during the hundred days. Sir Jonah happened to be at Havre, when Napoleon returned from Elba. All the other British subjects, at that time in the town, made off helter-skelter to their native land; but Sir Jonah, whether caring less about his native land than they, or influenced by that irrepressible inquisitiveness, that led him to look through every key-hole with a spying-glass, and to mount every hill with a telescope, took his family to Paris, "to beard the lion in his den!" He had, along with the few English at that time in France, an opportunity of witnessing a series of the most extraordinary events that ever took place in Europe. This division of the work, along with much miscellaneous matter, which we cannot class when taken with the Bounces, and the Anecdotes of Ireland and Irishmen, make all together the most amusing volume that has issued from the press. That we are correct in the assertion will be proved by our extracts, which, we are well convinced, in spite of the dullness of the critic, will make of the pleasantest book the pleasantest article in our present number.

We shall commence with the Bounces, premising that we only pick out a few of the most healthy and thriving of Sir Jonah's progeny. And in this department, we much regret that our space will not permit us to transfer the Bounce, which we have named in our notes the Romance of the Castle. It is an account of a notable defence, made by Sir Jonah's great aunt, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of her castle of Moret. Its details are given with the precision and the force of the author of Waverley, and should show Sir Jonah where his talent lies. We, however, can communicate no part of the interest by a quotation, and shall only give the answer of this real lady of Tillietudlem

to the besiegers, who, having entrapped her husband, proposed an exchange of him for the castle.

"The lady attended his proposals, which were very laconic. 'I'm a truce, lady!—Look here (showing the terrified squire,) we have your husband in hault—yee's have yeer castle *sure* enough. Now we'll change, if you please: we'll render the squire and you'll render the keep; and if yees won't do that same, the squire will be throttled before your two eyes in half an hour.'

"'Flag of truce!' said the heroine, with due dignity, and without hesitation; 'mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Moret Castle: they may serve for your own wife upon some future occasion. Flag of truce! I *won't* render my keep, and I'll tell you why—Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle; so I'll keep what I have, and if you can't get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is hardest, your skull or a stone bullet.'

"The O'Cahils kept their word, and old Squire Stephen Fitzgerald, in a short time, was seen dangling and performing various evolutions in the air, to the great amusement of the Jacobites, the mortification of the warders, and chagrin (which however was not without a mixture of consolation) of my great-aunt, Elizabeth."—Vol. i. p. 22.

As we cannot give this story in all its completeness, we shall not venture to say more of it, but go on to

BOUNCE I.

The Bounce of the soft Wall and the hard Heads.

It must be premised, that Sir Jonah's brother had built a hunting-lodge; of the description of life he led, and of the entertainment he afforded his guests, we must give some preliminary information.

"A hogshead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon and bread were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop.

"My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India);—a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster;—Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood;—and two other sporting gentlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted.

"As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the '*hard goers*' partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their '*shut-up pilgrimage*.'

"The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret

was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chaunts; the fiddler tuned his cremona; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified.

"I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts, exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.

"Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry; one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chace: the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs: the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his fore-finger into his ear (to aid the quaver), gave the *view holloa!* of nearly ten minutes' duration; to which melody *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchcocks, assumed the name of *devils* to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer!"—*Vol. i. pp. 64—68.*

Now for the Bounce, the scene of which lies in the new-built cottage which Mr. Henry French Barrington had lately built, as a convenient spot for the celebration of orgies similar to those already described. Sir Jonah and his lady one morning travelling in the district where his brother resided, determined to give him the surprise of an early visit. They arrive, as is most probable, on the morning that he had just risen upon the ruins of a debauch, and had much difficulty in restoring the bacchanalians to their waking senses. In two instances, it appears to have been more easy to wake than to rouse the guests.

"All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Alley, his neighbour; they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa!*"

"The twain immediately started and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! it was however in a very different tone from the *view holloa*,—and perpetuated much longer.

"'Come, boys,' says French, giving Joe a pull—'come!'

"'Oh, murder!' says Joe, 'I can't!'—'Murder!—murder!' echoed Peter. French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places. I have in my lifetime laughed till I nearly became spasmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than

* The shout of hunters when the game is in view.

upon this occasion. The wall, as I said before, had only that day received a coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was nevertheless setting fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement, so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not.—One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

“A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain.—I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons:—this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous: he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason;—but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *praskeen*;^{*} and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment, Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wig-maker, just dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of anything else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely,—clipping with his scissors and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims.”—Vol. i. pp. 81—84.

This, of course, is all perfectly *true*—though an ill-natured person might say that the heads of the sufferers were more likely, all things considered, to yield to the wall, they the wall to them.

The next Bounce which we have to record is the *Resurrection-Bounce*, and is in our catalogue

BOUNCE II.

One Lanegan had combined with Mrs. O'Flaherty to poison the Captain, her husband. For this crime Lanegan was hanged, and duly quartered or cut in four places—a circumstance which does not prevent him from drinking a bottle of wine, and eating a loaf of bread with Sir Jonah and a friend, in Devereux-court, Temple.

* A coarse dirty apron, worn by working women in a kitchen, in the country parts of Ireland.

"A templar and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good-humoured, superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings, Devereux-court, London, one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While thus chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being towards the door, I perceived my friend's colour suddenly change—his eyes seem fixed and ready to start out of his head—his lips quivered convulsively—his teeth chattered—large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect.

"As I saw nothing calculated to excite these motions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gait of a palsied man, retreated backwards—his eyes still fixed—to the distant part of the room, where he stood shivering, and attempting to pray; but not at the moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the best thing he could do: as—'What is your name? David Lander! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!' &c. &c.

"I instantly concluded the man was mad: and turning about to go for some assistance, I was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance.

"'Don't be frightened, Mr. Lander,' said the figure, 'sure 'tis me that's here.'

"When David Lander heard the voice, he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

"The spectre (as I now began to imagine it) stalked towards the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair which I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

"I was now, totally bewildered; and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water over my friend, to revive him if possible, when the stranger, in a harsh croaking voice, cried—

"'For the love of God, give me some of that,—for I am perishing!'

"I accordingly did so, and he took the jug and drank immoderately.

"My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, but still his speech was difficult:—he stammered, and gazed at the figure, for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been. He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be stout as a lion! though it was visible that he was not yet at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, cursing Kerry dialect: "Why then, blood and thunder! is that you, Lanegan?"

"'Ah, Sir, speak easy,' said the wretched being.

"'How the devil,' resumed Davy, 'did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off of you at Stephen's Green!'

"'Ah, gentlemen!' exclaimed the poor culprit, 'speak low: have mercy on me, Master Davy, you know it was I taught you your Latin. I'm starving to death!'

"'You shall not die in *that* way, you villainous schoolmaster!' said Davy, pushing towards him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table.

"The miserable creature having ate the bread with avidity, and drunk two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire

of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was aware of the application of it, but solemnly protested that it was she who had seduced him; he then proceeded to inform us that after having been duly hanged, the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a cut on each limb, to save the law; which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His mother conceived that the vital spark was not extinct, and therefore had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy and water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial-ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery:—at length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling boat, which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the Borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. But he found the Southwark priest was dead; and though he possessed some money, he was afraid even to buy food, for fear of detection! but recollecting that Mr. Lander, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he got directed by a porter to the lodging.

“My friend Davy, though he did not half like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received, as I afterwards learnt from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lander, into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in strict seclusion, and died some years since.”—Vol. i. pp. 98—102.

The next Bounce which we shall pick out of our splendid collection, is a personal anecdote, for the truth of which Sir Jonah's averment is ample authority.

BOUNCE III.

The Bounce of the Turn-up Bed and the Inn Kitchen.

“The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newtown Barry, County Wexford. It is a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a very small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey, and I slept at the little inn—in those days a very poor one indeed.

“The day of my arrival was on one occasion wet, and a very large assemblage of barristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get. I was sure of a good dinner; but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F., took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to sit up all night at the kitchen fire. I found every one of my brethren in bed; the maid-servant full of good liquor; and the man and woman of the house quite as joyously provided for. The lady declared, she could not think of permitting *my honour* to sit up; and if I would accept of their little snug cupboard-bed by the fire-side, I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I thought a most agreeable one: the bed was let down from the niche, into which it had been folded up, and, in a few minutes I was in a comfortable slumber.

“My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe now, because I could not do so five minutes after it was over—suffice it to say, I found myself in a state of suffocation, with my head down and my feet upwards! I had neither time nor power for reflection:—I attempted to cry out, but that was impossible;—the agonies of death, I suppose, were coming on me, and some convulsive effort gave me a supernatural strength that probably saved me from a most inglorious and whimsical departure. On a sudden I felt my position change; and with a

crash sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and I came upon the floor. I then felt that I had the power of a little articulation, and cried out 'murder!' with as much vehemence as I was able. The man, woman, and maid, by this time all sober, came running into the room together. The woman joined me in crying out murder; the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran as fast as she could for the apothecary, to bleed me. I had, however, recovered after large draughts of cold water, and obtained sense enough to guess at my situation.

"The maid, having been drunk when I went to bed, on awakening just at break of day to begin to set all matters to rights, and perceiving her master and mistress already up, had totally forgotten the counsellor! and having stronger arms of her own than any barrister of the home circuit, in order to clear the kitchen, had hoisted up the bed into its proper niche, and turned the button at the top that kept it in his place: in consequence of which, down went my head, and up went my heels! and as air is an article indispensably necessary to existence, death would very soon have ended the argument, had not my violent struggles caused the button to give way, and so brought me once more out of the position of the Antipodes.—The poor woman was as much alarmed as I was!"—Vol. i. pp. 158—160.

The next is—

BOUNCE IV.

Or the Bounce of Dr. Borumborad.

Dr. Achmet Borumborad, in the time of the Irish parliament, was a celebrated medicator of warm and cold baths, and under the idea that he was a Turk, and by force of a splendid Turkish costume, and a large handsome person, he became entirely the fashion in Dublin. His popularity was unhappily put an end to by a discovery, which he made himself voluntarily, that he was no other than one Patrick Joyce, of Waterford. The Bounce is the history of the immersion of no less than nineteen members of the Irish parliament by accident in the baths of Borumborad. But on consideration we must omit it, only referring to the book, to make room for the next Bounce, which is—

BOUNCE V.

This is shot with a peculiarly long bow; it is—

The Bounce of the Portcullis.

The author justly observes, in limine, that incidents which he thinks could only have occurred in Ireland, took place there in 1798.

"One of these curious occurrences remains even to this day a subject of surmise and mystery. During the rebellion in county Wexford in 1798, Mr. Waddy, a violent loyalist, but surrounded by a neighbourhood of inveterate insurgents, fled to a castle at a considerable distance from the town of Wexford. Though not in repair, it was not unfit for habitation; and might secure its tenant from any *coup de main* of undisciplined insurgents. He dreaded discovery so much, that he would entrust his place of refuge to no person whatsoever; and, as he conceived, took sufficient food to last until he might escape out of the country. There was but one entrance to the castle, and that was furnished with an old ponderous portcullis, which drew up and let down as in ancient fortresses.

Here Mr. Waddy concealed himself; and every body was for a long time utterly ignorant as to his fate:—some said he was drowned; some, burned alive; others, murdered and buried in ploughed ground! But whilst each was willing to give an opinion as to the mode of his destruction, no one supposed him to be still alive. At length, it occurred to certain of his friends, to seek him through the country; with which view they set out, attended by an armed body. Their search was in vain, until approaching by chance the old castle, they became aware of a stench, which the seekers conjectured to proceed from the putrid corpse of murdered Waddy. On getting nearer, this

JUNE, 1827.

S

opinion was confirmed; for a dead body lay half within and half without the castle, which the descent of the portcullis had cut nearly into equal portions. Poor Mr. Waddy was deeply lamented; and, though with great disgust, they proceeded to remove that half of the carcass which lay outside the entrance—when, to their infinite astonishment, they perceived that it was not Waddy, but a neighbouring priest, who had been so expertly cut in two; how the accident had happened, nobody could surmise. They now rapped and shouted—but no reply: Waddy, in good truth, lay close within, supposing them to be rebels. At length, on venturing to peep out, he discovered his friends, whom he joyfully requested to raise, if possible, the portcullis, and let him out—as he was almost starved to death.

This, with difficulty, was effected, and the other half of the priest was discovered immediately within the entrance—but by no means in equally good condition with that outside; inasmuch as it appeared that numerous collops and rump-steaks had been cut off the reverend gentleman's hind-quarters by Waddy, who, early one morning, had found the priest thus divided; and being alike unable to raise the portcullis or get out to look for food, (certain indeed, in the latter case, of being piked by any of the rebels who knew him) he thought it better to feed on the priest, and remain in the castle till fortune smiled, than run a risk of breaking all his bones by dropping from the battlements—his only alternative.

“To the day of Waddy's death, he could give no collected or rational account of this incident.”—Vol. i. pp. 264—267.

The Bounces must, however, end with the half dozen—there certainly, in such as we have recorded, is ample provision for a whole Decameron.

BOUNCE VI.

The Bounce of the Head.

“In the year 1800, a labourer dwelling near the town of Athy, county Kildare, (where some of my family still resided) was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of a Mr. Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow; each, in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that, when his *head* is concealed, he fancies no one can see his *tail* (there are many wise-acres, besides the salmon, of the same way of thinking). On the present occasion the body of the fish was visible.

“‘Oh Ned—Ned dear!’ said one of the mowers, ‘look at that big fellow there: isn't it a pity we ha'nt no spear?’

“‘May be,’ said Ned, ‘we could be after piking the lad with the scythe-handle.’

“‘True for you!’ said Dennis: ‘the spike of yeer handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it at any rate.’

“‘Ay, will I,’ returned the other: ‘I'll give the lad a prod he'll never forget any how.’

“The spike and their sport was all they thought of; but the *blade* of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

“‘Now hit the lad smart!’ said Dennis: ‘there now—there! rise your fist; now you have the boy! now Ned—success!’

“Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling. But whether ‘the boy’ was piked or not never appeared; for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebræ in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders: and his head came tumbling splash into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive *how* it could *drop off* so suddenly. But the next

minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by *one of his own ears*, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade.

"The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at the mill-dam, near Mr. Richardson's, by one of the miller's men.

" 'Who the devil does this head belong to?' exclaimed the miller.

" 'Whoever owned it,' said the man, 'had three ears at any rate.'

"A search being now made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood, was found recumbent by its side. Dennis, when brought to himself, (which process was effected by whiskey,) recited the whole adventure. They tied up the head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined."—Vol. i pp. 124—127.

This story leads to a humorous remark by the *author* of it. "In truth," says he, "the only three kinds of death the Irish peasants think *natural* are, dying quietly in their own cabins; being hanged about the assize time; or starving when the potatoe crop is deficient."

We shall now go on to our anecdotes of Irishmen; and the first we meet with is a characteristic blunder of a brother of Sir Jonah, the same sporting gentleman whose exploits we have witnessed in the hunting lodge.

An unfortunate duel took place between another brother of Sir Jonah and a Lieutenant M'Kenzie. In those days in Ireland a meeting was the inevitable consequence of the most trifling discussion, or rather the hottest disputes arose out of the most trifling subjects. In this duel, Mr. Barrington was shot dead, not by his principal, but by captain, afterwards the celebrated general Gillespie, the second of M'Kenzie. Gillespie was tried for the murder, and acquitted, in consequence of the friendly interference of the sheriff, who packed the jury. The jury were challenged in detail by the friends of the barrister; but the other party out-manœuvred them. The result was as has been stated.

"On the evening of the trial, my second brother, Henry French Barrington,—a gentleman of considerable estate, and whose perfect good temper, but intrepid and irresistible impetuosity when assailed, were well known—the latter quality having been severely felt in the county before,—came to me. He was, in fact, a complete country gentleman, utterly ignorant of the law, its terms and proceedings; and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession (the army excepted), my opinion, so soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular: indeed, questions far beyond mine, and sometimes beyond the power of any person existing, to solve, were frequently submitted for my decision by our neighbours in the country.

"Having called me aside out of the Bar-room, my brother seemed greatly agitated, and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury-list, declared it had been decidedly *packed*!—concluding his appeal by asking me what he ought to do? I told him we should have 'challenged the array.'—'That was my own opinion, Jonah,' said he, 'and I will do it now!' adding an oath, and expressing a degree of animation which I could not account for. I apprised him that it was now too late, as it should have been done before the trial.

"He said no more, but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him, to all appearance, quite cool and tranquil. 'I have

done it, by G-d !' (cried he, exultingly ;) ' 'twas better late than never !' and with that he produced from his coat-pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. ' See here !' continued he. ' the cowardly rascal !'

" 'Heavens,' cried I, 'French, are you mad ?'

" 'Mad,' replied he, 'no, no, I followed your advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand jury-room to '*challenge the array*,' and there I challenged the *head* of the array, that cowardly Lyons !—he peremptorily refused to fight me ; so I knocked him down before the grand jury, and cut off his curls and tail—see, here they are,—the rascal ! and my brother Jack is gone to flog the Sub-Sheriff.'

" 'I was thunder-struck, and almost thought my brother was *crazy*, since he was obviously not *in liquor* at all. But after some inquiry, I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took the words in their common acceptation. He had seen the High Sheriff coming in with a great '*array*,' and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array was literal ; and accordingly, repairing to the grand jury dining-room, had called the High Sheriff aside, told him he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and putting his foot on his foot on his breast, cut off his side-curls and queue with a carving knife which an old waiter named Spedding (who had been my father's butler, and liked the thing,) had readily brought him from the dinner-table. Having secured his spoils, my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement."—Vol. i. pp. 171—174.

The excessive ignorance which this humorous anecdote displays, is accounted for by the life already described in the hunting lodge. The gentlemen of Ireland were divided into three classes. 1. The half-mounted gentlemen—2. The gentlemen every inch of them—and, 3. The gentlemen to the back-bone. But however much these classes differ in other attributes, they all agreed in being fond of hunting, duelling, and drinking ; and in being thoroughly uninformed on every other subject. Another definition we have heard of an Irish gentleman, seems to include all three classes. An Irish gentleman is one who wears leather breeches, whose boots never touch the ground, and who has killed his man. The men, however, of whom we chiefly hear in Sir Jonah's pleasant work, are of a superior description either to his brother or the native Irish gentlemen in general—or—we should not concern ourselves with any long account of them, though even they may be considered as very remarkable human curiosities. The chief part of Sir Jonah's observations, and his anecdotes of Irishmen, appertain to the period of the Rebellion, and the preceding years. The characteristics of Irishmen at this time were excessive sociality, and an ever-vigilant irritability. They rejoiced in looking on each other's countenances ; and at the same time they delighted in meeting each other with pistols in their hands—either across the board, or at the distance of five paces, they were equally pleased to face one-another. Sir Jonah's anecdotes naturally enough, therefore, divide themselves into anecdotes of the field, and anecdotes of the table : we shall add a third division, of anecdotes of character.

To begin with the field.—It does not appear to be known that Sheridan was put in nomination at the general election, in 1808, for the county of Wexford, in conjunction with Mr. Colclough—their opponent was Mr. Alcock. Mr. Colclough, a gentleman of great

eminence in the county, wished to poll certain votes, which were resisted by the opposite faction: a severe contest ensued, which it was finally determined to settle by the death of one of the principals. These gentlemen were even intimate friends; but in the ferocity of the struggle every kind feeling was forgotten.

"Early on the eventful morning, many hundred people assembled to witness the affair; and it will scarcely be believed that no less than eleven or twelve *county justices* stood by, passive spectators of the bloody scene which followed, without any effort, or apparently a wish, to stop the proceeding.

"Both combatants were remarkably nearsighted; and Mr. Alcock determined on wearing glasses, which was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would wear none. The partizans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was marked; the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings led them; but all seemed to feel a common sense of horror and repugnance. The unfeeling seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols; and placing them about eight or nine steps asunder, withdrew, leaving two gentlemen of fortune and character—brother candidates for the county—and former friends, nay, *intimate companions*,—standing in the centre of a field, without any *personal* offence given or received, encouraged by false friends, and permitted by unworthy magistrates, to butcher each other as quickly and as effectually as their position and weapons would admit.

"The sight was awful!—a dead silence and pause ensued: the great crowd stood in motionless suspense: the combatants presented; men scarcely breathed: the word was given: Mr. Alcock fired first, and his friend—his companion—one of the best men of Ireland, instantly fell forward, shot through the heart! he spoke not—but turning on one side, his heart's blood gushed forth—his limbs quivered—he groaned and expired. His pistol exploded after he was struck—of course without effect.

"The by-standers looked almost petrified. The profound stillness continued for a moment, horror having seized the multitude, when, on the sudden, a loud and universal yell (the ancient practice of the Irish peasantry on the death of a chieftain) simultaneously burst out like a peal of thunder from every quarter of the field; a yell so savage and continuous—so like the tone of *revenge*,—that it would have appalled any stranger to the customs of country. Alcock and his partizans immediately retreated; those of Colclough collected round his body; and their candidate, (a few moments before in health, spirits, and vigour!) was mournfully borne back upon a plank to the town of his nativity, and carried lifeless through the very streets which had that morning been prepared to signalise his triumph.

"The election-poll, of course, proceeded without further opposition:—the joint friends of Colclough and Sheridan, deprived of their support, and thunderstruck at the event, thought of nothing but lamentation: and in one hour Mr. Alcock was declared duly elected for Wexford County, solely through the death of his brother-candidate, whom he had himself that morning unjustly immolated."—Vol. i. pp. 302—305.

This did not end here. Mr. Alcock, eaten up with remorse, became melancholy; his understanding gradually declined; and he at length sank into irrecoverable imbecility. His sister had been well acquainted with Mr. Colclough; and the circumstances of the conflict, Mr. Alcock's trial, and subsequent depression, affected *her* intellects; *her* reason wandered; and she did not long survive her brother.

This is a pure tragedy; but among the intemperate, but at the same time good-humoured sons of Erin, a challenge as often ended in a hearty laugh as a fatal result. We have many contests and projected contests, which excite nothing but the risible muscles. Such is Lord

Norbury's (then Toler's) challenge to Sir Jonah himself, in the House of Commons.

"Lord Norbury (then Mr. Toler,) went circuit as judge the first circuit I went as barrister. He continued my friend as warmly as he possibly could be the friend of any one, and I thought he was in earnest. One evening, however, coming hot from Lord Clare's, (at that time my proclaimed enemy,) he attacked me with an after-dinner volubility, which hurt and roused me very much. I kept indifferent bounds myself: but he was generally so very goodtempered, that I really felt a repugnance to indulge him with as tart a reply as a stranger would have received, and simply observed, that 'I should only just give him that character which developed itself by its versatility—namely, that *he had a hand for every man, and a heart for nobody!*'—and I believe the sarcasm has stuck to him from that day to this. He returned a very warm answer, gave me a wink, and made his exit:—of course, I followed. The serjeant-at-arms was instantly sent by the speaker to pursue us with his attendants, and to bring both refractory members back to the House. Toler was caught by the skirts of his coat fastening in a door, and they laid hold of him just as the skirts were torn completely off. I was overtaken (whilst running away) in Nassau-street, and, as I resisted, was brought like a sack on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down in the body of the House. The speaker told us we must give our honours forthwith that the matter should proceed no further.—Toler got up to defend himself; but as he then had no skirts to his coat, made a most ludicrous figure; and Curran put a finishing-stroke to the comicality of the scene, by gravely saying, that 'it was the most unparalleled insult ever offered to the House! as it appeared that one honourable member had *trimmed* another honourable member's *jacket* within these walls, and nearly within view of the speaker!' A general roar of laughter ensued."—Vol. I. pp. 334—335.

Even Mr. Grattan was not exempt from this silly mania of duelling; a falsehood had been alleged against him by the notorious John Giffard, the 'dog in office,' and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be prevented from challenging him.

"Barrington," said he, "I must have a shot at that rascal!"

"Heavens!" said Barrington, "what rascal?"

"There is but one such in the world!" cried Grattan,—“that Giffard.”

"My dear Grattan," replied Sir Jonah, "you cannot be serious; there is no ground for a challenge on your part: your language to him was such as never before was used to human nature: and if he survives *your words*, no bullet would have effect upon him," &c. &c.

Barrington appears to have quieted him for the time, and Grattan was persuaded to enter his sedan and go home. In the morning, however, Sir Jonah was surprised in his bed at six o'clock, by hearing that the little gentleman, in the sedan chair, wanted to see him again. Grattan had not slept all night; nothing would satisfy him but a shot "at the fellow." Barrington at length put an end to the *penchant*, by declaring that he would fight Giffard himself if Grattan persisted, for the insult had been really aimed at him, &c.

If on this occasion anybody should have been anxious to fight, it should have been the "dog in office," as will appear from quoting Mr. Grattan's words alluded to above. They were spoken on occasion of Sir Jonah's standing for Dublin, when Mr. Grattan's vote was at first rejected, on the alleged ground that he had been erased from the list of Dublin freemen, as a United Irishman.

"The objection was made by Mr. John Giffard, of whom hereafter. On

the first intermission of the tumult, with a calm and dignified air, but in that energetic style and tone so peculiar to himself, Mr. Grattan delivered the following memorable words—memorable, because conveying in a few short sentences the most overwhelming philippic—the most irresistible assemblage of terms imputing public depravity, that the English, or, I believe, any other language, is capable of affording:—

“ ‘ Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigotted agitator!—In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward!—And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute.’ ”

“ Giffard, thunderstruck, lost his usual assurance; and replied, in one single sentence, ‘ I would spit upon him in a desert!’ ”—Vol. i. pp. 260, 291.

Sir Jonah proceeds to call Mr. Giffard's angry exclamation vapid and unmeaning; to us, however, it seems quite as full of force as Mr. Grattan's more elaborate abuse. Of other duels we shall not speak with particularity, unless it be to mention the rencontre between a most eccentric Irish barrister, Theophilus Swift, and the Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, who fought the Duke of York. This was thought by Swift, a litigious visionary, so great a presumption in a subject, that he conceived it was his duty, and every other man's, to challenge the colonel till he fell. In pursuance of this notion, he called out Colonel Lennox, who accepted the invitation, and shot the restless barrister remarkably clean through the carcase. Swift was carried home, made his will, left the Duke of York a gold snuff-box, and recovered.

A duel was part of the official duty of a statesman. Sir Jonah gives a list of what he calls the fire-eaters.

“ The lord chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the master of the rolls, Curran.

“ The chief justice K. B., Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawley, (a privy counsellor,) Lord Llandaff, and two others.

“ The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the master of the rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others.

“ The chancellor of the exchequer, the Right Honourable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, a privy counsellor, and another.

“ A baron of the exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others.

“ The chief justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald, and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy and several besides: one hit only.

“ The judge of the prerogative court, Doctor Duigenan, fought one barrister, and frightened another on the ground.—N.B. The latter case a curious one.

“ The chief counsel to the revenue, Henry Deane Grady, fought Counsellor O'Mahon, Counsellor Campbell, and others: all hits.

“ The master of the rolls fought Lord Buckinghamshire, the chief secretary, &c.

“ The provost of the university of Dublin, the Right Honourable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, master in chancery, (they went to the plains of Minden to fight,) and some others.

“ The chief justice, C. P., Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.

“ The Right Honourable George Ogle, a privy counsellor, fought Barney

Coyle, a distiller, because he was a Papist.—They fired eight shots, and no hit; but the second broke his own arm.

"Thomas Wallace, K. C. fought Mr. O'Gorman, the Catholic secretary.

"Counsellor O'Connell fought the Orange chieftain: fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy.

"The collector of the customs of Dublin, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, fought the Right Honourable Lord Mountmorris."—Vol. ii, pp. 3—5.

Sir Jonah adds, as an apology for himself,

"The reader of this dignified list (which, as I have said, is only an abridgment *) will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations."—Vol. ii. p. 5.

A romantic spirit seemed to fill the country. On the eve of great convulsions, the moral atmosphere becomes rarefied as it were; personal sacrifices more common, and wild tenets more practically supported. An admirable specimen of Quixotism is given in the person of the celebrated Mr. Hamilton Rowan. A young woman, Mary Neil, had been treated with violence by some unknown person; her cause was warmly taken up by some, and by others her veracity was suspected. Mr. Rowan, a gentleman of rank and fortune, felt so deeply interested in her reputation, that he vowed vengeance against all her calumniators. One of the steps which he took to this end, is exceedingly well described in the following history of a visit he paid to a society of young barristers, of which Sir Jonah was a member.

"At this time about twenty young barristers, including myself, had formed a dinner club in Dublin: we had taken large apartments for the purpose; and, as we were not yet troubled with *too much* business, were in the habit of faring luxuriously every day, and taking a bottle of the best claret which could be obtained.

"There never existed a more cheerful, nor half so cheap a dinner club. One day, whilst dining with our usual hilarity, the servant informed us that a gentleman below stairs desired to be admitted *for a moment*. We considered it to be some brother-barrister who requested permission to join our party, and desired him to be shown up. What was our surprise, however, on perceiving the figure that presented itself!—a man, who might have served as model for a Hercules, his gigantic limbs conveying the idea of almost supernatural strength: his shoulders, arms, and broad chest, were the very emblems of muscular energy; and his flat, rough countenance, overshadowed by enormous dark eyebrows, and deeply furrowed by strong lines of vigour and fortitude, completed one of the finest, yet most formidable figures I had ever beheld. He was very well dressed: close by his side stalked in a shaggy Newfoundland dog of corresponding magnitude, with hair a foot long, and who, if he should be voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach:—as he entered, indeed, he alternately looked at us, and then up at his master, as if only awaiting the orders of the latter to commence the onslaught. His master held in his hand a large, yellow, knotted club, slung by a leathern thong round his great wrist: he had also a long small-sword by his side.

"This apparition walked deliberately up to the table; and having made his obeisance with seeming courtesy, a short pause ensued, during which he

* Two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and official duels have actually been fought during my grand climacteric.

looked round on all the company with an aspect, if not stern, yet ill-calculated to set our minds at ease either as to his or his dog's ulterior intentions.

"Gentlemen!" at length he said, in a tone and with an air at once so mild and courteous, nay so polished, as fairly to give the lie, as it were, to his gigantic and threatening figure: "Gentlemen! I have heard with very great regret that some members of this club have been so indiscreet as to calumniate the character of Mary Neil, which, from the part I have taken, I feel identified with my own: if any present hath done so, I doubt not he will now have the candour and courage to avow it.—*Who* avows it?" The dog looked up at him again; he returned the glance; but contented himself, for the present, with patting the animal's head, and was silent: so were we.

"The extreme surprise indeed with which our party was seized, bordering almost on consternation, rendered all consultation as to a reply out of the question; and never did I see the old axiom that 'what is every body's business is nobody's business' more thoroughly exemplified. A few of the company whispered each his neighbour, and I perceived one or two steal a fruit-knife under the table-cloth, in case of extremities; but no one made any reply. We were eighteen in number; and as neither would or could answer for the others, it would require eighteen replies to satisfy the giant's single query; and I fancy some of us *could not* have replied to his satisfaction, and stuck to the truth into the bargain.

"He repeated his demand (elevating his tone each time) thrice: 'Does any gentleman avow it?' A faint buzz now circulated round the room, but there was no answer whatsoever. Communication was cut off, and there was a dead silence: at length our visitor said, with a loud voice, that he must suppose, if any gentleman had made any observations or assertions against Mary Neil's character, he would have the *courage* and spirit to avow it: 'therefore,' continued he, 'I shall take it for granted that my information was erroneous; and, in that point of view, I regret having *alarmed* your society.' And, without another word, he bowed three times very low, and retired backwards toward the door, (his dog also backing out with equal politeness,) where, with a salaam doubly ceremonious, Mr. Rowan ended this extraordinary interview. On the first of his departing bows, by a simultaneous impulse, we all rose and returned his salute, almost touching the table with our noses, but still in profound silence; which *booing* on both sides was repeated, as I have said, till he was fairly out of the room. Three or four of the company then ran hastily to the window to be *sure* that he and the dog were clear off into the street; and no sooner had this satisfactory *denouement* been ascertained, than a general roar of laughter ensued, and we talked it over in a hundred different ways: the whole of our arguments, however, turned upon the question 'which had behaved the *politest* upon the occasion?' but not one word was uttered as to which had behaved the *stoutest*."—Vol. ii. pp. 116—119.

Mr. Rowan was soon after tried and convicted of circulating a factious paper;—while in prison, charges of a heavier nature, and of a political kind, came out against him; and, as is well known, he made his escape, and at length arrived in France.

Of Curran we have a good deal in these volumes. Sir Jonah complains that his biographers knew nothing about him, a charge we believe to be not founded. Sir Jonah was intimate with him, and certainly gives a very striking idea of his alternate brilliancy and depression, his meanness and his magnanimity, his simplicity and his ability. Of the several stories relative to him we shall select one which sets his social talents in a brilliant point of view. In this, however, as in the Bounces, which we have so irreverently designated, we suspect a pervading exaggeration. "It is too good," is the exclamation with which we finish many of Sir Jonah's clever anecdotes. Curran

and Sir Jonah were accustomed to spend a part of every long vacation together in London.

"We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon Coffee-house, Charing-cross, (kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Calais,) where we had a box every day at the end of the room; and as, when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackall* to the *Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was well-nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and, as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased,—until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear 'The Irishmen.' One or two days we went elsewhere; and, on returning to 'the Cannon,' our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. 'Sir,' said he, 'I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence.' I replied, 'quite the contrary!'—'Why, sir,' rejoined he, 'as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentleman will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table, every day at five o'clock, whilst you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen.'

"I reported to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word—the room was filled: we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humour out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused: however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a 10*l.* note enclosed in a letter, desiring to give the balance to the waiters."—Vol. i. —pp. 377, 378.

Sir Jonah is happy in his portraits—his sketch of Curran's personal appearance; and that of Grattan's confirms our previous notion, that these two great orators were the ugliest men that ever spoke.

"Curran's person was mean and decrepit:—very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it; on the contrary, displacing spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow, furrowed, rather flat, and thoroughly ordinary. Yet his features were the very reverse of disagreeable: there was something so indescribably dramatic in his eye and the play of his eye-brow, that his visage seemed the index of his mind, and his humour the slave of his will. I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years. His very foibles were amusing.—He had no vein for poetry; yet fancying himself a bard, he contrived to throw off pretty verses: he certainly was no musician; but conceiving himself to be one, played very pleasingly: Nature had denied him a voice; but he thought he could sing; and in the rich mould of his capabilities, the desire here also bred, in some degree, the capacity.

"It is a curious, but a just remark, that every slow, *crawling* reptile is in the highest degree disgusting; whilst an insect, ten times uglier, if it be sprightly, and seems bent upon enjoyment, excites no shuddering. It is so with the human race: had Curran been a dull, slothful, inanimate being, his talents would not have redeemed his personal defects. But his rapid movements,—his fire,—his sparkling eyes,—the fine and varied intonations of his voice,—these conspired to give life and energy to every company he mixed with; and I have known ladies who, after an hour's conversation, actually considered Curran a *beauty*, and preferred his society to that of the finest fellows present. There is, however, it must be admitted, a good deal in the circumstance of a

man being *celebrated*, as regards the patronage of women."—Vol. i.—pp. 374, 375.

A pendant to this is the description of Grattan, as he appeared in a morning visit to certain American gentlemen, whom Sir Jonah took to call upon him.

"At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure,—meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' kees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

"This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously: asked (without any introduction) how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other: their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself; but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course; who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest, and most dignified-looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed: Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could if they could shortly have the honour of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which, our host, not doubting but they knew him,) conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said, he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere, to amuse himself.

"This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.

"I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment;—he pulled down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings; and, in his own irresistible way, apologised for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them he had totally overlooked it, in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting: the Americans were charmed with their reception; and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, whilst Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.—Vol. i.—351—353.

Our author, when in the meridian of his glory at Dublin, gave a dinner, to which the Speaker of the Irish parliament brought along with him two young men, just then returned to that House. These young men were Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart—afterwards the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh. Captain Wellesley then, in 1790, was ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance, and popular enough among the young men of his age and station. His address was unpolished, and though he occasionally spoke in parliament, never on any important subject, and altogether evinced no promise of his future celebrity. Mr. Stewart, at that time, was a professed, and not a very moderate patriot. Sir Jonah Barrington observes, on the effect of the personal intimacy between those two individuals: "Sir Arthur Wellesley never would," says he, "have had the chief command in Spain, but for the ministerial manœuvring and aid of Lord Castlereagh, never could have stood his ground as a minister, but for Lord Wellington's successes."

Sir Jonah brings this pair again on the scene at a subsequent period, when they had undergone no little change.

"Many years subsequently to the dinner-party I have mentioned, I one day met Lord Castlereagh in the Strand, and a gentleman with him. His lordship stopped me, whereat I was rather surprised, as we had not met for some time; he spoke very kindly, smiled, and asked if I had forgotten my old friend, Sir Arthur Wellesley?—whom I discovered in his companion; but looking so sallow and wan, and with every mark of what is called a worn-out man, that I was truly concerned at his appearance. But he soon recovered his health and looks, and went as the Duke of Richmond's secretary to Ireland; where he was in all material traits still Sir Arthur Wellesley—but it was Sir Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved. He had not forgotten his friends, nor did he forget himself. He said that he had accepted the office of secretary only on the terms that it should not impede or interfere with his military pursuits; and what he said proved true, for he was soon sent, as second in command, with Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, to break through the law of nations, and execute the most distinguished piece of treachery that history records.

"On Sir Arthur's return he recommenced his duty of secretary; and during his residence in Ireland in that capacity, I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct either as a public or private man. He was afterwards appointed to command in Spain; an appointment solicited, and I believe expected, by Sir John Doyle. It might be entertaining to speculate on the probable state of Europe at present, if Sir John had been then appointed generalissimo. I do not mean to infer any disparagement to the talents of Sir John, but he might have pursued a different course, not calculated, as in Sir Arthur's instance, to have decided (for the time being) the fate of Europe.

"A few days before Sir Arthur's departure for Spain, I requested him to spend a day with me, which he did. The company was not very large, but some of Sir Arthur's military friends were among the party:—the late Sir Charles Asgill, the present General Meyrick, &c. &c. I never saw him more cheerful or happy. The bombardment of Copenhagen being by chance started as a topic of remark, I did not join in its praise; but, on the other hand, muttered that I never did nor should approve of it.

"'D—n it, Barrington,' said Sir Arthur, 'why? what do you mean to say?' 'I say, Sir Arthur,' replied I, 'that it was the very best devised, the very best executed, and the most just and necessary "robbery and murder" now on record!' He laughed and adjourned to the drawing-room, where Lady B. had a ball and supper as a *finish* for the departing hero."—Vol. i. pp. 323—325.

Again, at Paris, in 1815, Sir Jonah paid a visit to the duke; he merely observes he was "intermediately much changed!" The interview was doubtless as cold as charity.

Every thing we have read of Lord Clare has combined to convey a most disagreeable impression of his character, and it was with delight we read an account of his being made ridiculous by Lord Aldborough. His lordship had had a cause decided against him, with costs, by Lord Clare, corruptly, as was conceived. He appealed to the Lords, but there sat the Lord Chancellor Clare, and, as lately in the case of Lord Eldon, decided on appeals from himself. Lord Aldborough had now no remedy left but to write *at* the Chancellor. In a pamphlet he told the following humorous story of a Dutch skipper, which he conceived precisely in point:—

"His lordship was going to Amsterdam on one of the canals in a *trekschuit*—the captain or skipper of which being a great rogue, extorted from his lordship, for his passage, much more than he had a lawful right to claim. My lord expostulated with the skipper in vain; the fellow grew rude; his lordship persisted; the skipper got more abusive. At length Lord Aldborough told him he would, on landing, immediately go to the proper tribunals and get redress from the judge. The skipper cursed him as an impudent *milord*, and

desired him to do his worst, snapping his tarry *finger-posts* in his lordship's face. Lord Aldborough paid the demand, and, on landing, went to the legal officer to know when the court of justice would sit. He was answered, at nine next morning. Having no doubt of ample redress, he did not choose to put the skipper on his guard by mentioning his intentions. Next morning he went to court and began to tell his story to the judge, who sat with his broad-brimmed hat on, in great state, to hear causes of that nature. His lordship fancied he had seen the man before, nor was he long in doubt! for ere he had half-finished, the judge, in a voice like thunder (but which his lordship immediately recognised, for it was that of the identical skipper!) decided against him *with full costs*, and ordered him out of court. His lordship, however, said he would *appeal*, and away he went to an advocate for that purpose. He did accordingly appeal, and the next day his appeal cause came regularly on. But all his lordship's stoicism forsook him, when he again found that the very same skipper and judge was to decide *the appeal* who had decided *the cause*; so that the learned skipper first cheated and then laughed at him."—Vol. i. pp. 360—362.

The lord chancellor complained in the House of this pamphlet, as a breach of privilege, and holding the book in his hands, demanded of Lord Aldborough if he admitted it to be his writing, to which his lordship replied he would admit nothing as written by him until it had been read. Lord Clare began to read it, but not being near enough to the light, his opponent seized an enormous pair of candlesticks from the table, walked deliberately to the throne, and requested permission to hold the candles for him whilst he was reading the book. The unfortunate chancellor feeling himself outdone, duly read the comparison of himself to the Dutch skipper and the rest of the libel to the House, while Lord Aldborough assiduously presented the lights, and did not omit to set the reader right when he mistook a word or misplaced an emphasis. This may well be supposed the sweetest enjoyment to an angry and litigious controversialist, and gave no little amusement to a crowded assembly, containing a large number of secret haters of the complainant. Though imprisonment was the result to Lord Aldborough, we can scarcely pity him.

We are glad to see that the formality and dulness of another lord chancellor (the present Lord Redesdale) were properly appreciated by our lively neighbours. From an account that Sir Jonah gives of a dinner, it appears that this dull, but laborious man, was completely bewildered by the eccentricities of the Irish bar.

After some witticisms of Mr. Toler, (Lord Norbury,) which raised a laugh, the hancellor seemed somewhat discomposed.

"He sat for awhile silent; until skating became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied—and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skait, they always put blown bladders under their arms; and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved.

"‘Ay, my lord!’ said Toler, that’s what we call blatheram-skate in Ireland.”

"His lordship did not understand the sort of thing at all: and (though extremely courteous,) seemed to wish us all at our respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garrat O’Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow,

* An Irish vulgar idiom for "nonsense."

with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost.—‘Mr. Garrat O’Farrell,’ said the chancellor solemnly, ‘I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in County Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there.’

“‘Yes, my lord!’ said O’Farrell, ‘we *were* very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county.’

“His lordship said no more: and (so far as respect for a new chancellor admitted) we got into our own line of conversation, without his assistance. His lordship, by degrees, began to understand some jokes a few minutes after they were uttered. An occasional smile discovered his enlightenment; and, at the breaking up, I really think his impression was, that we were a pleasant, though not very comprehensible race, possessing at a dinner-table much more good-fellowship than special pleading; and that he would have a good many of his old notions to get rid of before he could completely cotton to so dissimilar a body:—but he was extremely polite. Chief Justice Downs, and a few more of our high, cold sticklers for ‘decorum,’ were quite uneasy at this skirmishing.”—Vol. i. pp. 337—339.

The Chancellor’s backwardness at comprehension left him behind in court as well as at table: of this the following is an amusing instance.

“I never met a cold-blooded ostentatious man of office, whom I did not feel pleasure in mortifying: an affectation of sang-froid is necessary neither to true dignity nor importance, and generally betrays the absence of many amiable qualities.

“I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at one of Plunkett’s best *jeux d’esprits*. A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but *kites*.—‘Kites?’ exclaimed Lord Redesdale:—‘Kites, Mr. Plunkett? Kites never could amount to the value of those securities! I don’t understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunkett.’

“‘It is not to be expected that you should, my Lord,’ answered Plunkett: ‘In England and in Ireland, kites are quite different things. In England, the *wind* raises the *kites*; but, in Ireland, the *kites* raise the *wind*.’

“‘I do not feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunkett,’ said the matter-of-fact chancellor.

“‘Well, my Lord, I’ll explain the thing without mentioning those birds of prey:’—and therewith he elucidated the difficulty.”—Vol. i.—pp 339, 340.

We have thus made a most copious selection of good things from Sir Jonah’s storehouse, while on looking at the work and at the notes we made in the perusal of it, we find an almost undiminished treasure left behind. We were anxious to have made many quotations and drawn many illustrations, which want of space, but more particularly a fit of modest shame at the extent of our robbery compel us to relinquish. One whole volume has been nearly left untouched by us, and many interesting points of the other left unnoticed. We have said enough of Sir Jonah’s tendency to colour facts and to draw for incidents on a ready fancy, in the early part of this article; we will add now, that while this vivacity certainly renders Sir Jonah’s sketches particularly amusing, it does not diminish to any great extent their historical value. It is easy to strip his stories to the essentials; and the more important divisions of his memoirs are, on the whole, more soberly penned.

The parts of the “Sketches” which especially relate to the Rebellion in Ireland are very interesting; and as Sir Jonah was inti-

mately acquainted with the principal heroes of it, his testimony is valuable. We particularly recommend to the notice of the reader his account of the dinner to which he is a party, on the eve of the rebellion, given by several of the chiefs whose heads shortly after adorned the bridge of Wexford.—Vol. 1, p. 267. There is also a very interesting chapter on Mrs. Jordan, a subject which the author treats with much mystery, while at the same time he records several instructive anecdotes and remarks. The whole of the author's residence in France, we must dismiss with a bare acknowledgment of its importance and curiosity. Sir Jonah lived intimately among the spies of the police during the hundred days, without knowing it; as he associated with the chief insurgents of Ireland without suspecting treason. In Sir Jonah's account of the scene in Paris, the administering the oath to the peers, the inspection of the army under Davoust, and various other circumstances, are told, not only in a way to attract by the interest of the narration, but by the characteristic touches which show off the narrator along with his subject. We very much wish that our limits permitted us to imitate Lord Aldborough, and hold the candle to Sir Jonah reading his own book.

We take our leave of him—if we have spoken too freely of his talent for the manufacture of *crackers*, we beg his pardon, and grant him ours in return. There is a brogue in the mind as well as on the tongue, and the intellectual accent is as difficult to dismiss as the vocal one. For an Irishman to tell a plain, straitforward, unadorned story, would be as impossible as that he should assume the quiet even tenor of English pronunciation. These ornaments are national, and if we cannot always approve of them, we can always laugh at them, and that is a real good.

Sir Jonah professes to have collected the hints for his work from several old trunks of letters which he long carried about with him, and into which he has again deposited them. We beseech him, as a particular favour, to re-open his trunks, and give us two more volumes. In the present work there is not the slightest mark of exhaustion. We have not only the garrulity of old age but the vigour of youth; and our parting wish is in a spirit of exaggerated good-will, which he perfectly understands, that “he may live a thousand years!”

EMIGRATION.

THE plans of emigration on a large scale, which were talked of at the end of the last and the beginning of the present session, appear to have gone off in smoke, like all the plans which have preceded them for lessening the evils of the poor laws, or improving the condition of the labouring poor. A special report was made by the Commons' Committee early in the session, declaring “that private or local contribution in some shape ought to form the basis of any system of emigration, to which it may be expedient for this Committee to recommend any assistance from the national funds.” On the 5th of April, another report was made, in which it was recommended 50,000*l.* of the public money should be granted, to which 25,000*l.* was to be added by the Manufacturers' Relief Committee, for the purpose of

transferring twelve hundred families of hand-loom weavers to our North American Colonies. But a gleam of manufacturing prosperity has appeared; the hand-loom weavers are employed, and the project of transporting them is at an end. With it, we fear, all ideas of plans of emigration applicable to other portions of the population have also disappeared. The precedent of the application of a large sum of the public money, with whatever prospect of repayment, to any purpose other than the injury of some portion of the human race, is naturally considered dangerous in a well ordered community. The evidence taken before the Emigration Committee, including that appended to the second report, and printed within the last month, contains much information concerning the surplus population of the kingdom. So that if no remedy be applied, it can scarcely be for want of knowing the disease.

The labouring population, for whose work there is an insufficient demand, may be divided into three classes: the cottier population of Ireland; the peasantry in those counties of England where the poor laws have been brought into most complete operation; and the manufacturers in the West of Scotland and the Lancashire district, who have been deprived of profitable employment by the changes produced by machinery.

As to the population of Ireland, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, the evidence before the Committee leads us to the conclusion, that its misery and its numbers are still rather under than over-rated. A paper was delivered in by Sir H. Parnell, of which the conclusions, if just, prove that the increase of population in that country, wretched as it is, has very nearly approached that which has been considered the maximum where there has been an unlimited quantity of the best land. In 1792, Dr. Beaufort computed the population of Ireland to amount to 4,088,226. But his calculation, founded on the returns of the hearth-money collectors, was made on the supposition that there were six persons in every house. This Sir H. Parnell deems too high an estimate, and takes *five* to a house as a fairer number, which would make the population, in 1792, 3,406,865.

In 1821, a census was taken, which made the number 6,801,827. In several instances, Sir H. Parnell says, actual enumerations have been since taken, (especially, we believe, in the districts in which charitable relief was afforded during the scarcity,) and the population returns were found to be too low. This, we believe, is generally the case in the first attempt at a census, as it is always difficult to persuade a people that it is not intended for purposes of taxation or conscription. If we suppose Dr. Beaufort's estimate too high, and the returns in 1821 too low, the population must have *doubled* in thirty years. A population doubling in thirty years, increases in ten years, Sir H. Parnell says, at the rate of 300,000 per million. So that the increase of the population of Ireland in ten years, from 1821, will be 2,100,000: its total population in four years hence, that is, in 1831, will be above nine millions.

We doubt the justice of Sir H. Parnell's supposition, that Dr. Beaufort's estimate was too high; as it is very probable, and was at the time generally believed, that the hearth returns were defective. The per centage of increase in ten years, in a population

doubling in thirty years, is not 300,000, but 255,000, per million.* But, on the other hand, it is to be taken into account, that in the period between 1791 and 1821 there were rebellions and wars, which must have had some effect in checking the increase; and from which, since 1821, we have been, and may till 1831 continue to be, free. If therefore the population of Ireland do not amount to nine millions in 1831, it will not fall far short of it. At present, it is probably near eight millions.

The miserable poverty and unproductiveness of this population cannot be better shown than by the fact, that under the most taxing government of the world only ten shillings a head can be extracted from them in taxes. In England at least 4*l.* per head is paid. If we deduct from the eight millions of Irish, a tenth part, consisting of the inhabitants of the towns, gentry, and clergy, officers of government, and soldiers, who may consume nearly as much taxed commodities as the *average* of all classes, high and low, in England, the rest would seem to be practically untaxed, because incapable of paying any thing; and yet they are more wretched than the greatest tax-payers in the world.

It is clearly proved by the evidence before the Committee on Emigration and on the state of Ireland, that this superabundant population, settled as it is upon small parcels of land, continually subdivided into still smaller patches, forms the most serious obstacle to the improvement of Ireland. Without dispossessing a part of this population, an improvement in cultivation cannot take place; if they are dispossessed without removing them, the peace of the country cannot be preserved, and no farmers can apply capital to the soil, or can be tempted to make the trial. The greatest part of the time of these people is wasted in idleness, without enough food to make idleness agreeable; and the labour which they bestow is wasted on an unprofitable and scourging course of husbandry. Dr. Doyle's description of their miserable condition has been often quoted, and is too painful to repeat unnecessarily. The doctor says, "I have frequently prayed to God, if it were his will, rather to take me out of life, than to leave me to witness such evils." We do not know whether the doctor, who is a fine, robust, and tolerably well-fed passionate priest, would like to be taken at his word; but we have no doubt that the sight of the condition of such a people must be deeply affecting, even to a less sympathetic man.

There are two things that strike foreigners, and are indeed the great peculiarities of the British empire:—the vast territorial extent of its colonial possessions, and the readiness with which vast capitals can be collected for any purpose, when there is a security or even a plausible promise of profit. There is the third peculiarity which we have just detailed, and which is the more remarkable by its co-existence with the two others—that crowded and impoverished population, strong and sufficiently laborious—half-starving for want of land—three-quarters idle for want of capital—close to the heart of the

* The Inspector-General of Hearth-money was of this opinion.—*Wakefield's Ireland*, p. 689, vol. 2.

Dr. Beaufort's calculation was in reality founded on the returns of 1789.

richest empire of the world, impeding its productiveness and disturbing its peace. It cannot be suspected that, under such circumstances, the existence of this evil is to be attributed, not to absolute necessity, but to some imbecility or negligence in the legislature.

The experiments with pauper emigrants, which have hitherto been tried upon a small scale, have completely succeeded. They have been tried in two ways. Some have been landed almost without money in the populous parts of America, and allowed to find work as they could; others have been settled on portions of land given them in Canada. Of the first kind of emigration there are details in the evidence of Mr. Hodges, annexed to the report of 1826, and that of Mr. Homewood, annexed to the second report of 1827. Of the second kind were those conducted in 1823 and 1825 by Mr. P. Robinson. These people have been placed in a condition, in which they have not only been relieved from want or pauperism, but would undoubtedly be enabled, at some time more or less distant, to repay the sums expended in transporting them.

There is nothing in emigration which, if proper precaution be adopted, should make it more difficult on a large than on a small scale. In colonies, as elsewhere, the strength of men is in union and concert; and new comers are welcomed with an instinctive feeling that they add to the wealth and comfort of a settlement. The only difficulty, therefore, is, that the government does not feel itself bold enough to expend a sum sufficient for the purpose, or strong enough to enforce payment of the advances from the emigrants, although the latter would be benefited by the expenditure, and able to repay it. The Scotch hand-loom weavers, as we shall see, are willing to enter into any sort of contract which the case admits of, to repay whatever may be expended on them. With the Irish, who are more ignorant, and consequently more suspicious and immoral, there would be no doubt greater difficulty either in making a bargain, or in enforcing it when made; but the difficulty is not so great, we think, as to induce us to abandon it in despair.

Mr. McCulloch, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 89) urges the adoption of an extensive plan of emigration, but contends that a tax should be enforced on the rent of Ireland, and on cottages both in England and Ireland, by which the interest on a loan of thirteen or fourteen millions, which he deems necessary to convey a million of emigrants to America, will be paid, and a sinking fund for its extinction provided. He would abandon altogether all hopes of repayment from the emigrants themselves. This, we fear, is to abandon altogether all hopes of the execution of the plan. Even if the resolution of the Committee were not conclusive on the subject, we should not have the slightest hope that the Irish landlords would allow themselves to be taxed for the sake of the prospective change to be produced by emigration, of which (it must be allowed) it would require more intelligence and vigilance than most of them possess to reap the benefits.

There are various plans by which at least a considerable chance of repayment would be given. In the first place, leases might be given for seven or fourteen years, with stipulations that on payment of the sums advanced for the transport of the emigrant, he should receive a grant in fee. No doubt great objections exist, in countries like Canada,

to take any such leases; but these objections are felt by those who have the means of buying land, and are scarcely to be anticipated in those who would be placed on it by an act of national charity. The principle of not looking a gift-horse in the mouth, would be fully understood by persons in that condition. Mr. McCulloch observes, "that both in Canada and the United States numerous lots of land are every year sold for payment of the public taxes, which are so very trifling, as rarely to exceed twopence an acre;" which proves, he thinks, that no payment could be obtained. He should know, however, that in the United States at least, there are sales of land, for the most part not actually settled, of which grants have been obtained by persons who hope to profit without exertion, by the increasing population;—a class of speculators on whom a small tax per acre imposes a salutary check. If these sales, in many cases, are of settled and partially improved land, they shew that the ejectment of men for non-payment of their debts to the state, is perfectly practicable, and is practised without creating discontent.

It is to be observed also, that a continued stream of emigration would afford the first emigrants the means of repaying the sums bestowed upon them with facility, in labour or in produce, as soon as the produce raised is more than sufficient for their own support. That some of them would fail, is to be expected; but if they abandoned their settlements before any expense was incurred on them, the whole loss would be the passage money: if they abandoned them at some later time, they could scarcely fail to leave the land in a more or less improved state; and in all such cases the land should be sold to the highest bidder, and not given to the government emigrants.

It does not give us a high idea of the force of moral and religious obligations among mankind, to reflect that men are left in a state of the utmost misery—thrown together, as Dr. Doyle expresses it, like savages in a wood, merely because there are well-founded doubts whether, if relieved from it, and placed in a state of comfort, they would be grateful and just enough to be willing to repay to those who effected this change, the expense incurred in benefiting them.

Mr. McCulloch objects, that any plan of repayment, arising out of the rent of land, would not be applicable to a large body of emigrants, who might be advantageously disposed of by merely landing them in Canada and the United States, without any further expense being incurred on their account. It appears to us no objection to a plan for obtaining repayment from one class of emigrants, that it is not applicable to another; but even from this class means of obtaining payment might be devised, if the numbers poured into every colony did not exceed the means of employment. If the emigrants were hired for a certain time to any person who would reimburse the government for the expense of their transport, the arrangement would be just and beneficial, we are persuaded, to the emigrants themselves, who would be thus relieved from the uncertainties incident to the first landing in a country, and would commence to act on their own responsibility only when they had acquired experience to guide them. This plan is, perhaps, most applicable to the younger class of emigrants, and is pointed at in the evidence appended to the

second Report, as applicable to the Cape of Good Hope ;* but it is susceptible, we think, of much wider extension. There is, it is to be observed, no better security against over-supplying the demand for labour, and thus exposing the emigrant to suffering, than by making a contract for his employment for a certain time. The great objection, probably, to this plan is the misconception and prejudice to which it will give rise. The extreme suspiciousness of the Irish poor, in particular, is exemplified in the evidence before the Committee on the State of Ireland, of Mr. Robinson, who managed the emigration to Canada. "From the circumstance," he says, "of my refusing a man who offered to emigrate from Faraby, (being a Protestant,) the Catholics thought it was a plan to entrap them only; and not one person came afterwards from Faraby, and but one from Kildorney, although before that I had many applicants from both places." But the advantages of emigration, and the fairness of the intentions of the government towards the emigrants, and the exertions of the priests, (who, according to Mr. Robinson, cordially co-operated in explaining the motives of the undertaking,) might be relied upon for the removal of any unjust prejudice.

The plan which we have described may be called the natural and proper mode of managing the emigration of the labourer—the expense of the transfer of his labour to the spot where it is most valuable, is paid for by the increased value of that labour itself.

Mr. McCulloch must make up his mind, we think, to this;—emigration must either be undertaken with some prospect of repayment of the sums expended, or it will not be undertaken at all. It is quite visionary to expect that thirteen or fourteen millions can be expended, without prospect of repayment, in any plan of public benevolence or improvement. Many millions have been spent within the last two or three years in persuading the King of Ava that he was not so powerful as the King of England, (washing an ass's head, as Rabelais expresses it, and losing the soap). But that was quite another matter. It is therefore to modes for securing the repayment that the friends of the plans of emigration should apply themselves; and we are unwilling to believe that it is hopeless to attempt to make a large body of men just or grateful.

The excess of population in some of the agricultural parishes of England is much more easily disposed of than that in Ireland, because the law of settlement enables each parish with tolerable safety to proceed separately to remove its own poor, and because the parish funds supply the means of effecting the removal. The evidence of Mr. Hodges and Mr. Headcorn proves that parishes have adopted the idea of relieving themselves by facilitating the emigration of the poor, even without the advantage of any legislative aid; the testimony of several other witnesses shows that many parishes would gladly adopt it, if any facility were afforded them. But if this expedient were put in practice in England, and the result exceeded the most sanguine expectations of those who recommend it, by putting every English labourer in a condition to earn a subsistence without recourse to the poor rates, this would

* Evidence of Mr. Carberle, Lieut. White, and Mr. Ellis, *passim*.

be necessarily accompanied by such an advance of wages as would attract the full current of Irish pauperism in this direction, till the English labourers removed at the expense of the parishes would be replaced by a less civilized, less industrious, and less manageable race. In New York there exists a state law which compels all emigrants landing there to give a security that they do not within a certain time become chargeable to the community. As a permanent provision applied to the Irish resorting to this country, so long as there are poor laws in England and no poor laws in Ireland, so long as those who want the labour of Irishmen for a time can entice them to England and throw on the parishes the expense of sending them back, such a law would be just and expedient; but in the event of any means being taken at the expense of rate-payers throughout the kingdom, for removing the superfluous labourers in agriculture, some such precaution would be indispensable, unless the improvement of Ireland preceded or accompanied the improvement of England.

The hand-loom weavers form the principal part of the third class of the labouring population to which we have referred. It is unfortunately certain, that by almost every improvement in the productiveness of the whole community, by means of machinery, a class more or less numerous is thrown out of employment, or compelled to struggle hopelessly under all sorts of disadvantages for the most scanty support. We may flatter ourselves with the hope, that the increased demand occasioned by an improvement in the production of any article compensates the labouring classes for the changes to which they are subjected. We may indulge the hope, that men may find new occupations; but in proportion as labour is more and more subdivided, and as wages are reduced to the sum necessary for the bare subsistence of the workmen, the greater is the time needed to change an occupation, and the less can the labourer afford to sacrifice it. The following was the condition, a few weeks ago, of the hand-loom weavers at Glasgow, as given in the evidence of one of their representatives; and this or worse has been the condition of tens of thousands of hand-loom weavers in England. "The machines that we employ are all at the expense of the operative, with the exception of what is called the wheel, which is a trifling part of the materials necessary; the hours of working are various; they are sometimes *eighteen* or *nineteen* hours, and even *all night* is common *one or two nights* in the week; and on the calculation we have made of the wages, after deducting the necessary expenses, they will not amount to more than from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* per week." The difference in wages does not arise from the difference of number of hours, but from the difference of the kind of the work. "A man that works eighteen or nineteen hours, works at 4*s.* at one kind of work, when he might probably earn 6*s.* at another."

This was the miserable state of men possessing some little capital and great skill, and the improvement which has taken place in their condition is a rise of perhaps from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* as the wages of ninety-six hours' toil. Against any temporary increase of demand is to be set the continual extension of the power-loom machinery, and its gradual application to the few branches of weaving which they yet retain.

Large classes of men sacrificed for the sake of society, whether by

the voluntary act of the legislature or by the progress of inventions, have surely some claim upon the community; it would scarcely be unreasonable to expect that something should be risked (for perhaps nothing may be finally lost) in their behalf. The precedent of aiding them by public money is said to be dangerous. We see no danger connected with it except the danger of its not being followed.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

April 27th. Dr. Granville gave an account from the lecture table, of his examinations of various Egyptian and other mummies, and of his attempts to imitate those of the Egyptians, by the processes which he believes them to have followed. His experiments had been very successful, so far as could be judged of, by comparing his specimens, after a lapse of two or three years, with Egyptian mummies. A great collection of mummies and preserved specimens, belonging to Dr. Granville, Mr. Brookes, Mr. Pettigrew, and others, was upon the table.

On the library tables were numerous new and curious books and objects in natural history.

May 4th. Mr. Faraday gave an experimental account of the action of chlorine and its compounds, when used in cases requiring disinfecting agents. The chemical action of the chlorine was explained, and the nature and composition of its compounds with hydrated lime, and with carbonate of soda was given, and illustrated by tables and experiments. These compounds are highly valuable, not only in their more important applications, when applied to medicinal purposes, but also for many domestic and daily uses.

After this subject had been disposed of, the mummy of an ichneumon was opened at the lecture table, by Dr. Granville. The library tables were, as usual, stored with literary curiosities.

May 11th. The subject this evening was the tenacity of metals, as exemplified and illustrated during some experiments upon the drawing of fine wires through gems and hard stones. Wire drawn in this way has been extended to the length of many miles, without an appreciable increase in diameter, and has at one draught been increased to more than twice its former length. Mr. Brookedon, who was the author of these experiments, delivered an account of them from the lecture table, with numerous experimental illustrations.

Mr. Wheatstone's beautiful phonic instrument, called the Kaleidophone, was placed upon the library table, upon which were also numerous literary novelties.

May 18th. A discourse on the forms of nautical vessels, from the raft to the most perfect ship, was delivered in the lecture room by Mr. Holdsworth, who, at the same time, presented the most apt illustrations from drawings, and a collection of very fine models placed upon the table.

A series of geological specimens, collected by Captain Parry, and his officers, at Port Bowen, Prince Regent's Inlet, were exhibited on the library table.

MAGAZINIANA.

JOHN KEMBLE'S DEFINITION OF INDEPENDENCE.—Mr. John Kemble once seriously told me that true independence consisted in—"being able to shave with cold water!"

We had left town early; and I expressed a wish for our arrival where I might enjoy the luxury of warm water for the purpose of shaving. "There, my dear Dibdin!" observed my fellow-traveller, "you are quite wrong: you go often, I dare say, (as I do) on visits to gentlemen's houses, where a guest, who is not attended by a valet of his own, will always find it advisable to make himself as independent of his host's servants as possible: now, if you are subservient to the luxury of warm water, you must either ring your bell as soon as you awake in the morning; or, if you do not readily find one, you must call William, or John, or Thomas, (for gentlemen's servants have various names), and ask for warm water; by which means it is proclaimed to all the house that Mr. Thomas Dibdin is going to get rid of his beard; (it is a mistake to suppose he said *bird*.) On the other hand, if, even in the depth of winter, you are man enough to use cold water, you enter the breakfast-parlour in the true spirit of independence, above the necessity of previous assistance; and the neatness of your toilet receives double effect from the silent and unassuming way in which you have made it."—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

FATAL BOAST.—In the course of conversation, our hostess, the *Juffrona Mare*, gave an account of the recent death of one of her relations in the following manner: On the 1st of January a party of friends and neighbours had met together to celebrate New Year's Day; and having got heated with liquor, began each boastingly to relate the feats of hardihood they had performed. Mare, who had been a great hunter of elephants (having killed in his day above forty of those gigantic animals) laid a wager that he would go into the forest, and pluck three hairs out of an elephant's tail. The feat he actually performed, and returned safely with the trophy to his comrades. But not satisfied with this daring specimen of his audacity, he laid another bet that he would return and shoot the same animal on the instant. He went accordingly, with his mighty roar,—but never returned. He approached too incautiously, and his first shot not proving effective, the enraged animal rushed upon him before he could re-load, or make his escape, and having first thrust his tremendous tusks through his body, trampled him to a cake.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

MRS. JORDAN'S "OLD HABITS."—"How happens it," said I to her, when last in Dublin, "that you still exceed all your profession even in characters not so adapted to you now as when I first saw you? How do you contrive to be so buoyant—nay, so childish, on the stage, whilst you lose half your spirits, and degenerate into gravity, the moment you are off it?" "Old habits!" replied Mrs. Jordan, "old habits! had I formerly studied my positions, weighed my words, and measured my sentences, I should have been artificial, and they might have hissed me: so, when I had got the words well by heart, I told Nature I was then at her service to do whatever she thought proper with my feet, legs, hands, arms, and features: to her I left the whole matter: I became, in fact, merely her puppet, and never interfered further myself in the business. I heard the audience laugh at me, and I laughed at myself: they laughed again, so did I: and they gave me credit for matters I knew very little about, and for which Dame Nature, not I, should have received their approbation."—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Times.*

THE ELDER SHERIDAN'S POETICAL EAR.—During the latter part of his theatrical life, he was unfortunately subject to something like an approach to asthma, which, especially when declaiming, obliged him alternately to (what is very vulgarly called) hawk and spit; but as his ear was very fine respecting poetical measure, he never suffered the expression of his infirmity to break the quantity of a line, and therefore let it stand as a substitute for the word or syllable displaced; as thus, in *Cato*:—

My base and (hawk) tidote are both before me:

This in a moment brings me to my (hawk),

And this informs me I can never (spit).

Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.

DIFFICULTY OF ACQUIRING ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.—For a European or American to acquire a living Oriental language, root and branch, and make it his own, is quite a different thing from his acquiring a cognate language of the west, or any of the dead languages, as they are studied in the schools. One circumstance may serve to illustrate this. I once had occasion to devote a few months to the study of the French. I have now been above two years engaged in the Burman. But if I were to chuse between a Burman and a French book, to be examined in, without previous study, I should, without the least hesitation, choose the French. When we take up a western language, the similarity in the characters, in very many terms, in many modes of expression, and in the general structure of the sentences, its being in fair print, (a circumstance we hardly think of,) and the assistance of grammars, dictionaries, and instructors, render the work comparatively easy. But when we take up a language spoken by a people on the other side of the earth, whose very thoughts run in channels diverse from ours, and whose modes of expression are consequently all new and uncouth; when we find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we have ever met with, and these words not fairly divided, and distinguished, as in western writing, by breaks, and points, and capitals—but run together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word—when instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm leaves strung together, and called a book; when we have no dictionary, and no interpreter to explain a single word, and must get something of the language, before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher.—*Judson's Baptist Mission.*

EMERY AT THE THEATRICAL BEEFSTEAK CLUB.—To keep conversation general, it was the custom, in this society, after two or three usual toasts, to call upon one gentleman for the name of a public performer, and on another for the title of a dramatic work or quotation to correspond; as thus:—the president gave “Charles Incledon,” and Mr. Const added,

Gratiano talks an infinite deal of nothing;

or another proposed “George Cook,” to which name Mr. John Johnstone, with a richly-acted brogue, exclaimed, “a load o’ whiskey” (*Iodoiska*). Mr. Emery, who was introduced to this joyous assembly the same day with myself, and who was reckoned (with myself, of course) a very diffident man,—was at first much annoyed by these quotations, which, to produce greater effect, were to be given as instantaneously as possible on the name being announced, with which they were to correspond. When, on the first day, it came to Emery’s turn to make a quotation, he declared that (although an actor) he never could extemporaneously think of an apt extract from a play, nor had he ever made one on any subject. On being pressed, however, without any apparent consciousness of its just applicability to himself, he said—

Indeed, indeed, sirs! but this troubles me.

[On one of these occasions Professor Porson was called upon for a quotation. The health just drunk was that of Gilbert Wakefield, who had recently published his diatribe on Porson’s *Hecuba*. The Professor gave—

What’s *Hecuba* to him or he to *Hecuba*.]

Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.

OTHELLO SAVED FROM SUICIDE.—I was behind Covent-Garden scenes one evening in my boyhood, when a gentleman made his *début* in *Othello*; Mr. Hull played Gratiano. In the last scene, the new actor, naturally bewildered on such an occasion, had neglected to provide himself with a dagger with which to kill himself; and before he recollected this oversight, had got as far, in his concluding speech, as—“I took by the throat the circumcised dog,” when, almost at his wits’ end for something to “smite him” with, he looked round, saw a drawn sword in Mr. Hull’s hand, and snatched it by way of substitute for the weapon he ought to have had. It happened to be a true Toledo, and indeed a very sharp one; and on *Othello*’s abruptly seizing it, Mr. Hull, in most benevolent terror and agitation, losing sight of his assumed character, and anxious only for the personal safety of the *débutant*, rushed forward, seized the rapier, and exclaimed, in his richly energetic, though somewhat tremulous style of voice—“For God Almighty’s sake, don’t, sir!—it is a *real sword*!” and the curtain dropped amidst the convulsed laughter of the whole house.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

THE WILD PIGEON OF AMERICA.—In the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. Having met the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in the barrens of natural wastes a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, in greater apparent numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, I felt an inclination to enumerate the flocks that would pass within the reach of my eye in one hour. I dismounted, and seating myself on a tolerable eminence, took my pencil to mark down what I saw going by and over me, and made a dot for every flock which passed.

Finding, however, that this was next to impossible, and feeling unable to record the flocks, as they multiplied constantly, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, discovered that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I went. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day became dim, as during an eclipse; the pigeons' dung fell in spots, not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buz of their wings over me, had a tendency to incline my senses to repose.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession.

The people were indeed all up in arms, and shooting on all sides at the passing flocks. The banks of the river were crowded with men and children, for here the pigeons flew rather low as they passed the Ohio. This gave a fair opportunity to destroy them in great numbers. For a week or more the population spoke of nothing but pigeons, and fed on no other flesh but that of pigeons. The whole atmosphere during this time was strongly impregnated with the smell appertaining to their species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the Creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every living thing on that vast continent of America.

We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and at this time exhibit their phalanx in all the beauties of their plumage; now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and suddenly veering exhibit a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear as suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as if affrighted, the whole again take to wing with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near. Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves to seek for the last beech nut or acorn; the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept up, or, to use a French expression, *moissonée*, is astonishing, and so clean is the work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed in immense numbers, yet without any apparent diminution. During the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart en masse for the roosting-place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by persons keeping account of their arrival and of their departure from their curious roosting places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green River in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude of growth, but with little underwood. I rode through it lengthwise upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its width to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons

were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and waggons, guns, and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the neighbourhood of Russelsville, distant more than one hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on pigeon-meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than one hundred and fifty miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived,—but all of a sudden I heard a cry of “*Here they come!*” The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying sight [was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted every where one on the top of another, until masses of them resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogsheds, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groupes, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but long ere objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sun-rise none that were able to fly remained. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, rackoons, opossums, and pole-cats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry among the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had so many as could possibly be disposed of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.—*Account of the Wild Pigeon of America, by Mr. John James Audubon; Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

LETTERS.—“Heaven first taught letters;” this I very much doubt of, and do even deny; and I dread the sight of a letter: it is sure to bring more pain than pleasure; from a stranger it is rarely worth the trouble of reading; if from a friend, it generally brings painful intelligence. They say at sea, that “God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks,” (some of our cooks on shore are no great God-sends,) I can believe that heaven sends oral messengers, who come running breathless with good tidings; but the evil principle speeds the letter with bad news, neatly written, duly folded, sealed, and directed with unerring aim, like the fatal arrow. That we rarely receive agreeable intelligence by letter, shows that it is not the intention of nature that we should quit our friends; when we have found a person with whom we would wish to correspond regularly, we ought to communicate without the intervention of pens, paper, flaming scalding wax, and postmen. A letter in my eyes looks too much as if it came from the apothecary to be palatable; it resembles too closely the labelled phial, the neat-folded packet of powders, the trim pill-box, or the envelope of the soul-sickening bolus.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

INVETERATE COVETOUSNESS. HENDERSON THE ACTOR.—A namesake, if not a relation, of Mr. Henderson, lately told me that avarice was a predominant failing in the private character of this impressive actor, "who called," says the relater, "one day on my late excellent friend, Dr. Fryer, to present him, as a compliment, with tickets for his (Henderson's) benefit. The good and benevolent doctor, who knew the actor's foible, and bore with it, as he did with the failings of every one,—instead of accepting the tickets as a present, offered the money for them, which Henderson took with a blush; and as he put it in his pocket, struck his forehead with the unemployed hand, burst into tears, and said, 'I am ashamed; but, by G—d, I can't help it!'" —*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

BUSHMAN'S RICE.—These poor creatures were at this time subsisting almost exclusively upon the larvæ of ants, which they dig from the ground with a pointed stick, hardened in the fire, and loaded with a stone in the thick end. We saw many parts of the plains full of holes which they had made in search of these insects. There are two species of ants which they chiefly feed upon—one of a black, and the other of a white colour. The latter is considered by them very palatable food, and is, from its appearance, called by the boors "Bushman's rice." This rice has an acid, and not very unpleasant taste, but it must require a great quantity to satisfy a hungry man. In order to fill the stomach, and perhaps to correct the too great acidity of this food, the Bushmen eat along with it the gum of the mimosa tree, which is merely a variety of gum arabic.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

ACCOUNT OF THE SEA SERPENT.—The captain and myself were standing on the star-board side of the vessel, looking over the bulwark, and remarking how perfectly smooth was the surface of the sea. It was about half-past six o'clock P. M. and a cloudless sky. On a sudden we heard a rushing in the water a-head of the ship. At first we imagined it to be a whale spouting, and turning to the quarter whence the sound proceeded, we observed the serpent in the position as it appears in the sketch, slowly approaching at not more than the rate of two miles an hour, in a straight direction. I suppose we were hardly going through the water so fast, for there was scarcely a breath of wind. I must premise that I had never heard of the existence of such an animal. I instantly exclaimed, why, there is a sea-snake! "That is the sea-serpent," exclaimed the captain, "and I would give my ship and cargo to catch the monster." I immediately called to the passengers, who were all down below, but only five or six came up, among whom was Miss Magee, the daughter of a merchant in New York. The remainder refused to come up, saying there had been too many hoaxes of that kind already. I was too eager to stand parleying with them, and I returned to the captain. In the same slow style the serpent passed the vessel at about fifty yards from us, neither turning his head to the right or left. As soon as his head had reached the stern of the vessel, he gradually laid it down in a horizontal position with his body, and floated along like the mast of a vessel. That there was upwards of sixty feet visible, is clearly shown by the circumstance, that the length of the ship was upwards of one hundred and twenty feet, and at the time his head was off the stern, the other end (as much as was above the surface) had not passed the main-mast. The time we saw him, as described in the drawing, was two minutes and a half. After he had declined his head, we saw him for about twenty minutes a-head, floating along like an enormous log of timber. His motion in the water was meandering like that of an eel, and the rake he left behind was like that occasioned by the passing of small craft through the water. We had but one harpoon on board, and the ship's long-boat was, for the time being, converted into a cow-house. We had two guns on board, but no ball. Two days after we saw him, he was seen by another vessel off Cape Cod, about two hundred miles from where he made his appearance to us. This intelligence reached New York about four days after we arrived there, and the description given exactly corresponded with the foregoing. I dined one day at the hotel of New York with Sir Isaac Coffin, who discredited the existence of such an animal, which was reported to have been seen by Captain Bennett of Boston about five years back; but as I assured him I had never heard previously even the report of such a monster, and that I was an Englishman, he gave full credit to it. The sketch I gave him also corresponded with the description that was circulated at that time. The humps on the back resembled in size and shape those of the dromedary.—*Testimony respecting the Sea Serpent of the American Seas; communicated by Dr. Hooker. Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

THE WAY TO OBTAIN THREE ROUNDS OF APPLAUSE.—The novelties of Covent-Garden produced this season by other authors, were Mr. Reynolds's comedy of "Management;" "the Turnpike Gate," by Mr. Knight; "Wise Man of the East," a comedy, by Mrs. Inchbald; "Joanna of Montfaucon," a romantic play from the German, by Mr. Cumberland, who invited me to his lodgings, in Charles-street, St. James's-square, to hear him read it before it went into rehearsal, and asked me to play in it. The reason why he wished me to appear, arose from his having put into the mouth of an opposite character, addressing himself to me, "O, you have no genius, not you!"—"which," said Mr. Cumberland, "being taken by the audience in the contrary sense, will not fail to occasion three rounds of applause." With all my deference to the venerable bard's opinion, I could not exactly coincide with it in this instance, and respectfully declined the experiment.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

AFRICAN CASCADE ON THE ORANGE RIVER.—Having crossed the southern branch, which at this season is but an inconsiderable creek, we continued to follow the Korannas, for several miles, through the dense acacia forests, while the thundering sound of the cataract increased at every step. At length we reached a ridge of rocks, and found it necessary to dismount, and follow our guides on foot.

It seemed as we were now entering the untrodden vestibule of one of nature's most sublime temples, and the untutored savages who guided us, evinced, by the awe and circumspection with which they trod, that they were not altogether uninfluenced by the *genius loci*. They repeatedly requested me to keep behind, and follow them softly, for the precipices were dangerous for the feet of men; and the sight and sound of the cataract were so fearful, that they themselves regarded the place with awe, and ventured but seldom to visit it.

At length the whole of them halted, and desired me to do the same. One of them stepped forward to the brink of the precipice, and having looked cautiously over, beckoned me to advance. I did so, and witnessed a curious and striking scene; but it was not yet the waterfall. It was a rapid, formed by almost the whole volume of the river, compressed into a narrow channel of not more than fifty yards in breadth, whence it descended at an angle of nearly 45°, and rushing tumultuously through a black and crooked chasm among the rocks, of frightful depth, escaped in a torrent of foam. My swarthy guides, although this was unquestionably the first time that they had ever led a traveller to view the remarkable scenery of their country, evinced a degree of tact, as *ciceroni*, as well as natural feeling of the picturesque, that equally pleased and surprised me. Having forewarned me that this was not yet the waterfall, they now pioneered the way for about a mile farther along the rocks, some of them keeping near, and continually cautioning me to look to my feet, as a single false step might precipitate me into the raging abyss of waters; the tumult of which seemed to shake even the solid rocks around us.

At length we halted, as before, and the next moment I was led to a projecting rock, where a scene burst upon me, far surpassing my most sanguine expectations. The whole water of the river (except what escapes by the subsidiary channel we had crossed, and by a similar one on the north side) being previously confined to a bed of scarcely one hundred feet in breadth, descends at once in a magnificent cascade of full four hundred feet in height. I stood upon a cliff nearly level with the top of the fall, and directly in front of it. The beams of the evening sun fell upon the cascade, and occasioned a most splendid rainbow; while the vapoury mists arising from the broken waters, the bright green woods that hung from the surrounding cliffs, the astounding roar of the waterfall, and the tumultuous boiling and whirling of the stream below, striving to escape along its deep, dark, and narrow path, formed altogether a combination of beauty and grandeur, such as I never before witnessed. As I gazed on this stupendous scene, I felt as if in a dream. The sublimity of nature drowned all apprehensions of danger; and, after a short pause, I hastily left the spot where I stood to gain a nearer view from a cliff that impended over the foaming gulf. I had just reached this station, when I felt myself grasped all at once by four korannas, who simultaneously seized hold of me by the arms and legs. My first impression was, that they were going to hurl me over the precipice; but it was a momentary thought, and it wronged the friendly savages. They are themselves a timid race; and they were alarmed, lest my temerity should lead me into danger. They hurried me back from the brink, and then explained their motive, and asked my forgiveness. I was not ungrateful for their care, though somewhat annoyed by their officiousness.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

WHEN TO KILL A LION.—I was told here, that a lion had just killed an ox, and been shot in the act. It is the habit of the lion, it seems, when he kills a large animal, to spring upon it, and seizing the throat with his terrible fangs, to press the body down with his paws till his victim expires. The moment he seizes his prey the lion closes his eyes, and never opens them again until life is extinct. The Hottentots are aware of this; and on the present occasion one of the herdsmen ran to the spot with his gun, and fired at the lion within a few yards distance, but, from the agitation of his nerves, entirely missed him. The lion, however, did not even deign to notice the report of the gun, but kept fast hold of his prey. The Hottentot re-loaded, fired a second time, and missed; re-loaded again and shot him through the head. This fact being well authenticated, seemed to me curious and worthy of being mentioned.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

VIEW FROM BEYOND BERGHEIM.—This is the verge of that immense flat which extends from some miles southward of Cologne, northwest through all Holland, to the very mouth of the river. A knowledge of its great extent communicated an idea of still greater magnitude and sublimity to the portion of it which the eye embraced. After a moment's gaze over the extent of prospect, my attention was caught by the distant steeples of Cologne glittering in the beam of the evening sun, and contrasting with the dull and sombre plain that encircled them.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

ORANGE TOAST.—The glorious,—pious,—and immortal memory of the great and good King William:—not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass-money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick the * * * * of a Jacobite!—and a * * * * for the *Bishop of Cork!* And he that won't drink this, whether he be priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger, or any other of the fraternity of the *clergy*;—may a north wind blow him to the south, and a west wind blow him to the east! May he have a dark night—a lee shore—a rank storm—and a leaky vessel, to carry him over the river Styx! May the dog Cerberus make a meal of his r—p, and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull; and may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, with every pin tear out a gut, and blow him with a *clean* carcass to hell! *Amen!*—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Times.*

LION ANECDOTE.—Diederik and his brother Christian generally hunt in company, and have, (between them) killed upwards of thirty lions. They have not achieved this, however, without many hair-breadth escapes, and have more than once saved each other's lives. On one of these occasions, a lion sprung suddenly upon Diederik from behind a stone, bore man and horse to the ground, and was proceeding to finish his career, when Christian galloped up, and shot the savage through the heart. In this encounter Diederik was so roughly handled, that he lost his hearing in one ear, the lion having dug his talons deeply into it.

The Buchuana Chief, old Teysho, conversing with me, while in Cape Town, about the wild animals of Africa, made some remarks on the lion, which perfectly corresponded with the accounts I have obtained from the Boors and Hottentots. The lion, he said, very seldom attacks man if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces, and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person, in such circumstances, attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, the animal will, in almost every instance, after a little space, retire. But, he added, when a lion has once conquered man, he becomes ten times more fierce and villainous than he was before, and will even come into the kraals in search of him in preference to other prey. This epicure partiality to human flesh in these too-knowing lions, does not, in Teysho's opinion, spring either from necessity or appetite, so much as from the "native wickedness of their hearts!"—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

A REPUBLICAN FRENCHMAN.—He seemed of most diminutive form and stature, his insignificant person nevertheless surmounted by a large head and countenance, the eyes indeed lustreless, but the face itself beaming with placidity and benevolence—such a one as Marivaux has described as having an air *plus ancien que vieux*. His hair, which he chose not to cover, his hat being whimsically appended to the button of his coat, was of silver gray, and parted o'er the brow and cheeks, notwithstanding his age, of juvenile contour. This gave him to me a Miltonic appearance, that not a little increased my interest.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

ACCOUNT OF THE CARRION CROW.—The first view of the carrion crow is disgusting, when compared with that of the *vultur aura*; its head and neck resembling in colour that of putrid matter. Its relative shortness, squareness, and clumsiness, together with its gait and manner of flying, are characteristic of an individual less powerful, and less deserving the high station which the carrion crow possesses in the order of birds, which naturalists place before eagles and falcons, so much its superior in every point of view.

"Like the turkey-buzzard, the carrion crow does not possess the power of smelling, a fact which I have ascertained by numerous observations.

"In the cities where they are protected they enter the very kitchen, and feed on whatever is thrown to them, even on vegetables. If unmolested, they will remain in the same premises for months, flying to the roof at dusk to spend the night. Six or seven are often seen standing in cold weather round the funnel of a chimney, apparently enjoying the heat from the smoke.

"Notwithstanding the penalties imposed by law, a number of those birds are destroyed on account of their audacious pilfering. They seize young pigs as great dainties. They watch the cackling hen in order to get the fresh egg from her nest, and they will not hesitate to swallow a brood of young ducks. In order to keep them from the roofs of houses where their dung is detrimental, the inhabitants guard the top with broken pieces of glass fastened in mortar, and they often kill them by throwing boiling water upon them. No fewer than two hundred of these birds are daily fed by the city of Natchez.

"Like all other cowards, these birds only fight violently when urged on by hunger or imminent danger, gradually augmenting to a high pitch; but then they make amends by beating their conquered adversary to death if in their power. When busily engaged with a dead carcase, they often jump against one another with bill and legs, striking like a common fowl, and if in the attack one overthrows the other, the victor will, without scruple, and in the most unmerciful manner, pick his naked head till it becomes clotted with blood. When any crow gains such an advantage, the victor is assisted by several others, who appear to engage in the conflict solely because there seems to be no danger.

"These birds are subject to a particular disease that I never remarked in the *vultur aura*. It consists of a kind of itching wart, which often covers the whole of the skin of their head and back of the neck, having a reddish appearance, and suppurating with a very fetid greenish humour. The bird thus afflicted, scratches these warts almost constantly, and the more irritated the larger they grow. In every one of these warts I have found fastened, as a common leech to the real skin, a small worm, very like some of those which torment certain quadrupeds, particularly, in this country, the common grey squirrel. I never could ascertain if these parasites killed the birds, but I am certain that many die during winter, or through some means to me unknown. These worms are killed by the bird, as I have found many of the warts dried, although large, but without any tenant, after a continuance of cold weather. It is not improbable that the continued filth attached to the head of these birds, after being immersed in the decayed flesh of the animals they feed on, occasions their birth. I have observed this to take place generally with the younger carrion crows, who, from the tenderness of their skin, are probably more liable to these vermin, and the older ones probably clear themselves of them more easily, as their skulls and skins become tougher. Besides these troublesome settlers, the carrion crows are troubled with lice and tick-flies of a large size, that never leave them unless they are killed, or the bird dies.

"The unexpected sight of a powerful enemy always makes these birds instantly disgorge a part of the contents of their stomachs. The object of this is supposed to be to disgust the stranger, and make him desist from advancing nearer; but in my opinion it is done to lighten the bird of an extra load, with which it is difficult for it to fly off quickly. This is more probable, as immediately after this discharge the bird takes to its wings."—*Account of the Carrion Crow, or Vultur atratus, by Mr. John James Audubon, Member of the Lyceum of New York: communicated by the Author; Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—The Drachentels is the highest and most abrupt precipice on the Rhine's brink, crowned too with its castle; yet the beauty of the scene predominates over the sublime. Indeed it may be considered as one of those singular spots, of which these two contrary qualities dispute possession; and a sombre cloud, or a gleam of sunshine, would alternately give the superiority to one and to the other.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

A POLITE COME-OFF. GARRICK AND WEST THE PAINTER.—When Mr. West was about to paint the Death of General Wolfe, Mr. Garrick called on him, and offered (from a wish to serve the artist, whom he held in high esteem) to sit, or rather lie for him, as the dying hero: at the same time throwing himself on the ground, he began to die, as Mr. W. related it, in so true, so dignified, and so affecting a manner, that the painter interrupted him with—"My dear Mr. Garrick, I am fully sensible of your kind intentions; but so far from the assistance you offer being likely to serve me, it would do me the greatest injury."—"Eh! eh!" said Garrick, "how? how?"—"Why, my dear sir! were it to be known, when I exhibited my picture, that you had done all this for me, whatever merit it might possess would be attributed to you."—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

VISITORS AT A GERMAN CASTLE, IN THE VACATION.—Diplomatists from Frankfurt and all the mock importance of the German Diet now arrived; now a professor, freed for a month's vacation from his lecturing duties at the universities—the learned Schlegel, for example, from his new chair at Bonn—German dowagers, some of the old powdered school of formality, who seemed to have kept their gravity and etiquette safe *en papillote* during the reign of French influence, so fresh, yet so antiquated, were these now produced—other dames too, of other schools more debonnaire, from the fashionable and not over precise circles of München or Wien, who had come to improve their health, air their reputation, and increase their stock of scandal, by a tour through the watering places.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

CHANGE OF THEATRICAL COSTUME. THE GODS IN OPPOSITION.—Mr. West some time after remonstrated with Roscius for attiring Horatius, the Roman father, in a dressing-gown and perruque in folio, and offered him the model of a Roman toga. "No, no," said Garrick, "I don't want my house pulled about my ears: Quin dressed it so, and I dare not innovate for my life." On being further advised to dispense with the modern full-dress uniform, and adopt the tartan in the character of Macbeth, he replied:—"You forget the Pretender was here only thirty years ago; and, egad! I should be pelted off the stage with orange-peel." However high the authority from whence these trifles are related, it is certain that Garrick began that reformation of stage costume which Kemble afterwards completed.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

THE WOODEN WALLS OF IRELAND.—At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, amongst the usual loyal toasts, "The wooden walls of England" being given,—Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation: upon which, filling a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the Marquess of Waterford and several country gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said,—"My lords and gentlemen! I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland'—the colonels of militia!"

So broad but so good-humoured a *jeu d'esprit*, excited great merriment: the truth was forgotten in the jocularly, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late Marquess of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint,—nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a superlative degree of comparison between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one, "That man was—(said the Marquess)—he was as superior as—as—as—I am to Lord Ranelagh!"—Sir Jonah Barrington's *Personal Sketches of his own Times.*

THE ENGLISH ON THE CONTINENT.—We are exiles, not romantic or pretentious ones, not favoured or exalted by any peculiar or dreadful visitation of Providence, Crossed in love we may have been, in friendship must have been often, wronged no doubt somewhat, but not enough to make verse withal, with every propensity to complain bitterly of the world, at least when in the spleen, but in truth with little reason, for the neglect has been on our side; would-be misanthropes, but in fact nothing more than hippish, indifferently gay, and seasonably unhappy—he, that would know more of one individual of the species, may accompany me upon my rambles.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

THE YOUNGER BURKE, A COXCOMB.—The Irish catholics had conceived a wonderfully high opinion of Mr. Edmund Burke's assistance and abilities. Because he was a clever man himself, they conceived his son must needs be so too; and a deputation was sent over to induce young Mr. Burke to come to Ireland, for the purpose of superintending the progress of their bills of Emancipation in the Irish Parliament: and, to bear his expenses, a sum of 2000*l.* was voted. Mr. Keogh, of Dublin, a very sensible man, who had retired from trade, was extremely active upon this occasion.

The bills were introduced and resisted: a petition had been prepared by Burke; and, being considered neither well-timed nor well-worded, certain even of the warmest Catholic supporters declined to present it.

Young Burke, either totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, or supposing that in a disturbed country like Ireland they would be dispensed with, (especially in favour of a son of the great Burke,) determined he would present the petition himself;—not at the bar, but in the body of the House! Accordingly, he descended from the gallery, walked into the House with a long roll of parchment under his arm, and had arrived near the Treasury-bench when a general cry of "Privilege!—A stranger in the House!" arose from all quarters, and checked the progress of the intruder: but when the speaker, in his loud and dignified tone, called out "Serjeant-at-arms, do your duty!" it seemed to echo like thunder in Burke's ears; he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and ran towards the bar. Here he was met by the Serjeant-at-arms with a drawn sword,—retracing his steps, he was stopped by the clerk; and the serjeant gaining on him, with a feeling of trepidation he commenced actual flight. The door-keepers at the corridor now joined in the pursuit: but at length, after an excellent chase, (the members all keeping their seats,) he forced through the enemy behind the speaker's chair, and escaped no doubt, to his great satisfaction. Strong measures were immediately proposed: messengers dispatched in all quarters to arrest him: very few knew who he was; when Lord Norbury, (with that vivacious promptness which he always possessed,) on its being observed that no such transaction had ever occurred before,—exclaimed, "I found the very same incident some few days back in the cross-readings of the columns of a newspaper. 'Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons—it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off.'"

It was impossible to withstand this sally, which put the house in a moment into good humour. Burke returned to England unsuccessful, and the matter dropped.

It being observed by some member, that the serjeant-at-arms should have stopped the man at the back-door, Sir Boyle Roche very justly asked the honourable gentleman—"how could the serjeant-at-arms stop him in the rear, whilst he was catching him in the front? did he think the serjeant-at-arms could be, like a bird, in two places at once?"—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of his own Times.*

HOMAGE TO GREAT MEN.—I remember, when a boy, following John Palmer and Charles Barnister all the way from Goodman's-fields to Covent-Garden, merely for the pleasure of being near such men; and though the "drunkard might make them gods," I don't think the feeling was unnatural.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

MRS. JORDAN'S DELIGHT IN THE STAGE.—I have seen her, as she called it, on a cruise, that is, at a provincial theatre (Liverpool); having gone over once from Dublin for that purpose: she was not then in high spirits: indeed her tone, in this respect, was not uniform; in the mornings she usually seemed depressed; at noon she went to rehearsal—came home fatigued, dined at three, and then reclined in her chamber till it was time to dress for the performance. She generally went to the theatre low-spirited.

I once accompanied Mrs. Jordan to the green-room at Liverpool: Mrs. Alsop and her old maid assiduously attended her. She went thither languid and apparently reluctant; but in a quarter of an hour her very nature seemed to undergo a metamorphosis; the sudden change of her manner appeared to me, in fact, nearly miraculous; she walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards, her spirit seemed to be regenerated; she cheered up, hummed an air, stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished! The comic eye and cordial laugh returned upon their enchanting mistress, and announced that she felt herself moving in her proper element. Her attachment to the practice of her profession, in fact, exceeded any thing I could conceive.—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of his own Times.*

GERMAN AND ENGLISH RECRUITS.—The summit of the fortress [Ehrenbreitsen] presents one of the most beautiful views on the Rhine. The valley of the river is seen far up betwixt its boundaries of hills, some twenty ruined castles, of celebrated names, all in view, and one ruined convent standing on a picturesque island not distant from Coblenz. Northward the eye reverted to Neuwied and Andernach. I was enjoying the scene, not however without alloy, as every neighbouring eminence crowned with rampart, battery, and entrenchment, marred the true and natural spirit of the place; but I was interrupted or rather checked in my tacit anathemas against warfare and its followers by hearing a chorus of martial voices at a distance. They neared by degrees. It was a battalion of perhaps five hundred men, young conscripts of recruits apparently, for they were without fire-arms, returning from drill, and as they pursued the zig-zag path up the fortress, they all thundered out in passable accord a splendid national hymn, the words of which I could scarcely catch; but their spirit and effect will ever dwell with me. Musical taste is the romantic side of the German character. I thought of five hundred raw English recruits, and what an attempt at any enjoyment in common, any such solace, returning from the fatigues of a sunny day's drill. Somehow or another I have had a respect for Prussian soldiers ever since,—a respect that not all the exploits of Blücher had not previously inspired me with.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.—The overmastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted by travellers. But from my own inquiries among lion-hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote that was related to me a few days ago by Major Mackintosh, (late of the East India company's service,) proves that this fascinating effect is not confined exclusively to the lion. An officer in India, (whose name I have forgotten, but who was well known to my informant,) having chanced to ramble into a jungle adjoining the British encampment, suddenly encountered a royal tiger. The rencounter appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so: in a few minutes the tiger, which appeared preparing to take his fatal spring, grew disturbed—shrunk aside—and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his *pleasure walks*. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tents at double quick time.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

PRESSING AN ACTOR, OR STAGE EMERGENCIES.—Passing the theatre, where my wife's letters from Tunbridge-Wells were to be addressed, and just looking into the hall (determined not to go behind the scenes lest I should be detained from my task,) I found a letter for me; and while reading it at the door, Mr. Lewis came out of the theatre in evident agitation, exclaiming, "What shall we do?" The instant I turned round toward him, he said, "Ah, my dear fellow, you perhaps may be of the greatest service to us: you read your piece with devilish good effect, and gave it a sort of—in short, you convinced me, that, if you would but try, you would play *Old Pickle* in the "*Spoiled Child*" to a wonder."—"Me, sir? I play *Old Pickle*! where and when?"—"Here, and to-night, and you must make haste too, for the play is half over. Mr. Sparks Powell (who died next morning) is taken dangerously ill: we can't find Emery, and you are the very man: the book, the dress, and all, are ready, and—"—"But, sir! I must go home, and proceed with the first act of the new piece!"—"D—n the new piece!" cried Mr. Lewis; ("all in good time," thought I) "you are too good-natured not to come to our assistance, and Mr. Harris will be eternally obliged to you."

I had seen the farce in question the very night before, and often played another part in it in the country; so permitted myself to be almost carried, rather than led, to poor Powell's dressing-place, and in less than an hour and a half was seated at a supper-table before the audience of the "great grand" Covent-Garden Theatre, and helping Mrs. Davenport to the wing of a supposed poll-parrot.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

JUNE, 1827.

U

FRANCISCAN SANS CULLOTES.—The Franciscans to be sure, are the very *tiers état* of the religious orders, and in rank of life, as well as in *sans cullottism*, they were one of the dregs of the people in all countries.—*Historiettes*, by the Author of "*The English in Italy*."

CANALS.		Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.		Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton	100	130		Albion	500	50	55
Birmingham	17 10	295		Alliance	100	10	9
Coventry	100	1200		Ditto Marine	100	5	4 15
Ellemere and Chester	133	100		Atlas	50	5	8 10
Grand Junction	100	305		Globe	100	100	150
Huddersfield	57	18		Guardian	100	10	18 15 0
Kennet and Avon	40	25 10		Hope	50	5	4 15 0
Lancaster	47	36		Imperial	500	50	93
Leeds and Liverpool	100	395		Ditto Life	100	10	7 10
Oxford	100	680		Law Life	100	10	7 10
Regent's	40	35		London	25	12 10	20
Rochdale	85	93		Protector	20	2	1 5
Stafford and Worcester	140	800		Rock	20	2	2 15
Trent and Mersey	100	1800		Royal Exchange	100	246	
Warwick and Birmingham	100	280					
Worcester ditto	78	46					
DOCKS.				MINES.			
Commercial	100	73		Anglo-Mexican	100	80	32 10
East India	100	82 10		Ditto Chili	100	8	2
London	100	83		Bolanos	400	325	265
St. Catherine's	100 50	47		Brazilian	100	20	19
West India	100	199		Columbian	100	20	11
				Mexican	100	21	7
				Real Del Monte	400	400	365
				United Mexican	40	30	16
WATER WORKS.				MISCELLANEOUS.			
East London	100	123		Australian Agricultural Comp.	100	8	13
Grand Junction	50	63		British Iron Ditto	100	37 10	9 10
Kent	100	29		Canada Agricultural Ditto ..	100	10	5
South London	100	90		Colombian ditto	100	5	1
West Middlesex	60	65		General Steam Navigation ..	100	13	3 10
				Irish Provincial Bank	100	25	20 10
				Rio De la Plata Company ..	100	7 10	2 10
				Van Dieman's Land Ditto ..	100	4	3
				Reversionary Interest Society	100	65	55
				Thames Tunnel Company ..	50	37	100
				Waterloo Bridge			
				Vauxhall Bridge			
GAS COMPANIES.							
City of London	100	90	150				
Ditto, New	100	50	90				
Phoenix	50	31	28				
Imperial	50	50	43 10				
United General	50	40	26				
Westminster	50	50	56				

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The first number of a Series of Lithographic Views in the Brazils, together with Scenes of the Manners, Customs, and Costume of the Inhabitants. It will be accompanied by letter-press description, under the superintendence of Baron Humboldt.

A Selection of Architectural and other Ornaments, Greek, Roman, and Italian, drawn on Stone from the Originals, by Messrs. Jenkins and Hoskins, architects, in eight parts.

A New Work of the celebrated Le Brun, on Comparative Physiognomy, is about to be offered to the public. It is highly curious, developing the relation between the human physiognomy and that of the brute creation.

Views in the Madeiras, in Twenty-six highly-finished Drawings on Stone, by Messrs. Westall, Nicholson, Harding, Villeneuve, Gauci, &c. from Sketches taken on the Spot; and illustrating the most interesting objects and scenes of the Islands.

Absurdities in Prose and Verse; illustrated by many humorous designs. By A. Crowquill. Post octavo.

The third Number of Views in Scotland, from Drawings by F. Nicholson, Esq. will be shortly published.

The Elements of Euclid; containing the first six, and the eleventh and twelfth Books, chiefly from the Text of Dr. Simson. Adapted to elementary instruction by the introduction of Symbols. By a Member of the University of Cambridge. Are in the press, and will very shortly appear.

In a few days, in octavo, A Solemn Appeal to the Common Sense of England, against the Principles of the Right Honourable George Canning, and his Associates.

Mr. Butler, of Hackney, has in the press, his Questions in Roman History.

In the press, The History of the Steam Engine, from its earliest Invention to the present Time. Illustrated by numerous Engravings from Original Drawings, made expressly for this Work, by Elijah Galloway, Engineer.

In course of publication, in weekly numbers, A History of the Cities of London and Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and Parts adjacent. By Thomas Allen, Author of the History of Lambeth, &c. &c. Illustrated by numerous Engravings of Rare Plans, Antiquities, Views, Public Buildings, &c.

Thirty Views in Rome, Drawn and Engraved by Pinelli, of Rome. Printed in Gold, in a newly-invented manner.

In addition to the Books with the Double Translation, already published, (Cicero and Voltaire,) various other works are announced as forthcoming upon the same plan. In the German and Italian—Selections from various Authors, ascending from the easiest to the more difficult. In Latin—Eutropius. In Greek—The Anabasis of Xenophon, &c.

Mr. J. C. Beltrami has in the press, 2 volumes of Travels in Europe and America; which will include his remarkable Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi.

Another Life of Napoleon is spoken of, notwithstanding the expected early appearance of Sir Walter Scott's.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Register of the Arts and Sciences. Volume the Fourth. Illustrated with about two hundred Engravings.

The Health of the Aged. A Treatise on the prevention and cure of those Disorders incidental to Old Age. Translated from the French of J. A. Salgues, Physician.

Memoirs of Lewis Holberg; written by himself. With Introduction and Sequel. Being Vol. XII. of "Autobiography." Price 3s. 6d. in boards, with a Portrait by Scriven.

Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux, a Swindler and Thief, now transported for the second time, and for life, to New South Wales. Second Edition. Being Vol. XIII. of "Autobiography." 3s. 6d. boards.

Memoirs of John Creighton, William Gifford, and Thomas Ellwood. Forming Vol. XI. of "Autobiography." 3s. 6d. in boards, with a Portrait by Scriven.

The Convert. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

A Legacy for Young Ladies. By the late Mrs. Barbauld. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Travels in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. By William Rae Wilson. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Quality Papers. Vol. I.

- An Inquiry into the present State and means of Improving the Salmon Fisheries. 5s.
 Short View of the Recent Changes. 2s.
 The Epistolary Correspondence of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke. 8vo.
 A Letter to the Independent Governors of St. George's Hospital, proving a loss to the Poor, by mismanagement, of Ninety Thousand Pounds. By W. W. Sleigh, Esq.
 The Pine Tree Dell. 2 vols. 18s.
 The Lettre de Cachet. 10s. 6d.
 A Letter to the Members of the New Parliament, on the Defects of the General and Statute Law, &c. 2s.
 A slight Sketch of Remote and Proximate Causes of Affections of the Stomach. 1s. 6d.
 Pathological and Practical Observations on Spinal Diseases. By Edward Harrison, M.D. Royal 8vo. 21s.
 Ju-Kiao-li, the celebrated Chinese Novel. 2 vols. 14s.
 Labour Rewarded. The Claims of Labour and Capital Conciliated. By one of the Idle Classes. 4s.
 Elizabeth Evanshaw. A Sequel to "Truth." 3 vols. 24s.
 The first volume of Illustrations of the Passion of Love, arranged in the form of a Dictionary. Small octavo.
 Sixth Edition. The Progress of the System for the effectual Removal of Impediments in Speech, bad Articulation; or general Defects in Speaking or Reading, discovered by John Broster, F.A.S.E.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From April 24 to May 24, 1827.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	203½	202	203½
3 per Cent. Consols.....	83½	81½	83½
3 per Cent. Reduced	82½	81	82½
3½ per Cent. Reduced.....	89½	87½	89½
New 4 per Cents.	100½	98½	100
Long Annuities, expire 1850	19½	18½	19½
India Stock, 10½ per Cent.	247	243½	246
India Bonds, 4 per Cent.	80s. pm.	67s. pm.	80s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day	53s. pm.	42s. pm.	53s. pm.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.....	91½	90½	91½
Brazil ditto, ditto	63½	57½	58
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	60	58½	59
Chilian ditto, ditto	36	30	31
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	33½	26½	27½
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	37½	30½	31½
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent.	61½	60½	61½
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	101	100	101
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cent.	71½	69½	70½
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent.	16½	15½	16½
Mexican ditto	59½	55	57
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent.	71½	66½	68½
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	38	28	28
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.....	78½	77	77½
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	97½	96½	97½
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	98½	98	98½
Russian ditto, ditto	91	89½	90½
Spanish ditto, ditto	13	12½	12½